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NO · II

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN
& GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



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VOLUME III

November 1924

NUMBER II

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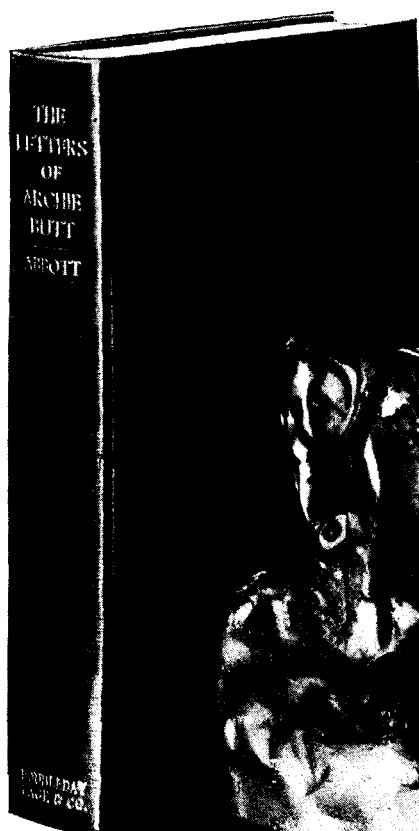
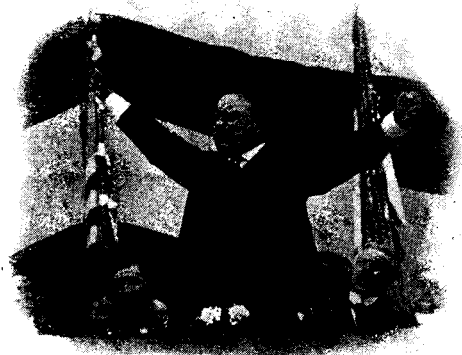
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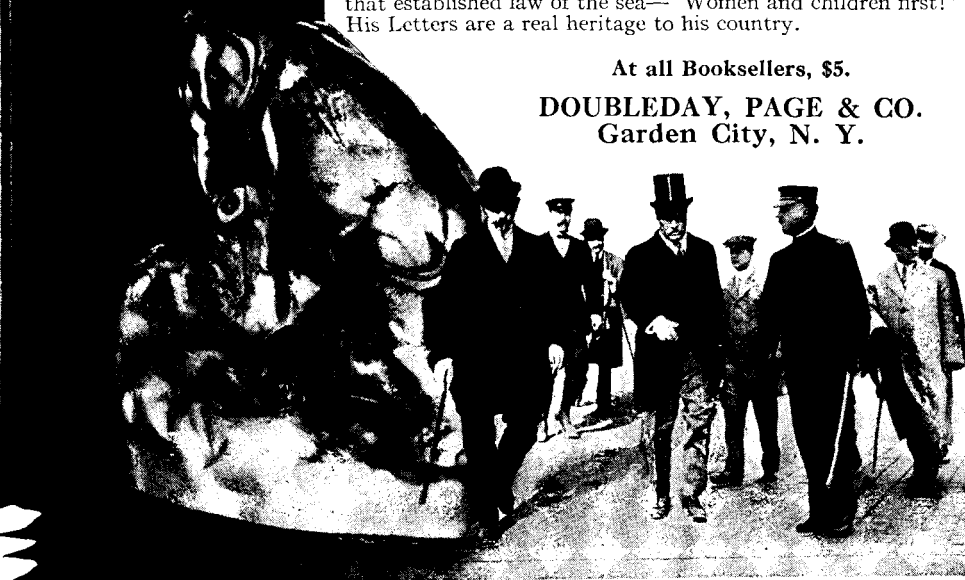


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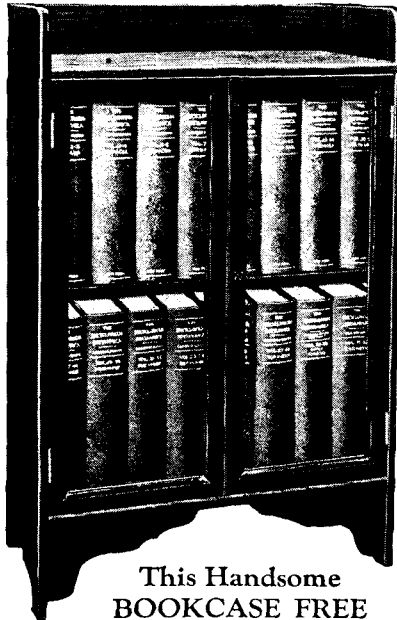
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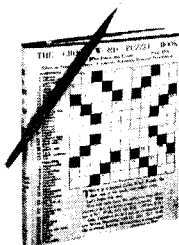
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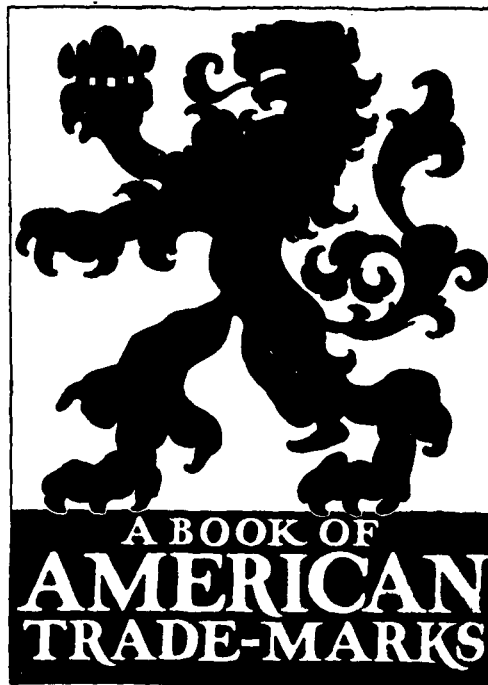
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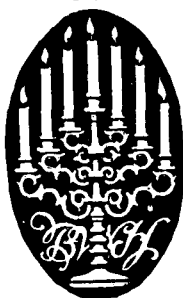
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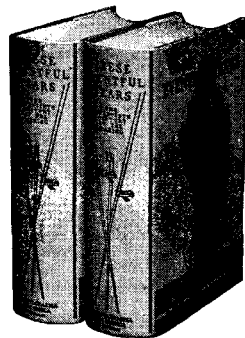
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The American MERCURY

November 1924

ON DOING THE RIGHT THING

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

FOR my sins I have had to spend a good deal of time in England lately, and while there I had some notion of writing an article to show cause why the much-touted understanding between the English people and ours can never really exist. In spite of the Sulgrave Foundation, and of all the perfervid buncombe fired off at Pilgrims' dinners about cousinship, hands across the sea, common tradition, common ideals and what Mr. Dooley called "th' common impulse f'r th' same money"—only that, I believe, is never mentioned—the two peoples will never understand each other as long as the world stands. There are many obscure, unregarded and potent reasons against it; of which, for example, language is one. An American can make sounds to which an Englishman will attach approximately the same meaning that the American does, and hence each assumes that they have a common language, when actually they have nothing of the kind; that is to say, language does not enable a true understanding of each other, but rather the contrary. Indeed, I believe that they would come nearer a real understanding if each had to learn a new language to get on with. There are many other reasons; and the reasons proceeding from recondite and apparently insignificant differences in training, habit, social and institutional

procedure, and in the ordinary technique of living, account for more, I think, than those arising from weightier matters. As I said, I once had the vagrant thought of tracing out and expounding some of these, but indolence interfered so persistently that it never was done and now, probably, never will be. One item on the list, however, recurs to me at the moment as worth salvaging for another purpose.

The English are addicted to a curious practice which is apprehended by an American only with great difficulty, and to which they give the rather conventional and indefinite name of "doing the Right Thing." The name at once brings to mind Sir Harry Johnston's recent novel; the best novel, in my judgment, that has been written in our language since "The Way of All Flesh." As far as I have been able to discover, the addiction to this practice pervades all classes of English society. The lower and middle classes do a good deal with it. The upper orders do not do as much with it as formerly, but they still do something; and even the official class does not quite escape. It is not a rationalized process, apparently, but on the contrary, one would perhaps say that it amounts to a kind of ritual. Given a certain set of circumstances, that is, an Englishman may be trusted to take a certain course of conduct, and to take it

with energy, resolution and courage, for no reason in particular except to satisfy some inward sense of obligation. He may not, usually does not, have much light on the subject; doing the Right Thing may be far enough, indeed, from doing right. In other circumstances, too, where the inner sense is quiescent, he may do something much worse; but in *those* circumstances he is sure to carry through with a darkened and instinctive allegiance to what he believes to be the Right Thing.

II

Aside from the apparently irrational character of this addiction, what strikes the American as odd is that casuistry has no place in it. When an Englishman is bitten by a sense of the Right Thing, it seems never to occur to him, for instance, to raise the question whether the Right Thing, after it is done, will have enough practical importance to be worth doing. Again, it seems never to occur to him to put a mere personal desire, however strong, in competition with the Right Thing, and to cast about him for plausible ways of justifying himself in following his desire. This uncommonly useful faculty seems largely left out of the individual Englishman. The great French scholar, M. Nisard, once complimented Matthew Arnold on belonging to a nation that had the *savoir se gêner*, that did not take a mere powerful desire to do something as a sufficient reason for doing it, but could, if need be, bottle up the desire and cork it down and go steadily on doing something quite different. A dozen times a day one will hear Englishmen mutter in an apologetic tone, "Beastly bore, you know!—oh, devilish bore!—but then, you know, one really must do the Right Thing, musn't one?" The formula and the intonation never vary, whether the matter at issue be utterly trivial or so important as to redetermine the whole course of a life.

I have always been interested in this trait of the English because of the connection

which it immediately established in my mind with the principle of liberty. The theory of freedom rests on the doctrine of natural rights, and I have always held with the Declaration of Independence that this doctrine is a sound one, that mankind is endowed by its Creator with certain inalienable rights, and that one of them is liberty. But the world is fast going away from old-fashioned people of my kind, and I am told that this doctrine is debatable and now quite out of style; that nowadays almost no one believes that mankind has any natural rights at all, but that all the rights it enjoys are legal and conventional, and therefore properly subject to abridgement or suppression by the authority that confers them. Aside from theory and principle, however, this matter of freedom has a practical side which is undebatable, and about which, for some reason, very little is said; and this curious trait of the English serves admirably to bring it out.

A comparison drawn between the English and ourselves in the matter of devotion to the Right Thing seems at first sight unfavorable to Americans; and so, to some extent, it is. But the great point is that an Englishman keeps up his susceptibility to the Right Thing very largely because he is free to do so; because, that is, he is free to regulate so large a portion of his life in such way as he sees fit. In respect of control, the whole general area of human conduct may be laid off into three regions. First, there is the region in which conduct is controlled by law, *i.e.*, by force, by some form of outside compulsion. A man, for instance, may not murder or steal, because an organized power outside himself will withstand him before the fact, if possible, and make trouble for him after the fact. Second, there is the region of indifferent choice, where, for instance, a man may use one kind of soap or safety-razor rather than another. Third, there is the region where conduct is controlled by unenforced, self-imposed allegiance to moral or social considerations. In this region, for instance, one follows the rule

of "women and children first," takes a long risk to get somebody out of a burning house, or, like Sir Philip Sidney, refuses to slake one's own thirst when there is not water enough to go round.

Now, for whatever reason and however it came about, the Englishman's first region, the region of compulsion, is relatively small. He has not many laws to obey, and most of these relate to property; and what few of them bear on personal conduct are quite obviously bottomed on reason and good sense. He has too many laws, of course, and the present tendency over there, unhappily, is to multiply them; his situation is not ideal; but as compared with the American, he lives in an anarchist's paradise. Moreover, his second region, the region of indifferent choice, is relatively large because there is no great pressure of unintelligent and meddlesome public opinion to reduce it. Hence life in England is an affair of much more individual responsibility than here. With so little law and so much choice, the sense of things "up to" the individual is correspondingly quickened. Therefore the third region of conduct, the region controlled by allegiance to the Right Thing, is less trespassed upon and does not tend to shrink, but on the contrary, tends gradually to enlarge by the progressive transference of items from the first and second regions.

One is really astonished by the magnitude of the part that this sense of individual responsibility plays in the ordinary routine of living. Let me give two examples, one at each end of the scale of social importance. One Sunday morning in May, on the top deck of a Piccadilly bus, I saw a superb old specimen of sixty-five or so, looking precisely like du Maurier's cartoon of Sir Digby de Rigby. He wore a white plug hat with a two-inch black band, a long shadbelly black coat, a purple-and-gold figured waistcoat, a high collar of antique design—something like a stock—a red tie, red socks, russet shoes and a pair of black-and-white checked pants such as

one has not seen, I dare say, since the days of Christie's minstrels. Exclusive of jewelry, I estimated the whole layout at something like five hundred dollars; there was not a shoddy thread in it. He had a couple of ladies with him, and his conversation was entertaining and delightful; and as they disembarked opposite St. James's, I judged they were headed for church, the time being right for it. The thing to be remarked is that no one commented on all this gorgeousness or paid any attention to it. If the old chap liked to dress that way, why, that was the way he liked to dress, and since he was not actually annoying anybody, it was up to him—why not? Anywhere in America, on the other hand, a man who got himself up like that to go to church would have attracted a charmed and enthusiastic rabble from the moment he put his nose out of doors.

So much for a small matter. At the other end of the scale of social importance, it is noteworthy that in England fornication is not a crime.¹ An unmarried couple may set up housekeeping in London and remain undisturbed by the law as long as they live, and if anyone else disturbs them the law will protect them; for English law protects those against whom it has no stated grievance, even though their conduct may not be exactly praiseworthy or popular. They may register at a hotel under their several names, and the law will not only leave them at peace but will protect their peace. English law interferes in sex-relations only in the case of minors, to safeguard immaturity; and in the case of adultery, to safeguard a property-interest, or the vestiges of one. Other cases are put over into the third region of conduct and left subject to the individual sense of the Right Thing.

III

In America, on the other hand, the first region of conduct is egregiously expanded.

¹ I am told, to my astonishment, that neither is it a crime in the Maryland Free State!

I remember seeing recently a calculation that the poor American is staggering along under a burden of some two million laws; and obviously, where there are so many laws, it is hardly possible to conceive of any item of conduct escaping contact with one or more of them. Thus the region where conduct is controlled by law so far encroaches upon the region of free choice and the region where conduct is controlled by a sense of the Right Thing, that there is precious little left of either. What is left, moreover, is still further attenuated by the pressure of a public opinion whose energy and zeal are in direct ratio to its meddlesomeness and ignorance. The complaint of critics against what they call our "standardization" is a complaint against this pressure; and it is so just, and its ground so obvious, that it needs no reiteration here. The only thing I wish to remark is the serious and debilitating deterioration of individual responsibility under this state of affairs. In this respect, living in America is like serving in the army; ninety per cent of conduct is prescribed by law and the remaining ten per cent by the *esprit du corps*, with the consequence that opportunity for moral choice is practically abolished. This falls in very well with the indolent disposition of human nature to regard responsibility as onerous and to dodge it when possible; but it is debilitating, and a civilization organized upon this absence of responsibility is pulpy and unsound.

Indeed, a vague sense of this unsoundness has lately been pervading our people; but it has expressed itself, so far, only in a panicky hospitality to political nostrums of the "liberal and progressive" type, whose tendency is all to aggravate the complaint that they are advertised to remedy. To get a correct measure of our Liberals and Progressives, all one need to do is to observe that they contemplate a further enlargement of the first region of conduct; they would have us even more closely controlled by law than we already are! They are more for this, more for in-

dulging an ignorant and licentious zeal for law-mongering than even the hide-bound Tories. As well as I can make out, Senator Lodge would organize far less trespass on the second and third regions of conduct, if he had his way, than would Senator La Follette; and certainly, of all men I ever knew, the Liberals of my acquaintance have the greatest nervous horror of freedom, the most inveterate and pusillanimous dread of contemplating the ideal picture of mankind existing in free and voluntary association. From such as these, then—and the remark is perhaps warranted by the fact of their being somewhat to the front just now, here as in France and England—nothing may be expected but an exacerbation of the social trouble whereof they seem able to contemplate nothing but the symptoms.

IV

It is not to the point to protest, for example, that Senator La Follette's laws would all be good laws, that his enlargements of the first region of conduct would all be for our own good. The point is that *any* enlargement, good or bad, reduces the scope of individual responsibility, and thus retards and cripples the education which can be a product of nothing but the free exercise of moral judgment. Like the discipline of the army, again, any such enlargement, good or bad, depraves this education into a mere routine of mechanical assent. The profound instinct against being "done for our own good" even by an Aristides—the instinct so miserably misinterpreted by our Liberals and Progressives—is wholly sound. Men are aware of the need of this moral experience as a condition of growth, and they are aware, too, that anything tending to ease it off from them, even for their own good, is to be profoundly distrusted.

The practical reason for freedom, then, is that freedom seems to be the only condition under which any kind of substantial moral fibre can be developed. Everything

else has been tried, world without end. Going dead against reason and experience, we have tried law, compulsion and authoritarianism of various kinds, and the result is nothing to be proud of. Americans have many virtues of their own, which I would be the last to belittle or disparage, but the power of quick and independent moral judgment is not one of them. In suggesting that we try freedom, therefore, the anarchist and individualist has a strictly practical aim. He aims at the production of a race of responsible beings. He wants more room for the *savoir se gêner*, more scope for the *noblesse oblige*, a larger place for the sense of the Right Thing. If our legalists and authoritarians could once get this well through their heads, they would save themselves a vast deal of silly insistence on a half-truth and upon the *suppressio veri*, which is the meanest and lowest form of misrepresentation. Freedom, for example, as they keep insisting, undoubtedly means freedom to drink oneself to death. The anarchist grants this at once; but at the same time he points out that it also means freedom to say with the gravedigger in "Les Misérables," "I have studied, I have graduated; I never drink." It unquestionably means freedom to go on without any code of morals at all; but it also means freedom to rationalize, construct and adhere to a code of one's own. The anarchist presses the point invariably overlooked, that freedom to do the one without correlative freedom to do the other is impossible; and that just here comes in the moral education which legalism and authoritarianism, with their denial of freedom, can never furnish.

The anarchist is not interested in any narrower or more personal view of human conduct. Believing, for example, that man should be wholly free to be sober or to be a sot, his eye is not caught and exclusively engaged by the spectacle of sots, but instead he points to those who are responsibly sober, sober by a self-imposed standard of conduct, and asserts his con-

viction that the future belongs to them rather than to the sots. He believes in absolute freedom in sex-relations; yet when the emancipated woman goes simply on the loose, to wallow along at the mercy of raw sensation from one squalid little *Schweinerei* to another, he is not interested in her panegyrics upon freedom. Instead, he is bored and annoyed, and sometimes casts hankering glances towards the trusty fowling-piece, vainly wishing he could convince himself that a dirty drab is worth the price of a dozen buckshot. Then he turns to contemplate those women who are responsibly decent, decent by a strong, fine, self-sprung consciousness of the Right Thing, and he declares his conviction that the future lies with them.

The anarchist, moreover, does not believe that any considerable proportion of human beings will promptly turn into rogues and adventuresses, sots and strumpets, as soon as they find themselves free to do so; but quite the contrary. It seems to be a fond notion with the legalists and authoritarians that the vast majority of mankind would at once begin to thief and murder and generally misconduct itself if the restraints of law and authority were removed. The anarchist, whose opportunities to view mankind in its natural state are perhaps as good as the legalist's, regards this belief as devoid of foundation. Seeing how much evil-doing is directly chargeable to economic pressure alone, the anarchist maintains that the legalists and authoritarians have no proper means of estimating natural human goodness until they postulate it as functioning in a state of economic freedom. They have no proper estimate of the common run of moral sensitiveness, strictness and scrupulousness until they postulate the moral sense as functioning in a state of social and political freedom based upon economic freedom. Indeed, considering the disabilities put upon this sense, and the incessant organized efforts to deform and weaken it, the anarchist makes bold to marvel that it functions as well as it does.

V

But I have no intention of digressing into a syllabus of anarchist philosophy. I have thought it worth while to write the foregoing article, however, merely to make clear that there is a practical side to this philosophy, as well as a theoretical side, and one which is not perhaps wholly unworthy of consideration. The anarchist does not want economic freedom for the sake of shifting a dollar or two from one man's pocket to another's; or social freedom for the sake of rollicking in detest-

able license; or political freedom for the sake of a mere rash and restless experimentation in system-making. His desire for freedom has but the one practical object, *i.e.*, that men may become as good and decent, as elevated and noble, as they might be and really wish to be. Reason, experience and observation lead him to the conviction that under absolute and unqualified freedom they can, and rather promptly will, educate themselves to this desirable end; but that so long as they are to the least degree dominated by legalism and authoritarianism, they never can.

JESUS AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS

BY ALPHONSE B. MILLER

THERE is no biography that has been so consistently bungled as that of Jesus Christ. One cannot be sure whether this is due to the fact that all the contemporary writers of adequate historical training ignored Him as unimportant, leaving the task of writing about Him in the hands of the ignorant and insufficiently equipped, or whether He loomed so grandiosely among His fellows that those who wrote of Him lost their normal sense of perspective when they contemplated Him. History is full of similar maljudgments between a man and his surroundings, and so we have detailed biographies of mediocrities and only tantalizing glimpses of many a true genius. The case of Samuel Johnson comes to mind at once. Great man that he was, he has become a greater man than he deserved to be, simply because of the felicity of his biographer, while all his contemporaries of his own rank are correspondingly neglected. Perhaps Jesus has suffered the opposite fate. It is possible that the Apostles were the best available biographers of their time, who could have played adequate Boswells to one another, but they were so completely agape before the greatest figure in world history that they could only mythologize Him. Nothing could be more lamentable, for many of the worst catastrophes in human affairs since His day are directly traceable to that error.

In more recent times, the life of Christ has never been written by the right man. No one has been passionately interested in Him save the fanatic and the skeptic, and so no one has written of Him save with the predetermination to prove Him either

the veritable Son of God or a mere charlatan. There seems to be no middle course between those who rank Him with Jehovah and those who rank Him with Madame Blavatsky and Eusapia Palladino. From the polished skepticism of Voltaire to the fiery ultramontanism of Papini the bias in His biographies has been determined in advance of the facts, and not on the basis of them. No one has done Christ the priceless service that Strachey has done Queen Victoria, of viewing His life without bitterness and without ecstasy, so that from the study might emerge a true picture of the man himself,—neither a legendary hero nor a legendary monster.

One need only to read the two most popular biographies of our time, those by Renan and Papini, to realize the void that exists. Of the two Renan's is infinitely the superior; nevertheless, as we read his timid, faint-hearted rationalizing, we are reminded of nothing so much as a man building a bridge half way across a river. With careful and painstaking research he constructs a house for a mortal to live in, and then makes master over it the bronze statue with which the memory of Christ is invariably cheated and debased. He seems to aim for an impossible distinction; he wants to be a heterodox biographer who continues to enjoy the good graces of orthodoxy. Renan says boldly and beautifully that "Nothing great has been established which does not rest on a legend," and then strives to discover the truth underlying the Christian myths by looking behind only the least important of them. He is like a man who crusades against Bolshevism by pointing out the

difficulties of the Russian alphabet. We are forced to see him as a skeptic perpetually aghast at his own skepticism, a savant terrified by the implications of his own research, a logician too timid to face the conclusions of his own logic.

As for Papini, he deserves little serious consideration. His book is nothing more than a welter of clerical paregoric,—a wholesale dose of the same pap with which humble parish priests ease the spiritual tummies of morons with *Katzenjammer* of the conscience. Where could one find a more perfect specimen of pietistic buncombe than Papini offers when he is telling the beautiful story of Mary Magdalen washing the feet of Jesus with nard and drying them with her hair? He sums up by saying, "This anointing unites the twin mysteries of His Messiahship and the crucifixion." How? and why? One can only say of this biography that it is an uninspired sermon by a bigoted country pastor, with no talents save for invective and verbosity. The whole quality of the book, indeed, may be judged from a phrase in the introduction, where Papini unctuously remarks, "He who accepts the four gospels must accept them wholly, entire, syllable by syllable, or else reject them from the first to the last and say 'We know nothing.'" It is of course evident that only a stupid dogmatist would venture on such a statement, for not only does it demand a belief in details that affect the Christian doctrine not at all and which time has proven false—such, for example, as the predictions regarding the end of the world,—as well as a defense of the contradictions which occur in the accounts of the same event between one gospel and another; it is also so absurd on its face that the author of it is forced to deny it himself, as when he says, speaking of the death of Judas, "He had no peace and hastened to kill himself. He died the same night as his victim. Luke sets down in another way the evil end of Judas, but the Christian tradition prefers the story of his remorse and suicide." In other words,

what is the gospel among friends, especially when they are set upon preserving inviolate the traditions that have transformed the church dogma into a Drury Lane melodrama and its altar into a Ben Ali Haggin tableau?

Further along in the book, speaking of the rabble which followed Jesus to His trial, Papini endeavors to prove that there were no Romans in the escort and calmly says: "It is not credible that there were Roman soldiers among them and certainly not a captain, as John says,—an officer over a thousand men." This question of the part that the Romans played in the crucifixion is most important, as we shall see later. Yet Papini, for all his insistence upon complete faith, does not hesitate himself to take issue with the gospels in order to feed his un-Christly hatred of the Israelites!

II

Is it not evident that we need something more than the prejudices of a spiritually hen-pecked Frenchman and an Italian snake-doctor to satisfy the need of the world for an inspired picture of its greatest citizen?

If it be possible at this late date to dispel completely the mists of an age of mystagogues, who, as a matter of course, added something of the supernatural to their records of everything unusual, we shall probably find Jesus to have been immeasurably the greatest of the Hebrew prophets, a man who took that curious conglomerate of ethical paradoxes, the Old Testament, and from it, with a mastery unequalled then or since, made a code of behavior of greater logic, greater sweetness and greater human appeal than any other ever heard of.

The chief defect of all the Christian biographers lies in their Christianity. They have been undiplomatic enough to deify Christ and have thus alienated half the world, either by offending its reason or by setting up a rival to its own pet gods. They might have converted it all to what

is in the last analysis the most important feature of primitive Christianity, its very special code of conduct, had they been willing to omit that debatable part of their creed which persisted in deifying one whom it was rationally impossible to deify. The theological turmoils of the last two thousand years have been caused almost entirely by the effort of crusading Christians to supply a new god to those who instinctively detest all additional candidates. The Jews, I believe, would have been eager to rank Jesus with the greatest of their prophets had they not been untactfully urged to place Him immeasurably above them. There is no reason to suppose that they would have rejected Him for all time (for they recognized a host of others who taught similar doctrines with inferior force), were it not for the fact that along with His teachings they were asked to swallow the notion of His divinity. The mere fact that they may have played a large part in His death alters this conclusion not at all. The later books of the Old Testament are almost exclusively a record of prophets whom the Israelites first killed and then revered. The Mohammedans, too, would probably have discovered no real need for their own experiments in prophecy if they had not been asked to worship Christ when they accepted His homilies.

This rebellion against the debatable features of Christianity is not confined to outsiders alone, but has been the source of the ever-recurrent schisms within the Christian Church itself. Its gradual division into smaller groups has been at bottom nothing more than an instinctive revulsion against this or that speciousness in its dogma, and the further the average Christian drives the conclusions whereby he tries to bottom his creed on logic, the poorer Christian he becomes. The struggle over Fundamentalism is merely a current revival of the old uneasiness, the latest stirring of the basic creed-sense, the present manifestation of the eternal yearning toward an absolute deity and a final code.

But we have cause to quarrel just as sincerely with the iconoclastic view of Jesus, for no one should be called a charlatan because those who follow him make claims for him that he never made for himself. Christ has at times been looked down upon almost as a braggart, whose position as an authentic teacher must be denied with the denial of His divinity; but He Himself, were the truth known, in all probability viewed humbly both His ability and His origin. His divine birth is shouted from a thousand texts in the New Testament, but we must remember that all this was written, as His own utterances were edited, by men who were simply propagandists, and in hardly any rational sense historians. It is, indeed, just as unfair to criticize Christ for the extravagances of the gospels as it is to blame the extremes of orthodox doctrine upon them. "The gospels are legendary biographies," as Renan says; and they were written primarily as tracts rather than as truth. Papias, one of the earliest bishops of the Church—a man of sound historical instincts, who viewed the life of Jesus from the vantage point of the early Second Century—says very plainly that he prefers the oral traditions of his time to the first three gospels and does not mention the Gospel of John at all, despite the fact that he was one of John's followers.

Isn't it about time for some one to study Jesus' life reverently but dispassionately, without the preconceived notion that He was either the Son of God or the direct progenitor of the muddled Mahatmahs of today? Let us recognize Him for what He actually was—Jesus of Nazareth that was in Judæa—the son of a Jewish carpenter into whom some beneficent Deity or, if you prefer it, some mystic Life Force, breathed the same exalted spirit that has come just as inexplicably, even though in infinitely lesser degree, to all of the other great ones of the world.

In His particular case the bent of His genius was naturally theological; for the natural bent of the Hebrew mind was that

way. The great men of ancient Israel tended to become theologians and moralists just as the great men of Rome became soldiers, for the whole fabric of the Jewish people's thought was woven of transcendental metaphysics. At that time and place prophecy was the most respectable career open to a genius; it was by no accident, then, that the people of the Old Testament also produced Jesus. His appearance was a natural evolution, and He was the logical outcome, as He was the fullest flower, of Hebrew civilization—the greatest thing it was destined to produce.

What we need in the study of His life is an attitude of sober research, neither blindly reverent nor blindly mocking. We can have no adequate biography of Him until we apply to the business the same methods that we would use in studying the lives of Napoleon or Milton or Pasteur, for here, as elsewhere, it is a calm perspective that will make for the soundest historical writing. If we do this, we shall eventually raise Him above all fanatical worship and bigoted hatred, and know Him at last in a fair light and a true one. Perhaps He will not mean so much, after that, to Christianity, but He will mean infinitely more to the world.

III

First and most important of all, Jesus, alone among the Hebrew prophets, was at heart a genuine democrat. All the other Hebrew prophets were aristocratic socialists—men opposed to the current order of things, but far more interested in abstract justice than in concrete humanity. They despised the mob at the same time that they defended its rights. It was precisely because they saw its abasement so acutely that they strove to raise it; they strove always as superiors. They felt without question that Jehovah was their friend and confidant; if they helped their fellowmen it was with the gesture of a monarch who scatters pennies for the rabble to scramble for. But Jesus was not of that

company; He spoke always as a fellow-sinner and a fellow-sufferer. He was the neighbor lending a helping hand, not the superior dispensing largess. The difference between His attitude toward humanity and that of the other prophets was very similar to the difference between the attitudes of Abraham Lincoln and Charles Sumner towards slavery. The prophets signed a large check with a grand gesture. Christ washed sores and stayed up nights with the sick. Both burned equally with a sense of right and justice, but Jesus alone knew how to offer Himself in the homely fashion that is most effective in this world.

It was precisely because of His close and sympathetic feeling for everyday humanity that He was able to spread the doctrines which up to His time had prospered only within the narrow circle of His own people. It was because He was a politician in the most felicitous sense of the word that He could take the aloof teachings of the elder prophets, extract from them their essence, and then express that essence in formulae that beguiled the whole world. Those who, before Him, had the moral hardihood to embrace the faith of the prophets embraced it with greater tenacity than any creed has ever been cleaved to before or since, but their number had always been too small and their natures too self-centred for their influence to match their endurance. Christ took that old stern, forbidding monotheism and breathed into it the features and habilements of life. He made it accessible and attractive to those who had the greatest need for it, and for the first time in history gave a universal appeal to a creed that substituted the helping hand for the mailed fist. The fact that those who came after Him, supposedly in His footsteps, failed to make proper use of their opportunity cannot detract from what He did. The spirit of Christ has spread despite the Christians, and the fact is the greatest of all tributes to His genius.

It would be intensely interesting to investigate what may be called the mechan-

ics of His career—in other words, the secrets of His unparalleled success as a politician. It is evident that a genius for practical organization must have gone with His other-worldliness to make possible the advance of a poor boy, born of humble parents, in the ancient equivalent of a log cabin, to a position where the Romans rewarded a traitor for information which justified them in crucifying Him. These Romans were a hard-headed, practical people, who permitted a hundred diverse creeds to exist unmolested under their far-flung rule, but they grew vigilant and ruthless the minute their political control was endangered. So long as a subject people paid its taxes and remained peaceful the Romans ignored its plans for a happy future life. It is evident, then, that the crucifixion was a tribute to Christ's ability, not as a theologian, but as a political leader. Of all the diverse prophets that existed in the Roman commonwealth of that day, He alone was honored with Rome's active hostility.

This, of course, is directly contradictory to the accepted opinion, to wit, that the Romans were reluctant to crucify Him and did so only at the irresistible urging of the Pharisees, but anyone who is familiar with the ordinary characteristics of Roman rule must know that had Pontius Pilate not been afraid of the growing power of Christ and had he not feared that eventually His teachings would lead to open insurrection, he would have listened blandly to the plea of Caiaphas and settled the question with a suave gesture.

There are several significant details, even in the gospel account of the Last Day, that seem to point that way. In the first place, Christ was not put to death by stoning, the Mosaic penalty for the crime of which the Pharisees accused Him, but by crucifixion, a manner of punishment purely Roman and used by them for political offenses. Moreover, above the cross was placed the inscription "King of the Jews"—a legend most offensive to the very people Pilate is said to have been trying to

placate by Jesus' execution. Why should Pilate have reluctantly ordered the death of Jesus solely to satisfy the priestly class and then have destroyed its entire effect by a simultaneous gesture of ironical disdain? If, however, we presuppose a political motive, everything becomes clear, and the crucifixion becomes simply a warning to other rebels,—a device common to conquerors at all times and everywhere.

To make credible this direct contradiction of the gospels, we must examine a little into their nature and the nature of their authors, the time of their writing and the manner of their preservation. First of all, we must remember that the Apostles were simple, illiterate men, unworldly in every sense, who would be very likely to see in the disagreement between Christ and the Sanhedrim the prime cause of His death, if only because it was the most apparent one, and who would be quite unlikely to note that the experienced Roman politician in the background was quietly turning this factional disturbance to his own ends. Secondly, let us remember that the gospels were written thirty to fifty years after Jesus' death by men who expected to become the leaders of the new sect, and who were therefore bent upon propaganda rather than upon exact history. They were creating a church and seeking converts. When we consider where they were establishing this church and where they hoped to gain their converts, we discover a new reason for their emphasis on the culpability of the priests and the reluctance of the Romans. The world-wide march of Christianity had not yet begun, and these first Christians sought their proselytes in Judæa among the Jews. What appeal could the promise of absolution from sin have to such people if the sin was a Roman one? But when the Disciples, inspired with some fragment of the Christly eloquence, thundered against the crimes of the Jews, the latter quaked and questioned. They grew pale at the hell envisioned to them as the punishment for their treatment of

Jesus; and they accepted eagerly the avenue of escape through baptism which the Apostles offered them. Is this not a reasonable picture? Does it not link up more exactly with history than the gospel story, which asks us to believe that the same Rome which only reluctantly consented to the death of the Master relentlessly hounded His followers to the grave for three centuries? Isn't it a significant fact that after Christ was gone the Romans persecuted His early followers without mercy, whereas with other creeds they often added the new deities to their own?

Doesn't a new picture of Jesus emerge from this viewpoint? We begin to see Him as a highly practical organizer who sought not only to establish a new creed, but also a new commonwealth, and who knew supremely the ways and means of accomplishing His aim. The twelve Apostles became fellow-revolutionists, bound together equally by the magic of His personality and the thoroughness of His preparations. Some day, perhaps, it will become possible for research to reconstruct the various steps whereby one who died before he was thirty-five was able to build so effectually that His followers conquered the whole Roman empire.

IV

The relationship of Christianity to Rome is of the utmost importance, for its adoption as the official creed of the empire was obviously its making as a world force. To use a homely illustration, it was as if a manufacturer who had been selling an automobile appliance in a small way suddenly had it adopted by Ford as standard equipment. Millions of Romans automatically became Christians, and while at first their knowledge of the new religion was limited and their interest in it perfunctory, still their daily contact with it instantly became friendly instead of hostile, and it did not take many generations before the new faith became real to their children.

While all of this of course happened many years after the death of Jesus, still the first impulse to the fact was His; and the emergence of this obscure figure from an obscure corner of the empire, while perhaps not a proof of His divinity, is at all events a proof of His superlative force and sagacity as a leader of men. The saintliness of His life, as recorded in the Bible story, is certainly not sufficient to account for the discontent with Rome which followed His doctrine wherever it went. Here a most important chapter in the life of Jesus remains to be written—a chapter which concerns itself with His everyday life as a citizen and with His revolt against the political and material conditions that he found about Him.

Another phase of primitive Christianity which will reward more investigation than it has had is its extraordinarily strong proselytizing tendency, persisting to the present day. The original impetus was undoubtedly supplied by Christ Himself. It represents the one wholly novel addition which He made to the Hebrew scheme of things. Judaism was and is essentially subjective and individualistic, self-centred and self-sufficient. It is a sturdy, trenchant faith and has always aroused in its followers an unusual willingness to endure even martyrdom for its sake, but this martyrdom has always been faced for its defense, never for its spread. So long as the Jew of Jesus' time preserved his own faith inviolate, he was indifferent in a truly surprising degree to the beliefs of his neighbors. He tolerated the idolatry of subject peoples almost with a sense of satisfaction. He thanked God that he was not as other men were, and made not the slightest attempt to share his boons with his fellow-men. This habit served to protect Judaism to a very high degree from that penetration of other faiths which was the commonplace of the ancient world, but it tended also to make the Jews non-assimilating and even irritating neighbors. The Pharisee was truly the archetypical Jew.

But Jesus was not merely inspired with novel thoughts and new formulae; He burned equally to bestow them upon His neighbors. He was a humanitarian and longed to have His fellow-men enjoy the same blessings that He saw so plainly to exist in His own calm mind. He conceived of Heaven as a pleasant place to be enjoyed in company; the Jews wanted to enjoy it alone. He made, so to speak, a public park of their private grounds. This innovation was of the very essence of His nature and His creed. All men were equal before the Lord, and on their works rather than their fortunate birth were to depend their chances of eternal happiness. To guide their lives aright, to share with them His own inner certainty was Jesus' daily concern and the core of His existence.

It is true, of course, that he never urged His way to the extent that His church did after Him, and could He have lived He would probably have been aghast at the principle of enforced salvation at the point of the musket. But we must not blink the fact that the militant missionary of today carries out the logical principles of Christ's own life even though he carries them to an illogical extreme. This departure from Jewish practice also represents Christ's

one great wavering from His belief in human freedom, which must of course include the right to personal damnation if it is to be complete. It is His one gesture of superiority, the only sign that He too felt that he was not as other men were. Eternally right though He may have been, His preaching shows a compromise with His own principle—the single flaw that serves to emphasize His humanity.

By this time, I am sure, the need for a new life of Jesus must be apparent. The old biographies, the old viewpoints, have all been unjust, for in one way or another they have all failed to perform that service which every great leader of men deserves—the preservation of his personality after he is gone. No statue, no deification can accomplish that, for what is preserved by such things has in it nothing of the man himself—that which is his uniquely, which constitutes his ego and serves to set him off as a thing apart. When a man fears death that fear is only dread of the wiping out of this essential soul-fragment; his sole desire that he may mean something on earth is centred on the hope that it will endure in the memory of men. For this even deification is a sorry substitute. Christ above all men has the right to long for this enshrinement.

THE UNINVITED

BY THOMAS BOYD

Y ou may be of the opinion that such a job as that of field worker in the United States Registration of Graves Department is a very peculiar one to have. Not only that, but a singular topic to speak of at the beginning of a story. Who knows? Perhaps you hold an irrefragable prejudice against that form of wage-earning. Yet a job is a job. And to deny this is as false, as flatulent, as it is to repudiate the fact that American soldiers went to France and were killed. Another square-jawed truth is that these dead had to be buried, not once, but twice and three times. For a soldier, struck down by a searing bullet or a jarring, ripping shell explosion, lies where he is felled. In an attack he is passed by; during a defense he remains, blackening in the sun and foully thickening the air. Whichever the mode of combat, he is with its cessation carried by trembling and wearied hands to the driest nearby spot and there, with the rest who went face down, he is interred.

There he lies while black shells churn up the earth about him and violate the three-foot roof of his tomb. Thus sometimes the rough white cross to which his identification disc has been nailed is destroyed. Thus sometimes a roar and a black pungent cloud of smoke obliterate him like a dream. If not, he is dug up by limberer hands than those which laid him down and deposited in a coffin. At a designated cemetery he rests, secure.

But to find these dead! To go about with a memorandum: buried at northeast corner of woods, on rise between road and woods, seventeen soldiers of the Blank division. To discover so great a number does not seem difficult and yet, not infrequently,

it is. For the landscape so changes. Rank weeds quickly rise to obscuring heights and intensity; trees are cut down and new ones are planted; the people who owned the land in the devastated district have come back to live—all these things make their discovery by no means easy.

But Oldshaw, who was employed by the Registration of Graves Department and whose duty consisted in locating the dead and identifying the bodies, Oldshaw, in all the time he had been at work, had not failed at his task. He was a curious man in appearance. The end of his nose was thick and rounded; his eyes were mild gray, and from them peeped at all times an inclination for a decorous but never gratified merriment. His tow-colored hair was thin on his round, calm-browed skull. His shortness was in his legs. Most unexpectedly, he spoke in a deep bass voice.

The wherefore of Oldshaw's taking up this work is as curious as the man himself. He did it out of a sincere patriotism. Even though the war was over he believed it as important to search out these dead as it was imperative during the war that men stand up to die. Conscientiously, Oldshaw went about his work, searching for mislaid identification discs. When they were lost, recognition of bodies was difficult, but often there was a letter, a newspaper clipping from the home-town paper, a notebook—something that would lead to the lessening of the Missing in Action list.

II

Now, for the first time, Oldshaw was stumped. Seventeen bodies had been buried in the open field in front of Vierz on the

twenty-third of July, four days after the Soissons Château-Thierry salient had been straightened out. They were somewhere along that level stretch between Vierzy and Tigny, a small town a few kilometres up the road. Seventeen bodies which once were men, waiting to be claimed and taken away. But Oldshaw could not find them.

Two days before, he had come there from Paris, fresh and joyous in the middle of Springtime. Driving alone in a battered but stubborn Ford, he had passed through Meaux, Dommartin and Chalons. At Chalons he left his three assistants and set off alone under a soft blue and white sky toward the woods of Villers-Cotterets and the town of Vierzy, a cluster of gray houses, now rehabilitated, lying in the bowl of a valley. He had walked up the road past the dugout which once was used as a first-aid station and stood on the rim of the valley, looking out over the broad fields through which the road ran to Tigny. Somewhere nearby were the graves. His memorandum informed him that they were about two hundred yards in a diagonal line to the right of the road from Vierzy. The place was easy to reach, but when he arrived there after tramping through the recently cultivated ground he saw no trace of them. He spent the afternoon in his search. But when evening came he had nothing to show for his efforts except countless impressions of his shoes in the soft dark earth, among the green sprigs of planted beets.

The next morning Oldshaw's assistants had arrived from Chalons. All day the four men hunted. With spades they dug up the ground in various places, but they uncovered only a hard stratum of stone a few feet beneath the surface. Now and again they struck into a shell which had not exploded. From the sight of it they hastily withdrew. That evening the men returned to Chalons while Oldshaw crossed over to the small peasant's cottage where he had arranged to sleep.

Now, after his breakfast of bread and

chocolate, he sat in the cool kitchen of the house, waiting for his assistants to arrive from Chalons, to and from which they journeyed each day. Madame Thibaudet stooped before the large fireplace, making the coals gleam by her use of a bellows. Madame Thibaudet was old and scrawny, with shrewd black eyes that were much younger than her habitually bent back. Her hair was gray, tightly framing her thin face. But she minded her business and cooked well. Her garden, a big one out in front of the house, produced well-sized, tender Spring vegetables. The bed in the room which Oldshaw was renting was comfortable. It was as much as he could ask and more than he had expected. So he was content, except for this inability to bring his job to a successful end. Madame Thibaudet's felt-slipped feet padded warily on the stone floor as she carried a black iron kettle toward the door.

So far as his limited French would permit he had talked with her in wisps of conversation as she brought him the platter of stewed rabbit or chicken and the dish of new peas or string beans fresh from her garden. She had, she said, lived in that same house for the greater part of her life. She had been there in 1914 when the Germans had first broken through and were threatening Paris. And with the rest of refugees in the advance area the French government had driven her away from her home so that she might not be taken captive. She had not gone far. At Meaux she found work in a bakery and there she remained until the latter part of July, 1918, when the Germans were driven from Soissons. Then she returned to her home.

That was one thing that made his search seem so hopeless. This old woman had no remembrance of any graves in that vicinity. Except, of course, the old cemetery which belonged to the people of Vierzy. And she had been there constantly, even before the signing of the Armistice. There must, Oldshaw thought, be some pretty big mistake. It was inconceivable that Madame Thibaudet would not have seen seventeen

white wooden crosses no more than six hundred yards distant.

He said so to the three men who had stopped the Ford along the road and walked up the lane into the house. To which one of the assistants replied:

"It looks to me as if they'd of given us a bum steer."

Two heads were nodded wisely at the assertion. But Oldshaw, though he had been the first to sound the uselessness of further search and though his judgment abetted his abandonment of the quest, rubbed the knuckles of one hand against the palm of the other, looking dubiously over the field towards Tigny, and said, "No, we better stick around. They may be right under our nose." His helpers were so accustomed to their business that the observation brought forth no rejoinder.

Then the men set forth, making four wide paths over the ground between Vierz and the town of Tigny. They eyed every inch of ground, parted clumps of thick weeds, but neither on their approach nor on their return did they notice a solitary cross.

And in the morning Oldshaw, over his large cup of chocolate, gloomily stared into the fireplace in Madame Thibaudet's kitchen. His short stubby fingers felt the warmth of the cup as he watched Madame Thibaudet moving about on the stone floor. He thought: seventeen bodies was no small number. It meant seventeen fathers and seventeen mothers. There might be among these dead some who had been listed in the Missing in Action columns. If he found them, it meant a long wait would be over for some family. The poor boys; at the least they deserved an honest Christian burial. Damn it! He meant to see that they would get it. He wouldn't go back to headquarters and say he couldn't find them. . . . Funny that this old woman had seen nothing of them.

A fat chicken stood on the threshold of the door, slowly turning its head from one side to the other, inquisitively inspecting the room. It would make a mighty tasty

meal, thought Oldshaw. He said as much to Madame Thibaudet, who shrugged and said that the *poule* could be served him at an extra cost. Willingly, he agreed. The chicken stalked temptingly near: Oldshaw leaned forward in his chair, balanced and sprang toward it. His hand grazed the scrawny feet as the chicken rose with a tremendous flapping of wings, cawing indignantly. But Oldshaw followed close behind its long striding legs. Around the house it quickly turned and Oldshaw was moving so swiftly that he ran far outside its path. But he recovered with hope in his eye, for the chicken was making straight for the side of the woodshed behind the house. But once more, as he was close upon it, it turned and stepped nimbly through the half-open door.

"That cooks your goose," Oldshaw breathed heavily as he closed the door behind him. The chicken scudded into a corner and Oldshaw pounced upon it, his hands grappling with its beating wings, which sent dust into his face.

Suddenly he stopped, and his hold upon the chicken relaxed as he stared into the corner where the kindling was piled. For there, in a neat heap, were a number of thin sticks, painted white. The crosses! thought Oldshaw.

"What the hell do you know about that?" he asked the ruffled chicken.

But what, he wondered, was Madame Thibaudet's purpose in tearing up these crosses? Why, that was sacrilege! Seventeen crosses, seventeen graves violated to make kindling wood. The old hag, he thought, moving toward the door. He'd give her such a talking to as she had never had before in her life.

Near the door he stopped, asking himself, "But where are the graves?" Would the old woman tell him? More likely she'd stick to her story and deny that she knew the crosses were in her woodshed. And then there would be a devil of a time finding them. No, he would do better to keep quiet about what he had discovered. Meanwhile—

III

With an effort at making his face mask-like he slowly walked back to the house. Madame Thibaudet stopped her sweeping to inquire whether Monsieur had decided not to have the chicken for *déjeuner*.

"It ran too swiftly to be caught," explained Oldshaw. That morning he wrote a letter to his headquarters office at Paris. And after posting it at Vierzy he returned to the bare kitchen where Madame Thibaudet busied herself with household work.

The room was very quiet. Madame Thibaudet sat before the fireplace watching the fat black kettle which hung down over the pale coals. Her back was toward Oldshaw, whose chair was by the round table with the red and white cotton cloth. For some time they were silent. Oldshaw drew a cigarette from his pocket, staring at her meanwhile. He took out a match and as he scraped it across the box he fancied she started nervously. Did she know, he wondered, that the crosses had been discovered?

Throughout the morning he continued to watch her. When she went outside to work in her garden he picked up his chair and placed it in front of the house. There were beds of beans or peas and lettuce to be cared for, but Madame Thibaudet appeared hesitant today.

After a short while she walked back toward the house. Near Oldshaw she stopped, muttering a question, looking at the ground: "Monsieur would go away, now that he couldn't find the buried Americans?"

Oldshaw shook his head. No, he said, it was very pleasant here. He enjoyed it.

Madame sniffed, tossed her head, and went inside.

The next morning Oldshaw asked if she wouldn't make a lettuce salad for his luncheon.

"*Mais, oui*," she shrugged.

"And some green beans?" he asked.

At that she unexpectedly grew angry.

"*Nom de Dieu—de Dieu—de Dieu—de Dieu!*"

Could she have nothing for herself? Was this American to eat her out of house and home? "*Rien; rien de toute.*" Monsieur, if he must stay, would have to find some place else. She had no more to feed him.

"Ah," thought Oldshaw. Perhaps—he was very sorry, he said, as he walked out of the house toward Vierzy. It was quite probable, he thought, that the directions which he had been given were false in some slight degree. For example, the graves might be on the left of the road instead of on the right. At any rate, he would mark off the paces and see where they would lead.

Where the road led down into the valley of Vierzy he stopped and turned around. With measured pace he walked back along the road, counting one hundred and fifty steps. He stopped and found himself standing on a spot that was even with the cottage, with the bean patch lying on a dead line between the cottage and himself. "Humph," he said. The mistake was clear to him and easily understandable now. The road which led to Vierzy, in going down the hill, curved sharply. A person standing on the plain might look down and see the houses of the town and believe himself to be on the right of the road when he was really on its left. But this old woman. Her part in the matter puzzled him greatly.

It was in the morning, three days after he had sent the letter, and Oldshaw had brought one of the plain wooden chairs from the kitchen. He sat with the chair tipped back against the smooth gray wall and looked out over the vegetable garden—green with tinges of brown—toward the road along which his assistants were approaching. All three carried spades.

Though Oldshaw watched the newcomers he knew that Madame Thibaudet was standing behind him in the doorway of the kitchen and he knew she was very angry. He sat still until the men drew near. Then he got up and asked, "Did you bring the order?"

"Yep," one of the men answered. "But you better be sure you got the right dope, Oldshaw. The Frogs raised the devil before they'd give it to us."

Behind him Madame Thibaudet was breathing hard with gathering excitement, outrage and hatred. Oldshaw, without looking at her, said, "All right, I guess we'd better dig under that patch of green beans first."

He led the way, carefully following the paths which separated the beds.

As the first spade cut into the earth Madame Thibaudet treaded swiftly and vengefully toward them. Suddenly her stiff, straight-set lips parted and from them flew invective of every kind and manner. They were dogs, these Americans; pigs, suckled by swine, dolts, cowards to uproot a poor old woman's garden. She shook her fists above her head, grasped at the shovels, screaming that they would pay for this. She would have them jailed, the miserable cowards.

Oldshaw unfolded the paper and showed her the order from the French government which authorized him to search the property.

And now her threats were unavailing. So she pleaded, throwing herself in the way of the busy shovels, clinging to the

handles in a distracted fashion. Would they have no pity on a poor old woman? Would they take her very food from her mouth?

But they went on digging until Oldshaw suddenly cried out, "Steady! easy now, here we are!"

One of the bodies lay partly showing.

Without looking down at the freshly spaded earth, Madame Thibaudet threw herself against Oldshaw. She was distracted: her garden was being destroyed by these intruders from across the sea—and by order of her own government. The garden into which she had put so much work and care. It had been so luxuriantly productive. And it was hers! It was her bread. What were these bodies but those of intruders? She had been driven away from home by the Boche. She came back to find seventeen white crosses on her disused garden bed. Was she to be evicted again—by the dead, the dead who did not have to eat? To her they had no business there, graves or no graves. So, one by one, she had pulled them up. Crosses marking up her garden. Hadn't she, then, been troubled enough? Hadn't she seen enough of war? And wasn't the war over?

She grew still and silent in Oldshaw's arms, too sad to cry.

POLITICIAN: FEMALE

BY JAMES M. CAIN

THE course of events since the ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment seems to give ribald amusement to many ill-mannered persons. Woman suffrage, it is alleged by these scoffers, has failed absolutely to produce any of the results predicted for it by its advocates; its present effect upon the political scene in the Republic is utterly negative; it has, alackaday, even bitten the hand that fed and reared it, until the militant owner of that battle-scarred member is now almost as forgotten as Whittlesey and his Lost Battalion.

Of these things—of the purely political results of the extension of the suffrage, that is—I cannot speak. I am congenitally unable to get the point in politics. I never seem to see what difference it makes whether the bill passes or not. But if I am thus incompetent to appraise the *intrinsic* results of suffrage, I can at least appraise certain of its *extrinsic* aspects and consequences. In other words, though I can't comprehend what good a woman politician accomplishes, I am thoroughly sensitive to how she looks while she goes about her business; if I am blind to her as a public force, I nevertheless vibrate to her every glance and posture as a mime in the great American drama. It is this glancing and posturing that I wish to discuss—not the inner phenomena, but the outer.

My point of view, of course, is perhaps somewhat un-American. It is the nation's habit to shut its eyes to the outer seeming, provided the inner reality be found pleasing in the sight of God. . . . And it may seem that I go out of my way to find an inconsequential and inappropriate angle of

approach, one having no sensible bearing on the subject. But is this really true? Is it entirely logical to judge the lady only on the basis of her yeas and nays, her attendance at committee hearings, the content of Good, True and Beautiful in her speeches? I don't think so. To do so would be to fall in with the national habit of taking everybody seriously, of giving credit if the heart is in the right place, of you-kid-me-I'll-kid-you. The thing to do is to get under the hide of the lady herself, to get clearly in mind what she is primarily concerned with. And what is this? Why, clearly, the distinction and homage that will accrue to her, the figure she will cut, the *gloire* she will amass and enjoy. That is to say, her mind is not on her humble and contrite heart at all, but on her trappings and outer show, as every other sane person's mind is. Well, this outer show is precisely what I want to inquire into.

II

In the course of my examination of such exteriors, I came some time ago to the conclusion that there is only one situation in which a woman can be completely ridiculous: that one in which her husband and her lover shake hands, fill glasses and pledge each other's health. I am still convinced that this theory is sound, but of late I have become sharply aware that there are situations a-plenty in which women in the mass, as opposed to woman the individual, can be ridiculous. Woman, indeed, like the harmonica, shines best as a solo instrument. When she attempts to play *ensemble* the result is often disastrous.

The reason therefore is simple. Her appeal to the imagination, when she does appeal to the imagination, must carry something of the sinister with it. No woman was ever remembered for smug, tame little attributes, but only for terrifying, primeval qualities. If her charm is beauty, there must be a suggestion of snakes, skulls and fatal elixirs about it, else she suffers from a doll-like vapidness. If her charm is intellect, there must be a menace in it: mystery, guile, the capacity to inspire fear, else she is merely that most banal of God's creatures, an Interesting Conversationalist. So with all her other charms. If they are not deadly, then they are flat, tepid, uninteresting.

This suggestion of the sinister, for some reason, inheres only in one woman at a time. The moment the concept is made plural all its values change: the common denominator is oppressively trivial. One shrinks from a shrillness, a jangling, above all, from a pettiness, which in one woman are usually out of sight. A gossoon, when he finds his beloved calling on his sisters, is surprised to find how usual she seems. A nun, in the singular, is full of romance: one thinks of a broken heart, rosaries, and long hours alone with misty dreams. But when a bevy of nuns issue from a convent, one is conscious only of clacking tongues, flapping gowns and shiny faces. Have you ever noticed the sisterish ineffectuality of the three Rhine maidens in the first act of "Das Rheingold"? How much better if Alberich had circumvented only *one* guardian of the gold! . . . If you have any doubts on this general point, try to imagine certain divine ones playing *ensemble*: Garden singing in the chorus, Fannie Brice as a harem girl, Pavlowa third from the end in a pony ballet. . . .

At the outset of her career in public the lady politician faces the handicap resulting from this principle. She must coöperate: she must go to meetings, engage in shrill debates, have her picture taken in groups of fifty on the White House lawn. Acting willy-nilly against this background,

she succumbs to its implications. She does all those things which no woman should do: she bustles, she talks loud, she gets into excited verbal sparring matches. Her whole utterance becomes banal: Madame President, don't you think we ought to have a committee on publicity, too? . . . If I am to have such things said to me right to my face, I am going to resign from the club! . . . Don't you think women have a great deal to *learn* about politics? . . . I must say I can't understand what the Governor is *thinking* about, to make such an appointment. . . . We women must remember it is *organization* that counts. . . .

We women! What a hideous phrase! How it reeks of church suppers, charity card parties, culture clubs, treble clef choirs! Of fat arms, creaking corsets, quaking hips! No breath of elusive perfume hangs about it, no memory of a sidelong glance, a delicately curling cigarette, a tremulous, *andante* languor. . . . Females in wholesale lots!

III

In other directions the way of the lady Bryan is blocked, too. "Woman's place," says the man in the street, "is the home." The savage rebuttals levelled at this simple proposition invite inquiry, to see if there may not be a kernel of truth in it. The hastiest reflection shows that there is. It sums up briefly the instinctive perception that there is something wrong with the rôle of a woman posturing on a stump. Whenever a woman is completely effective, it is always in a rôle related to what we vaguely associate with the worn-out but excellent word home. That is, a rôle related to the business of living itself, not to the business of providing the means and bulwarks of living. With a man, of course, the opposite is true. The part he plays in living *per se* is so trivial that he must bolster it up by participation in outside affairs—by, in one way or another, conquering the world. The moment he allows the emphasis to swing the other way he becomes a sit-by-the-fire, a cockerel, a drone, a henpeck.

A woman steps into this man's sphere at her peril. I think the reason is that her natural rôle is so much more brilliant than the best a man can make out of his that she suffers a come-down by the change. I suppose it requires more brains to run a railroad than it does to run a suburban cottage and bring young into the world, but in drama the voltage arises, apparently, not from the proved intelligence quotient involved in an undertaking, but from what it costs you to do it. . . . However that may be, as soon as a woman steps into the male motley, her dignity begins to vanish. . . . Certain apparent exceptions, of course, spring to mind. There is the woman who makes her own living, often gallantly enough. There were certain queens, Cleopatra, Elizabeth, Catherine, who are surely among the most romantic of their sex. But these exceptions are largely illusory. The lady underwear buyer, when she is alluring, is alluring not because of her skill in selecting underwear, although human comfort may be greatly augmented thereby, but because of herself, *i.e.*, she has her roots in living, not in buying underwear. So with the queens. They compelled attention and admiration, not because of the legislation they fostered, or the wars they won, or the tax-rates they reduced, but by the peculiarly superb quality of the womanhood that was in them, thrown into brilliant relief against the times in which they lived.

The lady politician disregards all these basic principles. Since changing economic conditions have forced many women to work, she idiotically assumes that a day of feminism has arrived—that it is time to cast off certain “shackles” and take her place beside man, the heroic. She does not see that her employed sisters work only because they have to, and that there is a complete disjunction between their hearts and their vocations. She must needs put her soul into her own job, acquire a *Weltschmerz*. She would shine, not as a woman, but as a public figure. . . . Well, it simply won't work. Once floundering about in an

alien scene, she gets into difficulties that multiply by geometric and hyper-geometric progressions. It seems impossible for her to clinch her talons on the only variety of politics which is really impressive: where cold, sordid gain is the stake, and the game is played by intrigue, counter-intrigue, and every known kind of sweaty, shifty-eyed artifice. This seems to be beyond her. Clutching blindly for something to justify her presence, she identifies herself with pale, wan issues, out of which no dollars will be made, wherein there will be no double-crossing, no throat-slitting, no weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth, no grand, drunken celebrations: mothers' bills, children's bills, better babies' bills, health bills, school bills, sex-equality bills, hospital bills, honest-weight bills. Out of politeness the men usually pass the whole proposed crop at every session, and that leaves the ladies worse off than before. For, despite the warnings of an alarmed press, which sees in these bills only more and more jobs, there are only so many of them that can be thought up, and the business of whooping them up, therefore, finds itself with progressively less and less to feed on. The steam, screeching the pop-valve so magnificently in 1920, now hardly stirs the needle; in a few short years, no doubt, it will die out altogether and leave the grand old Rainbow Limited stalled on a dead centre at the bottom of the grade.

It may very well be that these bills advocated by the fair are all excellent measures; that we shall all be happier, fatter and healthier in every way as a result of them. I have never read any of them, and cannot say. But, dramatically speaking, they are impossible. The glamor of their sponsors, already jeopardized when hauled out of the twilight of boudoirs on to the hustings, simply fades out altogether in the midst of such peewee activities. The thing becomes ridiculous. Is this, then, the end of all the fighting, hair-pulling, cake-baking and posing for pictures?—that the Governor is authorized and herein and

hereby directed to appoint in each of the several counties a nurse, whose duty it shall be to determine the weight of all children born in the said county not later than ten days after birth and at intervals of three months thereafter, and to enter the said weight on suitable records and forms, to be furnished by the State Department of Health, as provided in 30-A of this section? . . . The King of France, with twice ten thousand men, couldn't make this seem important. It may make for better babies, but it completely and irretrievably wrecks the lady politician.

IV

So far it is possible that I proceed too confidently, with too many *a priori* assumptions. I shall now try to prove my point. In Washington, that great city, there lives a lady whose career has a direct bearing on what I have said. I prefer not to name her, but I shall make it easy for you to guess who she is: her father was of the highest eminence, and her husband is and has been for a number of years a member of the Congress of the United States, and is somewhat bald, and, strangely for a Congressman, a gentleman.

I do not know this lady, but I have seen her, and I hear now and then of her doings. She is completely effective dramatically. She is what every lady politician in the country would like to be. She is well-dressed, she has an air, she is charming; her general effect, as they say, is that of a knock-out. She is reputed to control large affairs, to bend public men to her will, to make them listen to her with respect, and sometimes with a little fear. She is skillful, adroit, subtle. The things she is interested in are the things men are interested in: the cold, clammy things that really matter in politics. She, as the phrase has it, puts them across. She is a power. In the literal sense of the word, she is a politician.

But—does she coöperate, organize clubs, talk about "we women"? She does not. She plays a solo game. Does she run for office, sport Feminism, seek out all the frayed apostlettes of the movement, so easily accessible in Washington? No. She knows what a woman's sphere is, and stays in it. She has no illusions about the uplift. She is what the politicians call a twenty-minute egg. She is a brilliant success, shedding more lustre in a minute than all the rest of her de-shackled sisters do in a year. . . . She completely illustrates my point.

THE LIBERTY BELL

BY HENRY J. FORD

THE Continental Congress was a migratory body. It held sessions at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Lancaster, York, Princeton, Annapolis, Trenton and New York. In most of these places no memorial of its stay now remains, but in some of them sacred relics are preserved for patriotic worship. Philadelphia still has the old State-house in which the Declaration of Independence was adopted. Princeton has Nassau Hall, where Congress was in session when definite advices were received that the peace treaty had been signed which acknowledged our national independence. Annapolis still cherishes the colonial State-house in which the end of the Revolution was formally proclaimed, and in which Washington resigned his commission.

All these places have sacramentalia making a strong appeal to popular veneration. Princeton is especially rich in them. Cannon that figured in the famous battle of January 3, 1777, still remain on the campus, and another memorial of that struggle, abounding in romantic interest, is the portrait of Washington hanging in Nassau Hall. Its frame originally held a portrait of George II, in whose reign the college got its charter. This portrait was ripped by shot from Alexander Hamilton's battery, trained on Nassau Hall to drive out the British garrison. While Washington was in attendance on Congress at Princeton in 1783, he was requested by the college trustees to sit for his portrait to the Philadelphia artist, Charles Wilson Peale, and the painting thereupon executed was substituted for that of George II. One would think that such a relic would be sure to

catch the popular fancy and so be generally known, but visitors to Princeton are usually surprised when they are told about it. It is not among the sacred souvenirs of the people, despite the celebrity of the names associated with it.

Popular devotion, indeed, has passed by all the other relics of the Revolution to fasten on the Liberty Bell at Philadelphia. Everybody has heard about how it rang out its thrilling peals on the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. This information, unluckily, is not based on fact but on fancy. The story of the Liberty Bell is the creation of a romancer who was not born until almost half a century after the Declaration of Independence. Nevertheless, he was able to set aside the plain records of history and substitute his own invention. It was a casual stroke done by his rapid pen in the course of the day's work, without thought of the consequences. He soon knew that he had made a hit, but he never knew how great and lasting it was. He was a voluminous writer and he thought himself assured of literary fame, but, by one of fate's curious turns, he has lost that altogether. I doubt whether anyone outside Philadelphia has ever heard of George Lippard, who originated the story of the Liberty Bell. The fable of Washington and the cherry tree has saved from oblivion the name of Parson Weems, but the far greater renown of the Liberty Bell legend has not availed to save George Lippard. Such is the caprice of fame.

In adopting the Declaration of Independence Congress followed the ordinary course of legislative procedure, which did not then, any more than it does now, provide

for bell-ringing or the collection of signatures on taking an important vote. A resolution declaring "that these colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States" was offered by Richard Henry Lee of Virginia on June 7, 1776, and adopted on July 2. That was the famous Declaration of Independence. Nothing was done about it at the time save to note the passage of the resolution in the journal. The Continental Congress held its sessions in private, which was the common practice of legislatures at that period. But word soon got out, of course, of any important transaction, and the *Pennsylvania Evening Post* of July 2 had an item about the Declaration. Alongside advertisements of "a few hogsheads of old Jamaica spirits" and of rewards for the capture of runaway servants, appeared this austere announcement: "This day the CONTINENTAL CONGRESS declared the UNITED COLONIES FREE and INDEPENDENT STATES." The *Pennsylvania Gazette* of July 3 had a similar item, along with an advertisement offering for sale "a Dutch servant Girl, healthy, strong and good-natured." Within the next week the news spread throughout the East. It was published in New York on July 8, in Boston on July 11, and so on. But everywhere the date of the Declaration was given as July 2, and everyone assumed that the event would be celebrated forever as of that date. Writing to his wife on July 3 John Adams said:

The second Day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable Epoca in the History of America.—I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated, by succeeding Generations, as the great anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemorated as the Day of Deliverence by solemn Acts of Devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with Pomp and Parade, with Shews, Games, Sports, Guns, Bells, Bonfires and Illuminations from one End of this Continent to the other from this Time forward forever more.

This was a pretty good anticipation of what eventually came to pass, but the date was shifted to July 4 by congressional proceedings which certainly did not contemplate that result. It was the practice of the Continental Congress to limit the range of

controversy by dealing first with the naked proposition before it. If that was agreed to, the preamble or statement of the reasons for such action came next in order. In anticipation of the adoption of the Declaration a committee had been appointed to draft the preamble, and this had been reported and was on the table. On July 2, the same day that Lee's resolution was adopted, the preamble was taken up for consideration in committee of the whole. Consideration of it lasted until July 4, when, after some tinkering and pruning, the preamble as drafted by Jefferson was adopted. The vote was taken by States as usual, and no record was made of the action of individual members.

On July 19 a resolution was adopted that the Declaration should be engrossed on parchment and signed by every member of Congress. This engrossed copy was ready on August 2, and the members then present appended their signatures. This was an exceptional proceeding. Thomas McKean wrote that it was done "to prevent traitors or spies from worming themselves among us." In other words, the formal signing was a sort of pledge of allegiance to what had already been done. This view accords with all the facts elicited by a thorough examination of the record. The list of signers includes some who were opposed to the Declaration when it was adopted on July 2, it omits some who then supported it, and it includes some who did not become members of Congress until after July 4. One of the signers did not take his seat until November 4, 1776. In fact, more than a fourth of those who signed the document of August 2 did not take part in the proceedings when the Declaration was adopted. But that document was headed: "In Congress, July 4, 1776", and hence it became the general belief that the signing took place on July 4.

Adams, Franklin and Jefferson, in late years, when their recollections had become blurred, all said that that was the date. But the records of the Continental Congress, corroborated by letters and di-

aries of the period, fully establish these facts: The Declaration was adopted on July 2, and Richard Henry Lee was its author. The preamble to it was adopted on July 4, and Thomas Jefferson was its author. Signing did not take place until August 2, and the list of signers as it now stands was not completed until after January 18, 1777. On that date Congress ordered that an authenticated copy be sent to all the States, and that copy settled the date of the celebration everywhere as of July 4.

II

Neither on July 2 nor on July 4, 1776, was there any public demonstration in Philadelphia or anywhere else. So far all the proceedings of Congress had been kept private. But the journal for July 4 notes that after the preamble had been disposed of, it was resolved that copies should "be sent to the several assemblies, conventions & committees or councils of safety and to the several commanding officers of the continental troops, that it be proclaimed in each of the united states & at the head of the army." Some of the copies sent out in obedience to this order are still preserved. The only names they bear are those of John Hancock, the president, and Charles Thomson, the secretary of the Continental Congress. The Committee of Safety of Pennsylvania received its copy on July 6, and on the same day issued an order fixing noon of July 8 as the time when it "should be read and proclaimed at the State-house". This was, in fact, the first public celebration of the Declaration of Independence. In a letter of July 9 John Adams gave this account of it:

The Declaration was yesterday published and proclaimed from that awfull Stage, in the State-house yard, by whom do you think? by the Committee of Safety! the Committee of Inspection, and a great Crowd of People. Three cheers rended the Welkin.—The Battalions paraded on the common, and gave Us the Feu de Joy, notwithstanding the Scarcity of Powder. The Bells rung all Day, and almost all night. Even the Chimers chimed away.

The stage referred to was a platform,

about twenty feet high, originally erected as part of the arrangements by the American Philosophical Society for observing the transit of Venus. Charles Biddle's autobiography says that when the reading took place "there were very few respectable people present. General [name obliterated] spoke against it, and many of the citizens who were good Whigs were much opposed to it; however, they were soon reconciled to it."

The Philadelphia celebration was typical of what took place under the direction of the civic authorities elsewhere as the formal notification reached them, which in many cases was not until some time in August. The army celebrations seem to have been of a more convivial character. In Colonel Dayton's New Jersey command at Fort Stanwix the Declaration was read, cannons were fired and huzzas given, and then "the battalion was formed in a circle with three barrels of grog in the center. The colonel took a cup and drank to the toast,—'God bless the United States of America.' The other officers followed, as did afterwards the battalion."

In all the proceedings in Philadelphia there was absolutely no mention of the Liberty Bell. The only reference to any particular bell was in the remark of John Adams about the "Chimers,"—an allusion to the chimes of Christ Church. Up to that time its rector had continued to pray for the King. Hence when the celebration of July 8 took place there was some curiosity to know what Christ Church would do, and there was much gratification when its bells rang out in company with all the other bells in town. No records of the time, none of the chronicles, have anything to say specifically about the Liberty Bell.

But lack of facts never inconvenienced George Lippard. He relied wholly on his florid style, even when writing what purported to be history. The school with which he ranged himself seems to have been founded by the Rev. Mason L. Weems, for a while rector of Mt. Vernon

parish in Washington's life-time. When Parson Weems brought out his famous "Life of Washington" the guiding principle of elegant writing was that nothing of importance should be plainly told. The great aim was to make the style as much as possible like the letting off of fireworks, with a great blaze and crackle, and bombs bursting in air. In the hands of such expert practitioners as Patrick Henry, William Wirt and Daniel Webster this style produced some grand effects. In the hands of their disciples and imitators it became what is known as highfalutin. Parson Weems appears to have been the first writer to apply the highfalutin style to anecdotal details not previously recognized as fit material for dignified biography. He gave this account of his scheme:

Parents that are wise will listen well pleased while I relate how moved the steps of the youthful Washington, whose single worth far outweighs all the oaks of Bashan and the red spicy cedars of Lebanon. Yes, they will listen delighted, when I tell of their Washington in the days of his youth, when his little feet were swift towards the nests of the birds; or when, wearied of the chase of the butterfly, he laid him down on his grassy couch and slept, while ministering spirits, with their roseate wings, fanned his glowing cheeks, and kissed his lips of innocence with that fervent love which makes the Heaven!

This sort of thing was so much relished in those days that the book instantly had a large sale. Numerous editions were published in Philadelphia, where Weems himself became well known. He left the regular ministry and formed a connection with the Philadelphia publisher, Matthew Carey, for whom he traveled, selling editions of the Bible and preaching occasionally when he could get an opportunity. He died in 1825, but his "Washington" continued to rank as a best-seller and new editions of it kept on appearing. Doubtless it was the success of it that inspired Lippard to produce his "Washington and his Generals, or Legends of the Revolution." In his preface, dated March 15, 1847, Lippard said that he had used some of the material in the form of lectures during the previous five years. Examination of the contents suggests that he hud-

dled together for publication whatever material he had on hand at the time that could in any way be connected with the Revolution. He was terribly long-winded and extremely fond of digression. He gives elaborate word pictures of scenes in Nineveh, Judæa, and Rome on the pretense that they illustrate the character of the American Revolution.

His account of the ringing of the Liberty Bell exceeds the best efforts of Parson Weems in the highfalutin style. While Congress is debating the issue crowds of anxious people gather about the State-house. In the steeple is an old white-haired man and by his side "stands a flaxen-haired boy, with laughing eyes of Summer blue." The old man cannot read and the blue-eyed boy spells out for him the inscription on the bell. Then the old man sends the boy to the hall of Congress, where "a man with a velvet dress and a kind face will come out of that big door, and give you a word for me." Many minutes pass.

"Ah," groaned the old man, "he has forgotten me! These old limbs will have to totter down the State-house stairs and climb up again, and all on account of that child—"

As the word was on his lips, a merry ringing laugh broke on the ear. There, among the crowds on the pavement, stood the blue-eyed boy, clapping his tiny hands, while the breeze blew his flaxen hair all about his face.

And then, swelling his little chest, he raised himself on tip-toe, and shouted the single word—"RING!"

The account then goes on to tell how the crowd of people "burst forth in one long shout." "Old Delaware hears it, and gives it back in the hurrah of her thousand sailors," and the city hears it and starts "as though an earthquake had spoken." And so on, with much more of the same kind.

That was the original account of the ringing of the Liberty Bell on July 4, 1776. The only element of truth in the story is that, like other buildings in which Congress held sessions, the Philadelphia State-house had a bell in its steeple. All else is fiction.

III

George Lippard got off this successful fake when he was about twenty-five years old. Before then he had published a novel, "The Ladye Annabel," and had contributed articles to local periodicals. He was born near Yellow Springs, Pa., on April 10, 1822, and he became a law student, but soon drifted into literature. He was an all-around literary hack, but his preference seems to have been for social and religious topics. His pen had its most congenial employment when it was portraying the wickedness of wealth, the sufferings of the poor, the blighting effects of religious dogma, the enlightening influence of liberalism. His thoughts on such subjects followed plain and simple lines.

His success in the field of historical romance was so great that he was led to produce a whole series of "Legends of the Revolution," which sold so well that rivals and imitators kept entering the field. Lippard complained that a New York publisher had pilfered the title and much of the contents of "Washington and his Generals." He himself made haste to work the paying vein that he had opened, and his next work was entitled, "The Rose of Wissahikon, or The Fourth of July, 1776; a Romance Embracing the Secret History of the Declaration of Independence." This is a much shorter work than "Washington and his Generals," but it shows a still greater wealth of fancy. Deceived by false documents, Reginald Lansdowne, the hero, believed that a foul plot was going on in Congress on that memorable Fourth of July. Just as the State-house clock struck twelve, a curtain was dashed aside and "the gleam of swords" was seen. "Silently around that council table circled twenty gallant forms, surrounding Jefferson and his compatriots with a wall of glittering steel." Reginald then accused the leaders of meditating treachery to the cause of independence.

Jefferson stood aghast.

"Reginald, you are mad! Read this, aye

read, and then hurl charges like these at our heads!"

He pointed to the Declaration of Independence, but Reginald was not convinced of his good faith and there was great alarm. "Franklin alone was calm." But just then Rose of Wissahikon arrived on the scene and rushed up to Reginald.

"Read!" she gasped, and forced a packet into his hand. "It is a plot—a scheme to lure you on to ruin!"

Rose fainted and would have fallen "but Franklin caught her in his arms."

Meanwhile Jefferson and Adams examined the papers, which Rose had scattered on the tables. "Forgeries" whispered the former. "Another trick of his Majesty's minions and by no means the weakest. These forgeries are excellently done." Reginald's sword clattered to the floor.

The interruption thus happily ended, Reginald was presented with credentials as a delegate to Congress, and Congress proceeded to adopt the Declaration of Independence, while outside a great crowd gathered. At last John Hancock appeared on the State-house steps holding a parchment in his right hand.

An old soldier, battered with cuts and scars, hobbles up to the foot of the steps, and with the marks of the Indian wars and Bunker Hill upon his face, gasps the words, "Well, President, is it all right?"

There is silence in that breathless crowd.

Every ear in the throng hears his reply, spoken in calm, conversational tones.

"It is! This day we have signed our Declaration of Independence."

... At this moment, a little boy, whose golden hair tosses about his rosy cheeks, steals up the steps and clutches the President by the knee and whispers—"The old man in the steeple sent me down to ask you whether he should ring the bell?"

At this point the account connects with the story as given in "Washington and his Generals," and this is now told again in even more luscious phrases than before.

These extracts are fair samples of Lippard's style. One who has that kind of literary talent is always a fluent writer. He does not have to stop to think but just lets his mind dribble. Lippard was only thirty-two when he died but he had produced a long string of works. Drake's

"Biographical Dictionary" mentions fifteen titles, and Lippard wrote a great deal that did not appear in book form. He got into hot water through his liking for social censorship, which he gratified in "The Quaker City," and in "New York; its Upper Ten and Lower Million." These works attracted much notice at the time because of their harsh allusions to actual persons and events. There was some denunciation of Lippard from the press and the pulpit, but champions also came forward. A liberal clergyman, the Rev. C. Chauncey Burr, published an essay on Lippard's writings, declaring his "Washington and his Generals" to be "the best book that has been written on this portion of our history."

Lippard died in Philadelphia, February 9, 1854. Drake mentions that an octavo volume on his life and writings was published in Philadelphia in 1855. It is not in the Congressional Library and I have not been able to find a copy anywhere else. His fame rapidly declined, and his name has dropped out of the books of reference. In recent years there has been a local revival of interest in his career in Philadelphia. The Historical Society of Pennsylvania has a sixteen page pamphlet biography by J. B. Elliott, 1894, and also a pamphlet, "Recollections of George Lippard," by J. M. W. Geist, 1900.

IV

Lippard's story of the ringing of the Liberty Bell would probably have gone into oblivion with his other writings if it had kept the form he gave it. The marks of the fake are too plain upon it for it to be received as serious history. Its present currency is chiefly due to Benson J. Lossing, an industrious researcher who gathered much material of genuine historical value. In his "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution," 1850, he gave this account:

Thousands of anxious citizens had gathered in the streets of Philadelphia, for it was known that the final decision was to be made on that day. From the hour when Congress convened in the morning the old bellman had been in the

steeple. He placed a boy at the door below to give him notice when the announcement should be made. As hour succeeded hour, the gray-beard shook his head, and said, "They will never do it! they will never do it!" Suddenly a loud shout came up from below, and there stood the blue-eyed boy, clapping his hands and shouting, "Ring! ring!" Grasping the iron tongue of the old bell, backward and forward he hurled it a hundred times, its loud voice proclaiming, "Liberty throughout all the land, unto the inhabitants thereof." The excited multitude in the streets responded with loud acclamations, and with cannon-peals, bonfires and illuminations, and the patriots held a glorious carnival that night in the quiet city of Penn.

This is merely a boiling-down of Lippard's fable, reducing its exuberance but retaining all its incidents and personages, including the blue-eyed boy. It has been generally accepted as genuine history and is the source of the Liberty Bell item now appearing in standard books of reference. Even so sound and accurate a scholar as Professor J. F. Jameson somehow allowed it to get into his "Dictionary of United States History," which is a signal proof of the fact that an editor is not always able to control what goes into his publications. Most remarkable of all, Lossing's account is quoted at length in J. H. Hazelton's authoritative work on the "Declaration of Independence," which is fully documented otherwise, and contains fac-similes of important records. The facts which he gives demonstrate the falsity of Lossing's account, but his sole comment is that Lossing had "little, if any, warrant" for writing it. Comparison makes it perfectly clear that the source of Lossing's story was Lippard's story, and the source of Lippard's story was his own sky-scraping fancy.

But except among a small group of specialists the ringing of the Liberty Bell on July 4, 1776, is now everywhere accepted as authentic history. The bell itself has become a sacred relic. People have been known to faint from stress of emotion on beholding it. Great use of it was made by the government during the campaign for the selling of Liberty bonds. The most effective advertisement of those days was a placard with a picture of the Liberty Bell, and the motto: "Ring it again!"

AMERICANA

[Such enormous masses of material have been pouring in from California of late that this month's Americana is given over wholly to that proud and lovely State. Next month, the way being cleared, the remaining States of the Union will get some attention.]

BERKELEY

HARSH and searching trial of the 100 per cent Americans of Berkeley, seat of the University of California, of the Snell Seminary for Girls and of the California School of Arts and Crafts, as reported by a recent press dispatch:

To test the virility of war-time patriotism, the Berkeley Post of the American Legion recently adopted a unique plan. A crisp new one-dollar greenback was sent to twenty-five citizens, erstwhile speakers in support of the Liberty Loan drives, with instructions that they were to keep the dollars providing they needed the money more than the ex-service man. But in case, as patriots, they still believed, as they professed to believe during the war, that "nothing is too good for the boys," they were to add another dollar to the one received and return both dollars to the American Legion memorial fund. Eleven kept the dollars.

How Berkeley keeps a watch on heretics, as reported by the eminent San Francisco *Chronicle*:

Claiming that H. G. Wells' "Outline of History" and Bishop Edgar Blake's "America and Europe" are irreligious and immoral, and that the book committee of the Methodist Episcopal church is not living up to its responsibility to the church in allowing these books to be sold by the Methodist Book Concern, John G. Vogel of Berkeley yesterday filed suit in the Superior Court to enjoin the church and directors from paying any salaries or traveling expenses to the members of the book committee, all of whom are bishops. Vogel states in his complaint that Bishop Blake's book advocates that should one nation attack another all other nations should take action against the aggressor and further that Blake advocates the cancellation of interallied debts. He alleges that the bishops have thus failed to defend the church against the promulgation of "strange and erroneous doctrines, contrary to the word of God."

HOLLYWOOD

THE beautiful Miss Alice Terry's answer

to the question: "Who is the greatest lover of the screen?"

Any actress who wishes to be thought refined should never admit that she gets a kick out of love scenes.

LONG BEACH

FROM a Long Beach dispatch to the esteemed San Francisco *Examiner*:

Claudius Martinez, who says he is 115 years of age, and looks it, is a prisoner at the city jail. Martinez willingly confided to interviewers the secret of his longevity, which, in three words, is: "Plenty of liquor."

LOS ANGELES

UNITED PRESS dispatch from the Lhasa of Divine Science:

The body of Mrs. Annie Rix Militz, 58-year-old founder of the Home of Truth, was today returned to the earth from which it came, her followers abandoning hope of seeing the corpse come to life again. For three days faithful disciples of the cult have watched at Mrs. Militz' bier in a local undertaking parlor, firmly believing that she would make good on her promises and return to inhabit the flesh. She assured the chosen ones here before she died that she would return to them, and the corpse was held until health department officials voted it best to inter it.

MORAL and social item from the celebrated Los Angeles *Examiner*:

Federal officialdom of Los Angeles was thrown into a furor yesterday when it became known that Leon C. Brooke, chief aid to Divisional Prohibition Director A. R. Harris, and accounted one of the master dry sleuths in the Federal service, had suddenly handed in his resignation and left for some unannounced point in the East, presumably Chicago. Last week his wife brought an action for separate maintenance against him in Superior Court, alleging that the dry agent had been drinking heavily for the last six months.

FROM the advertisement of a distinguished Los Angeles tailor:

Mr. Cyrus C. Perkins, formerly of Mississippi, is a scion of one of the most noted and prominent families of that old Southern State, some of whom were high ranking officers in the cavalry division of the Army of Northern Virginia,

serving with distinction under that famous old cavalry leader, old Joe Wheeler. . . .

I'll give you the word of an American gentleman, if you are dissatisfied I will either refund your money or gladly remeasure you for another suit if agreeable to you. The establishing of this institution is my one ambition in life.

HARSH words of persons who have tried living in the City of the Angels—and do not like it:

Help! Help! Help!

The city of Los Angeles has seceded from the Union and turned over its harbor to the control of rioters. A mob of fifty men raided an I. W. W. meeting, smashed up the hall, destroyed the furniture, burning most of it, cruelly beat members of the audience, threw one little girl into a vat of boiling coffee, so that the flesh was partly cooked from her legs, and seriously scalded four other little children. Finally the mob carried six men off into the woods and tarred and feathered them. The guilty men walk freely about the streets, and their victims meet them and know them, but cannot get them arrested—except in two cases where the victims did the arresting for themselves! The grand jury has heard some of the victims, but has decided it can do nothing, since it is not a crime to tar and feather men and torture little children. We have appealed to the city authorities again and again, but can get no real action.

Yesterday we held a protest meeting at the harbor, addressed by the Reverend Robert Whitaker of San Diego. The police arrested one of our attorneys, Mr. Leo Gallagher, charged with singing a song.

We need funds to print leaflets for distribution among the people of our city; also to publish this advertisement throughout the country. We want to let the "boosters" of our community understand that they cannot run their city by mobs without the news getting out to the rest of the world. We want America to know that the City of Los Angeles has seceded from the Union.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BRANCH
AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION

Help! Help! Help!

COMMENTARY on the above from the patriotic *Times*:

Charges of brutality and malicious destruction of property preferred against members of the Los Angeles police force by Clinton J. Taft, director of the American Civil Liberties Union, in behalf of the I. W. W., were dismissed as unfounded yesterday by the Board of Police Commissioners, which approved a report transmitted by Chief Vollmer and signed by all five members of the Police Board of Inquiry. "The maximum damage done," said the report, "will not exceed ten or twelve chairs broken and the leg pulled from the piano. The evidence shows the raid was conducted in a peaceful manner."

INSCRIPTION over the entrance to one of the favorite Los Angeles movie parlors:

You cannot speak to us,
O George Washington,
But you can speak to God:
Ask him to make us
Good American citizens.

CONTRIBUTION to theological science by Prof. George T. Weaver, an eminent Los Angeles exegete, writing in the *Daily News*:

POWER OF PRAYER

Under the above heading Charles Bartlett takes the position that prayer did not bring the late rain, and gives as proof of his contention that the prayers of the people of this country did not prevent the death of our late President Harding and ex-President Wilson. Mr. Bartlett evidently does not understand the nature and power of prayer. Man's birth, life and death are controlled by planetary influences and can be controlled only by bringing to bear a greater force than the radiations of the planets. This force is a high degree of spirituality, which does not exist in the churches of today. Atmospheric conditions are not controlled by the planets and can be changed by the force of prayer, even though it is not highly spiritualized. The united prayer of an assembly radiates such an electronic force that it breaks up the atmospheric conditions and produces rain. It has done this many times in the past and will accomplish this result every time.

CONTRIBUTION to "The Power of Prayer" department of the *Examiner*:

An enraged cow attacked me once when I was teaching school in a rural community near Cedarville in the northern part of this State. A dairy cow was charging down the road after me, and as she drew near I realized that I was in the path of an infuriated beast and only God could save me. I breathed an intense prayer for deliverance and instantly an inner voice guided me. I grasped her long pointed horns and held on with all my might. The beast turned into a field and began to circle round and round. I lost consciousness and when I came to she was standing still with her head to the ground. Every time she struggled a wave of strength flowed through me and I held her till help came. I now know why the lions could not touch Daniel, for Jesus is the same yesterday, today and forever.

FROM a bulletin to metaphysicians issued by the Executive Council of the Master Power Circle, Drawer 637, Los Angeles General Postoffice:

Once a day, for ten minutes, at a particular time, by observing the principles set forth in the Master Power Instruction Papers, all of the members, acting together as one great rhythmic influence, liberate health-giving, up-build-

ing and up-lifting vibrations to which all of the members become *tuned in*—irrespective of distance from a physical standpoint. In order to act in unison in this great vitalizing effort, so that for ten minutes all of the thousands of members can become blended together in one great vibrational rhythm, due allowance is made for the differences in time between the respective localities. Between London, England, and the Pacific Coast, for example, there is a difference in meridian time of eight hours, so that when it is 9 a. m. in Los Angeles, (Pacific time), it is 10 a. m. in Salt Lake City, (Mountain time), 11 a. m. in Chicago, (Central time), 12 m. in New York, (Eastern time), and 5 p. m. in London, (Greenwich time). In addition to being notified of the exact time of this universal *radiation period*, each member is advised of his or her exact local treatment period according to the zone of residence.

offers \$10 for information which will lead to the arrest and conviction of the offender and trusts that due diligence will be used in obtaining this information.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES,
Martinez School District,
THOS. B. SWIFT, Clerk.

MONTEREY

SWEET words from the want-ad columns of the distinguished *Peninsula Daily Herald*:

WANTED—Young widow would like position as housekeeper for single gentleman of simple tastes. Subscriber to *American Mercury* preferred. Leisure for writing more important than large salary. Write Box 3, *Herald* office. 195-197.

OAKLAND

ADVERTISEMENT in "Cupid's Book," a volume containing cooking recipes interspersed with sundry advice for attaining to conjugal felicity, given free with every marriage license at Oakland:

Andrew J. Bloom, Pianist and China Decorator, Importer of White China and Satsuma. Lessons in Piano or Painting. Firing. Painting done to order. Finest stock of vitrifiable colors and lustres in America in any quantity. Hand-painted china, wholesale and retail. Special prices to clubs. Pianos, foreign stamps, parchment shades, etc. Large stock of Metaphysical Books, "Science and Health" and all of Mrs. Eddy's works. All of the Unity Publications. "Life Understood" and other books by F. L. Rawson. Teachings and Addresses by Edward A. Kimball, C.S.D. Special classes in Spiritual Healing and the Secret of Rejuvenation by Appointment.

PALO ALTO

FROM an advertisement in the *Daily Palo Alto*:

Mother's Day—Sunday will be Mother's Day, and what could be more appropriate than to remember Mother with some of the things that are nearest to her desire? Special, Saturday, 10-quart Aluminum Dishpan only 98c. Palo Alto Hardware Co.

MARTINEZ

PUBLIC proclamation in the patriotic *Martinez Daily Standard*:

The meanest human skunk in Contra Costa County visited the Alhambra Valley school property some time subsequent to July Fourth and stole the rope from the valley flag pole. By arrangement with the citizens of the valley, this pole is used for the display of Old Glory upon special occasions and stealing the rope is just as heinous an offense as the desecration of the flag which most of us honor. The district

PASADENA

OPTIMISTIC and mellow effort of the chief editorial writer of the *Pasadena Star-News*:

When Curtis D. Wilbur, en route from California to Washington to assume duty as Secretary of the Navy, found himself in Chicago on Sunday with a short stop between trains, he told a friend who met him that he chose to put in the time attending church. There spoke the God-fearing man. Californians know Judge

Wilbur as a Christian gentleman. The Navy Department is safe in the hands of a man whose heart, on the Sabbath, turns to a house of worship. There are many men of this type in the government service. Americans have reason to thank God that there are so many Christian men in the public service. They give the right complexion to official life. They inspire confidence. The government at Washington is safe because men of conscience and of godly impulses are at the head of the government. The President of the United States is a Christian, as was his predecessor—as have been a long line of Presidents. There is and there always has been godliness in high places in this land.

PUENTE

ASTOUNDING treason in a letter to the estimable *Nation*:

To the Editor of *The Nation*:

Sir: The Chamber of Commerce and our papers send out glowing accounts of the wonders of California, but recently I have not noticed any warning to the people to stay away on account of the terrible drought we are having. We get letters asking us to conserve water, lights, etc. Farmers in some parts of the State have abandoned their farms for lack of water, but the papers say almost nothing about this. They let the poor fellow in the East and Middle West come plowing out here over the dusty desert in his little old Ford. I went by an employment agency yesterday and saw many of the victims lined up for jobs.

Puente, California. JESSIE Y. KIMBALL

SACRAMENTO

MEDICO-THEOLOGICAL dispatch from Sacramento in the public prints of a recent date:

The Christian Scientists have declared war on the hygiene textbook recently approved by the State Board of Education for use in California public schools. Douglas L. Edmonds, a member of the Christian Science council on publications, has filed a written protest with the board and distribution of the hygiene manual is held up pending consideration of the matter. The communication from Edmonds objects to the hygiene book on the ground that it urges "the necessity of every child being under medical attention," and advocates "a complete physical examination of every child before entering school."

ANOTHER:

"Ban the fairy from the primary Reader!" This demand was made to the State Board of Education by the Rev. E. B. Ballenger, of Riverside, who characterized all fairy stories as "abominable and untrue."

A THIRD:

The California Supreme Court has upheld the Northern California appellate justices in their

reversal of the Sacramento trial court judgment convicting William Flanagan and Albert Strangland of violating the State Syndicalism Act. The appellate justices contended that disbelief in the divinity of Christ was no indication that a man possessed criminal tendencies.

SANTA MONICA

FROM a full-page advertisement in the *Los Angeles Times*, inserted at the charge and cost of the Greater Santa Monica Club, a sodality of Southern California Babbitts:

Santa Monica takes Christ seriously. It seeks "those things which are above." It believes that Christ is the way—that there is no other way. . . . This is the secret of its happiness, prosperity and high average type of thought.

SAN FRANCISCO

MARVEL set before New Thoughts in the *Nautilus Magazine* by Dr. Thomas Parker Boyd, of 939 Phelan Building:

A good many years ago, when but a boy of four, I was living in my boyhood home in Kentucky. My father was going along the road and met a neighbor who remarked upon his worn out appearance, to which my father replied, "That boy of ours," meaning yours truly, "almost dies every night of the phthisis, so that my wife or myself have to hold him up in bed to keep him from choking to death. We have used every known remedy without result and are both completely exhausted." The neighbor said, "You go home, take that kid out, back him up against one of the big locust trees in the yard, take an auger and bore a hole into the tree on a level with the top of his head, take a lock of his hair, put it in the hole and drive in a peg, and when he begins to grow above it he will leave the phthisis behind." My father returned home and told mother and asked her what she thought about it. She answered, "We have tried everything else, we might as well try this." He said, "Come on and let us go through with it before some of the neighbors catch us at it." They did according to directions, and from that day until this, more than half a century, the phthisis has never returned.

SCIENTIFIC note from the learned *Examiner*:

Gertrude Atherton, the famous authoress, regards endocrinology—study of the ductless glands—as the solution of the jazzmania problem. "Jazzmania can be attributed only to gland disturbance resulting from the hectic demands of modern life," says the novelist who has come to be recognized as the foremost non-professional in endocrinology ranks today. "Those who veer from the normal gland balance, ever so slightly, readily become victims of the disease. Adrenalin is poured into the system by the adrenal glands at every outburst of anger, shock or surprise. The life of the young girl or

boy today is a series of these things. Kick—punch—thrill—these are the words that dominate the conversation of youth today; they are the things that determine the action of the youth of the country. Continuous strain upon the glandular system results in the manifestation which has been termed jazzmania."

ADVERTISEMENT from the same great public journal:

WANTED—By family of San Francisco business man residing in San Mateo county near Woodside, chauffeur familiar with Cadillac and Pierce Arrow limousines, capable mechanic, with first class local references. Only married man considered. Salary \$150 a month, with simple living quarters furnished for man and wife. At various times when her services are necessary the wife will be required to assist with upstairs work, in the dining room, or wherever she can intelligently help in the household. She must be prepared to promptly respond to call. For such work she will be paid at the rate of 75c per hour. As a matter of fact, the duties of the chauffeur are comparatively light, while the position of his wife may seem at times more trying for the reason that while there is plenty of help, not alone to look after the daily ordinary requirements of the household, with a fair excess, when there are many guests it is important that the wives of the chauffeurs should render assistance, and be cheerful about it—and the last is very important—do it with a smile. Hence the chauffeur applying for the position—and he is to apply by letter only, and should be sure to state qualifications, age, nationality, how long married—should have his letter accompanied by one from his wife, that the advertiser may see clearly not alone what is to be expected from him, but see as well that she conveys in her letter likewise that she appreciates what is expected from her. Your letters will be carefully considered and you will be asked to call if desired.

ADVICE to young females by the eminent Graham, J., of the San Francisco judiciary:

Never marry a man who does not read the sports section of the newspapers. Young fellows who

profess no interest in manly, outdoor, athletic sports are not apt to be interested in anything or anybody but themselves. They make poor husbands.

SAN MATEO

ORGANIZING for the Judgment Day in San Mateo County, as reported by the *Alhambra Post-Advocate*:

Nine cemeteries on the peninsula south of San Francisco were incorporated into a town yesterday by vote of 75 residents on their grounds. The new town, which will be called Lawndale, comprises the Mount Olivet, Woodlawn, Greenlawn, Cypress Lawn, Holy Cross, Home of Peace, Hills of Eternity, Salem and Eternal Home burial places. The vote on incorporating was 39 to 36.

STOCKTON

SPECIMEN strophes from an ode to the martyred Warren Gamaliel Harding by Poet H. S. Chapman, of Stockton, in the instructive *Kiwanis Magazine*:

Oh, Son of God—to God returned,
Peace to thee with a rest well earned,
Thy gentle face and quiet calm
Remains to us a golden balm.

As ye came—quiet and calm
So ye left us without a qualm,
Oh, Nation, Friend of the world
Gaze on the Remains of a mortal man:
Behold,

Oh, what is it ye behold?
Is it a Statesman great?
Our President who directs our fate?
No, 'tis a man—quiet and calm
Loved the whole world round.

Be-muddled world; yourself enshroud
A Funeral dirge for you,
Oh, world, where men are few
A Man is lost to you!

EDITORIAL

WHAT the country lacks is obviously an Ingersoll. It is, indeed, a wonder that the chautauquas have never spewed one forth. Certainly there must be many a jitney Demosthenes on those lonely circuits who tires mightily of the standard balderdash, and longs with a great longing to throw off the white chemise of Service and give the rustics a genuinely hot show. The old game, I suspect, is beginning to play out, even in the Bible Belt. What made the rural Methodists breathe hard and fast at the dawn of the century now only makes them shuffle their feet and cough behind their hands. I have spies in such lugubrious regions, and their reports all agree. The yokelry no longer turn out to the last valetudinarian to gape at colored pictures of the Holy Sepulchre and the Mount of Olives, or to hear a sweating rhetorician on "The Future of America." They sicken of Service, Idealism and Vision. What ails them is that the village movie, the radio and the Ku Klux Klan have spoiled their old taste for simple, wholesome fare. They must have it hot now, or they don't want it at all. The master-minds of chautauqua try to meet the new demand, but cannot go all the way. They experiment gingerly with lectures on eugenics, the divorce evil, women in politics, and other such pornographic subjects, but that is not enough. The horticulturists and their wives and issue pant for something more dreadful and shocking—something comparable, on the plane of ideas, to the tarring and feathering of the village fancy woman on the plane of manly sports. Their ears lie back and they hearken expectantly, and even somewhat impatiently. What they long for is a bomb.

My guess is that the one that would

blow them highest, and that would shake the most money out of them going up and coming down, is the big black bomb of Atheism. It has not been set off in the Federal Union, formally and with dramatic effect, since July 21, 1899, when Bob Ingersoll was snatched to bliss eternal. Now it is loaded again, and ready to be fired, and the chautauquan who discovers it and fires it will be the luckiest mountebank heard of in these latitudes since George Harvey thrust the halo on Woodrow's brow. For this favorite of fortune, unlike his fellows of the rustic big tops, will not have to drudge out all his days on the lonesome steppes, racking his stomach with fried beefsteak and saleratus biscuit and his limbs with travel on slow and bumpy trains. He will be able almost at once, like Ingersoll before him and the Rev. Billy Sunday in the lost Golden Age, to horn into the big towns, or, at all events, into the towns, and there he will snore at ease of nights upon clean sheets, with his roll in his pantaloons pocket and a *Schluck* of genuine Scotch under his belt. The yokels, if they want to hear him, will have to come to Babylon in their Fords; he will be too busy and too prosperous to waste himself upon the cow-stable miasmas of the open spaces. Ingersoll, in one month, sometimes took in \$50,000. It can be done again; it can be bettered. I believe that Dr. Jennings Bryan, if he sold out God tomorrow and went over to Darwin and *Pongo pygmaeus*, could fill the largest hall in Nashville or Little Rock a month on end: he would make the most profound sensation the country has known since the Breckenridge-Pollard case, nay, since Hannah and her amazing glands. And what Bryan could do, any other chautauquan could do, if not exactly in the same grand

manner, then at least in a grand manner.

But this is a Christian country! Is it, indeed? Then it was doubly a Christian country in the days of Bob the Hell-Cat. Bob faced a Babbittry that still went to church on Sunday as automatically as a Prohibition enforcement agent holds out his hand. No machinery for distracting it from that ancient practice had yet been invented. There were no Sunday movies and vaudeville shows. There were no automobiles to take the whole family to green fields and wet road-houses: the roads were too bad even for buggy-riding. There was no radio. There was no jazz. There were no Sunday comic supplements. There was no home-brewing. Moreover, a high tide of evangelistic passion was running: it was the day of Dwight L. Moody, of the Salvation Army, of prayer-meetings in the White House, of eager chapel-building on every suburban dump. Nevertheless, Bob hurled his challenge at the whole hierarchy of heaven, and within a few short years he had the Babbitts all agog, and after them the city proletariat, and then finally the yokels on the farms. He drew immense crowds; he became eminent; he planted seeds of infidelity that still sprout in Harvard and Yale. Thousands abandoned their accustomed places of worship to listen to his appalling heresies, and great numbers of them never went back. The evangelical churches, fifty years ago, were all prosperous and full of pious enterprise; the soul-snatching business was booming. Since then it has been declining steadily, in prosperity and repute. The typical American ecclesiastic of 1870 was Henry Ward Beecher, a pet of Presidents and merchant princes. The typical American ecclesiastic of 1924 is the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton, a pet of yellow journals.

In brief, the United States, despite its gallant resistance, has been swept along, to some extent at least, in the general current of human progress and increasing enlightenment. The proofs that it resists are only too often mistaken for proofs that it hasn't

moved at all. For example, there is the rise of the Ku Klux Klan. Superficially, it appears to indicate that whole areas of the Republic have gone over to Methodist voodooism with a bang, and that civilization is barred out of them as effectively as the Bill of Rights is barred out of a Federal court. But actually all it indicates is that the remoter and more forlorn yokels have risen against their betters—and that their uprising is as hopeless as it is idiotic. Whenever the Klan wins, the fact is smeared all over the front pages of the great organs of intelligence; when it loses, which is at least three times as often, the news gets only a few lines. The truth is that the strength of the Klan, like the strength of the Anti-Saloon League and that of the Methodist-Baptist *bloc* of moron churches, the pa of both of them, has always been greatly overestimated. Even in the most barbarous reaches of the South, where every village is bossed by a Baptist dervish, it met with vigorous challenge from the start, and there are not three Confederate States today in which, on a fair plebiscite, it could hope to prevail. The fact that huge hordes of Southern politicians jumped into night-shirts when it began is no proof that it was actually mighty; it is only proof that politicians are cowards and idiots. Of late all of them have been seeking to rid themselves of the tell-tale tar and feathers: they try to ride the very genuine wave of aversion and disgust as they tried to ride the illusory wave of popularity. As the Klan falls everywhere, the Anti-Saloon League tends to fall with it—and the evangelical churches are strapped tightly to both corpses.

This connection, when it was first denounced, was violently denied by the Baptist and Methodist ecclesiastics, but now everyone knows that it was and is real. These ecclesiastics are responsible for the Anti-Saloon League and its swineries, and they are responsible no less for the Klan. In other words, they are responsible, directly and certainly, for all the turmoils and black hatreds that now rage in the

bleak regions between the State roads—they are to blame for every witches' pot that now brews in the backwoods of the Union. They have sowed enmities that will last for years. They have divided neighbors, debauched local governments, and enormously multiplied lawlessness. They are responsible for more crime than even the wildest foes of the saloon ever laid to its discredit, and it is crime, in the main, that is infinitely more anti-social and dangerous. They have opposed every honest effort to compose the natural differences between man and man, and they have opposed every attempt to meet ignorance and prejudice with enlightenment. Alike, in the name of God, they have advocated murder and they have murdered sense. Where they flourish no intelligent and well-disposed man is safe, and no sound and useful idea is safe. They have preached not only the bitter, savage morality of the Old Testament; they have also preached its childish contempt of obvious facts. Hordes of poor creatures have followed these appalling rogues and vagabonds of the cloth down their Gadarene hill: the result, in immense areas, is the conversion of Christianity into a machine for making civilized living impossible. It is wholly corrupt, rotten and abominable. It deserves no more respect than a pile of garbage.

What I contend is that hundreds of thousands of poor simpletons are beginning to be acutely aware of the fact—that they

are not nearly so stupid as they sometimes appear to be—above all, that there is much more native decency in them than is to be found in their ecclesiastical masters. In other words, I believe that they tire of the obscenity. One glances at such a State as Arkansas or such a town as Atlanta and sees only a swarm of bawling Methodists; only too easily one overlooks the fact that the bawling is far from unanimous. Logic is possible, in its rudiments, even to the *Simiida*. On the next step of the scale, in the suburbs, so to speak, of *Homo sapiens*, it flourishes intermittently and explosively. All that is needed to set it off is a suitable yell. The first chautauquan who looses such a yell against the True Faith will shake the Bible Belt like an earthquake, and, as they say, mop up. Half his work is already done for him. The True Faith, the only variety of the True Faith known to those hinds, is already under their rising distrust and suspicion. They look for the Ambassador of Christ, and they behold a Baptist elder in a mail-order suit, describing voluptuously the Harlot of Babylon. They yearn for consolation, and they are invited to a raid on bootleggers. Their souls reach out to the eternal mystery, and the evening's entertainment is the clubbing of a fancy woman. All they need is a leader. Christianity is sick all over this pious land. The Christians have poisoned it. One blast upon a bugle horn, and the mob will be ready for the wake.

H. L. M.

THE BIOLOGY OF POPULATION GROWTH

BY RAYMOND PEARL

THERE is at the present moment a great recrudescence of public interest in the problem of population. Books and articles dwelling upon the awful consequences or the potential blessings of population growth, depending upon whether the author spiritually derives from the Klannish or the Rotarian moieties of mankind, have been appearing in the last five years with an abandon which could fairly be called reckless if the protagonists were not so obviously in deadly earnest. Even that slightly solemn annual Institute which at least appears to have contributed something to the public renown of an already distinguished old New England college, has this year added a section on the population problem to its deliberative machinery, which, if I may be permitted thus early in my remarks slightly and really only apparently to digress, calls to mind that bit of dialogue which runs this way:

BOSWELL. So, Sir, you laugh at schemes of political improvement.

JOHNSON. Why, Sir, most schemes of political improvement are very laughable things.

To find any parallel to the present interest in population questions one must go back more than a century. During the period from 1890 to 1910, when this country, in common with most of the countries of Europe, was growing in population at the most rapid rate per unit of time ever recorded, practically no one thought of discussing the population problem. Rather it was the fashion among the *cognoscenti* somewhat to deride Malthus as a deluded calamity-howler. One of the neatest and easiest things any sophomore student of economics did was to show how

absurdly wrong that pious scholar had been, in both his reasoning and his conclusions. But at the present time, when nearly every civilized country in the world is showing a steadily slowing rate of population growth, a great many people are saying pretty much what Malthus did. The fact that they are saying the same thing is not, indeed, remarkable, for from the only premises which existing knowledge a century and a half ago made possible, Malthus reasoned about the future course of population with nearly faultless logic, budding economists of day before yesterday to the contrary notwithstanding. The interesting thing is that there should be such widespread revival of interest in the subject just now. Why is this?

The answer is that public interest in the question of population appears to be one of the standard consequences of a great war. The years which linked the dying Eighteenth Century and the dawning Nineteenth marked the end of a period of intensive and extensive warring—Napoleonic in Europe, revolutionary in America. In this period one of the principal topics of serious discussion by all thoughtful publicists and statesmen was the population problem. An extensive literature was produced. Indeed, with a few extremely scattered and on the whole not particularly penetrating exceptions, it constituted the only bibliographic sources available for the Twentieth Century student of the problem. The great work was of course that of Malthus, but there were many others of real significance. One of the wisest things Benjamin Franklin's great intellect ever produced was a little essay on "Observa-

tions concerning the increase of mankind, peopling of countries, etc., written in Pennsylvania, anno 1751," which in certain respects anticipated the conclusions which Malthus, with more elaborate documentation but no less surely, was later to draw.

The reason why war appears normally to engender concern about population is a two-fold one. In the first place, as Harold Cox in his "The Population Problem" has shown perhaps better than anyone else, population pressure is always a major cause of war, either directly or indirectly. Curiously enough everybody sees this after the event, but apparently never before. "A place in the sun" is looked upon as the idle chatter of a vain and too vocal monarch until after its mischief has been done. After the war is over and everyone is filled with an immediate first-hand realization of what an inherently dreadful and stupid affair war is, there is a great buzzing in the hives of learning about all of the things, including population growth and pressure, which contribute to its causation.

In the second place, war always disorganizes, sometimes nearly to disruption, the preëxisting economic structure. The noncombatant population during the war rearranges its affairs in such a way as to turn out products of all sorts in greater volume than the whole population, including the combatants, did before the war. The war itself creates the market which absorbs this super-production and indeed clamors for more. So, in a superficial manner of economic speaking, everything goes on as merry as a grig so long as the war lasts. But when it ends the combatants come home. They want jobs. But so also do the folks who have stayed at home and had the jobs. Concurrently, that noblest of all customers, the government, drops out of the market, and production all along the line necessarily has to be curtailed, and in consequence unemployment makes its appearance. There comes into existence a more or less vague and inarticulate but widespread feeling that there are

too many people in the world for the realization of the greatest degree of comfort. And so along another pathway the population problem emerges into the foreground of thought.

Just now, largely for the reasons which have been outlined, the viewers-with-alarm are in the majority on population questions. The dire menace of ever-growing hordes of human beings variously colored, but invariably pictured as evilly desirous of dominating this pleasant globe, is being exhibited by earnest writers whose zeal seems at times to outrun their information as well as their discretion. Some years ago it seemed to me perhaps desirable, before sinking miserably into the slough of despond for which we are said to be so inevitably heading, to look dispassionately into the biology of the matter. For plainly all growth, including that of population, is fundamentally a biological matter. It surely can do no harm to investigate the biological laws according to which the thing we are talking about operates. If these can be determined, we shall at least know one significant limitation which any proposed social or political solution will have to take into account. My approach to the matter has been both mathematical and experimental. In some of its aspects it is unfortunately rather technical. The reader who may desire to pursue the subject farther than it is possible to carry it here, will find a more detailed account in two recent books by the present writer: "The Biology of Death" and "Studies in Human Biology."

II

Every living thing starts its separate, individual existence as a single cell. This state is, however, of extremely brief duration. What subsequently happens in the case of a higher multicellular organism, like man say, is that the single cell divides into two, then four, eight, sixteen, and so on to a number which finally becomes uncountably large. But in this process all the cells remain in contact with and attached

to one another, the whole mass forming the growing and differentiating individual. This process of growth goes on at different rates, but without interruption or cessation, until the complete development of the adult has been attained. If we measure this process of individual growth by periodically repeated weighings (since counting of the cells is impossible after the very earliest stages) we shall get a rough but sufficiently accurate index of the increase in the number of the cells, since they are all of roughly the same order of magnitude.

The results of such periodic weighings give rise, when plotted upon coordinate paper, to a curve of a peculiarly characteristic shape. It is of the form which would be obtained if one first fashioned a letter S out of fairly stiff but still flexible wire,

and parallel to a horizontal base, and the curve at the middle of the S had been straightened and inclined to the right instead of the left.

A portion of just such an individual growth curve for the white rat is shown in Figure 1. The circles are the observed weights at 5-day intervals. The stretched-out S-shape of the whole is apparent. This is the characteristic form of the growth curve of an individual animal or plant, brought about by the continued multiplication of cells, which all hang together to form what we recognize as the individual.

Suppose we next consider what happens when a few yeast cells are dropped into an appropriate nutritive solution, saccharine in nature, and the whole kept at a moder-

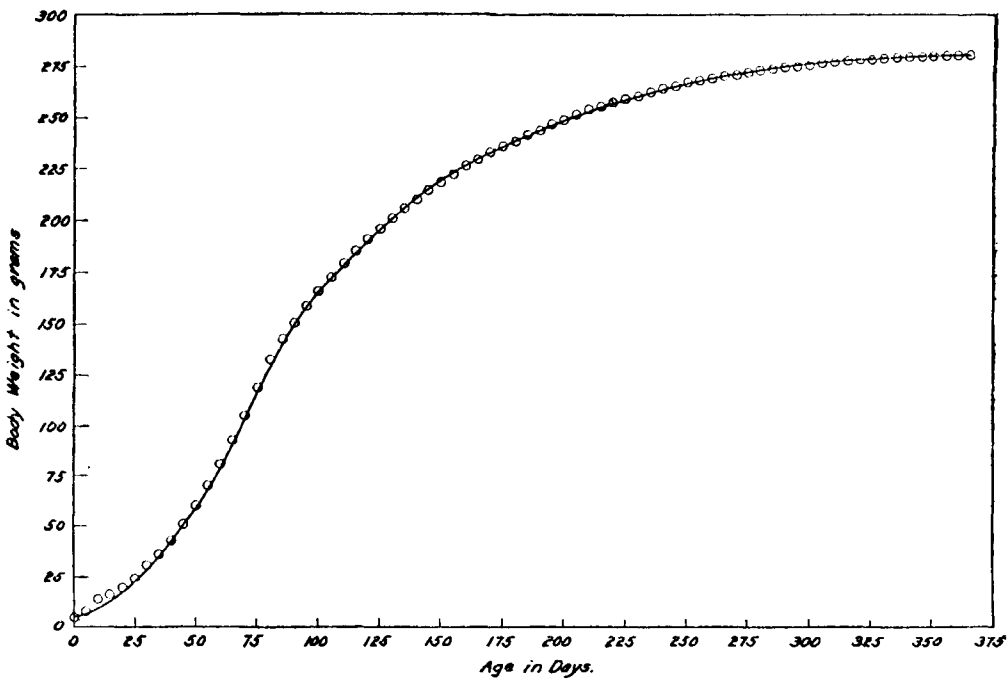


FIGURE 1. The curve of growth in body weight of the male white rat. (Observations plotted from data of Dr. H. H. Donaldson.)

and then by grasping the two tip ends partially straightened and stretched the whole thing until the ends of the upper and lower limbs of the letter were practically straight

ately warm temperature. In such a satisfactory environment the initially sown cells quickly divide and re-divide. Here plainly we are dealing with the growth of

a population—of yeast cells, to be sure, but still a population. We can, just as with human beings, take periodic census counts, or their methodological equivalent, and so determine the growth of the population. If such an experiment is tried the result

separate existence, independent of that of all the others. But evidently this is a relatively unimportant distinction, when viewed solely from the standpoint of the quantitative aspects of growth.

Let us now go one step farther and ex-

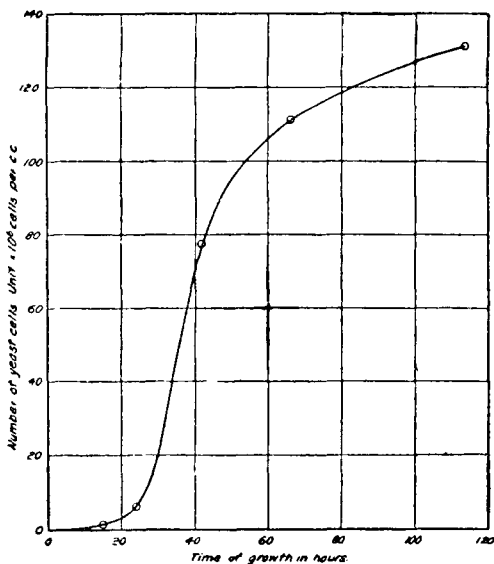


FIGURE 2. The growth of a population of yeast cells.
(From data of A. Slator.)

will be essentially like that shown in Figure 2.

It is apparent that this curve for the growth of a simple population of single cells is essentially the same as that which in Figure 1 was seen to represent the growth in size of a single individual. As a matter of fact, the same type of equation mathematically describes the growth in both cases. And this is in no way remarkable, but on the contrary what might be reasonably expected. For biologically the two processes have an important element in common. It is that a major factor in the growth in both cases is the multiplication of cells, by successive division of already existing cells. In the case of the rat all the cells throughout the process stick together to form a single multicellular individual. In the case of the yeast the cells separate after division and each leads a

amine experimentally the growth of population in the case of a multicellular animal, instead of a unicellular plant like yeast. For this purpose a highly suitable creature is the little fruit-fly, or, as it is sometimes called, the vinegar fly (*Drosophila melanogaster*). Everyone is more or less familiar with this scientifically useful beast. It is the small fly which looks to casual observation much like a diminutive replica of the common house fly, and is seen in swarms around decaying or fermenting fruit, or liquids like cider and vinegar made from fruit and left exposed to the air. Its suitability for laboratory experimentation arises from several considerations. In the first place, it breeds rapidly and its life cycle is short. A female fly lays a good many eggs: under suitable conditions from a few up to 25 to 50 a day for a period of at least 10 days. These eggs

hatch in from 24 to 48 hours into little larvæ or maggots, which squirm around in and feed upon the decaying vegetable material in which they are laid, for three or four days. They then seek a dry spot, settle down and transform into the next stage, the pupal. From each pupa emerges, in about four or five days, a fully formed adult fly, which promptly mates and, if a female, starts laying eggs in from 12 to 24 hours. So then a whole generation, from adult parent to adult offspring, occupies, on the average and under suitable conditions of food and temperature, only about ten or eleven days.

A second advantage of *Drosophila* for experimentation lies in the relatively simple and easily standardized husbandry which suffices to meet its needs. The flies may be satisfactorily grown in ordinary half-pint milk bottles, stoppered with a loosely packed wad of cotton wool, so that they may have air and still not escape. The bottom of the bottle to the depth of three quarters of an inch is covered with a sort of gelatinized banana pudding of standardized composition. On this the eggs are laid. The larvæ burrow about in and at the same time grow fat upon the nourishing jelly. On the surface of the banana jelly a luxuriant growth of yeast develops. This yeast serves as the principal food of the adult flies which emerge from the pupæ. Such a bottle is a dipteran microcosm, a spatially limited but well equipped uni-

verse. The banana jelly is the tillable soil, the agricultural land from which comes the plant food (yeast) which enables the animal population (the flies) to complete its cycle. The larvæ are the tillers of the soil. They plough about in the jelly, ever more deeply and thoroughly seeding it with yeast cells.

Suppose, now, that we put into such a half-pint universe of fresh virgin soil, and all clean and new, a family of flies. Let us make the family consist of ten individuals: Adam and Eve, four young children (larvæ) and four older children (pupæ). Then let us watch Nature take her accustomed course. In due time more children will be born, since *mère* and *père* are no slackers in the chiefest of biological duties and privileges. Some will die. Others will grow up and have offspring of their own. Ultimately the old folks will pass away, but not before there has accumulated around them a great crowd of their descendants of several generations. In short a *population* will have grown in this somewhat tight, but on the whole biologically right, little universe.

For this qualitative picture of the course of events, we may substitute an exact quantitative one by the simple expedient of taking a census of the population at frequent intervals, say every third day. Space is lacking here to describe the method by which it is possible to take accurate counts of the flies in the bottle at any time with-

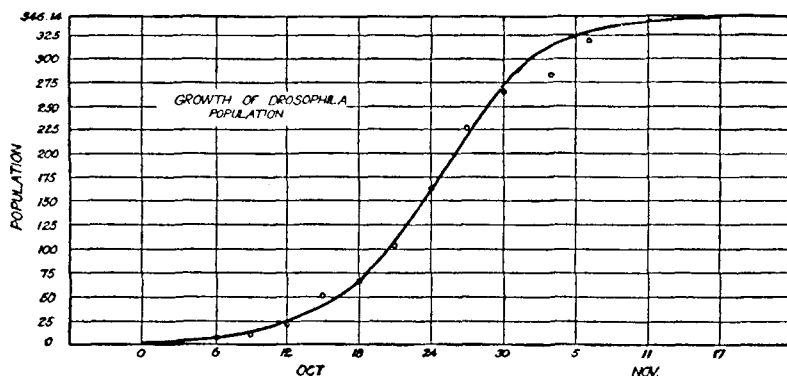


FIGURE 3. The growth of a population of the fruit-fly (*Drosophila melanogaster*).

out either injuring the flies or disturbing the universe. It must suffice here to say that it can be done. The result of such an experiment, if properly carried out, will be always like that shown in Figure 3, where the small circles represent actual census counts and the smooth line passing through them the graph of the equation which is the mathematical expression of the underlying law.

Again it is seen that the growth in this small universe of a population of rather highly organized and complex animals traces the now familiar stretched-out S-shaped curve. The close agreement of the observations with the smooth curve leaves no reasonable doubt that the curve is the expression of the law according to which the growth has occurred. The last two observed points, to be sure, lie below the curve, but this is due merely to practical difficulties in the ordering of a half-pint universe. It is not necessary to go into technical details regarding this point. By the exercise of great pains and some ingenuity

it is possible to overcome these difficulties and hold the population for a short time at the point practically of complete saturation for the given experimental universe. But, if I may be permitted once more momentarily to digress, it may be suggested that a chastening experience for those occasionally bold souls who think they could operate this world of ours much better than the *bon Dieu* is now managing it, would be to try to run really *well* a half-pint universe for a month!

III

But what has all this to do with human populations and their growth? Such lowly creatures as yeast and flies and rats may be all very well in their place, but they certainly know nothing of such recondite matters as quota plenitude, exclusion of individuals incapable of becoming citizens, and other things which we are accustomed to regard as of enormous importance in determining the growth of human popula-

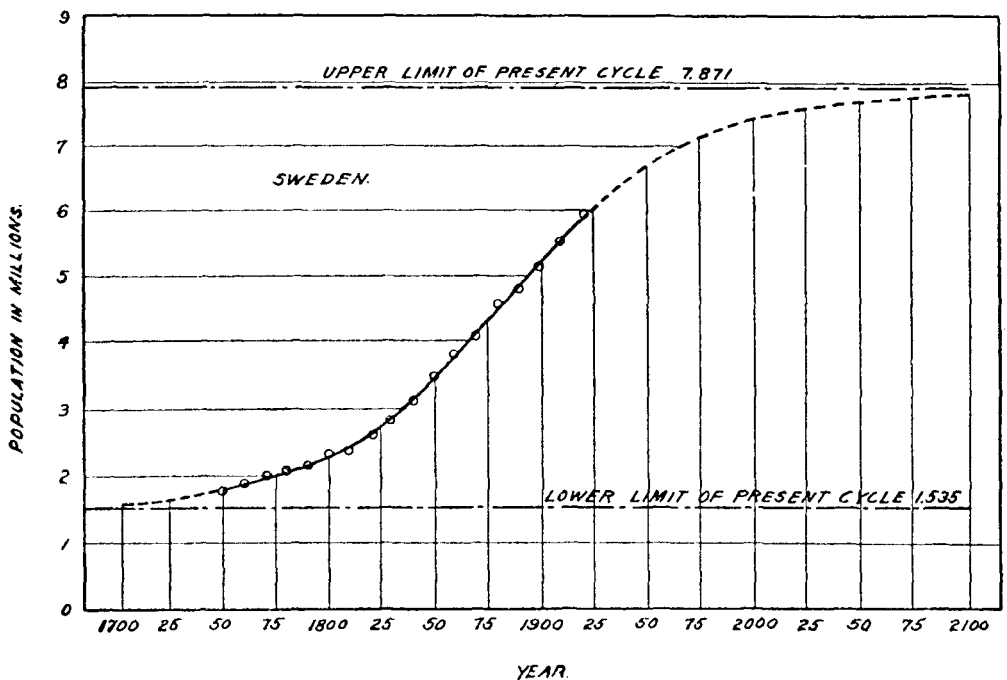


FIGURE 4. The population growth of Sweden.

tions. Just how do populations of men grow, as a matter of fact? Do the phenomena here follow a curve of some unique, oddly distorted shape, befitting the biological dignity of the only animal species which includes the loftiest products of the evolutionary process, such as senators, Methodist missionaries, chiropractors, and trap drummers?

Sweden has the longest continuous record of census counts of any country. The magnitude of the Swedish population at its several censuses is shown by the small circles in Figure 4. Now, the thing about this diagram which is at once entertaining and instructive is that *the smooth curve is the graph of a mathematical equation of precisely the same sort as that which has been seen to describe population growth in the little flies we have just discussed*. Obviously, it fits the

tially just like the manner in which a population of *Drosophila* or of yeast cells grows.

But Sweden is a small country, whose population has possibly been less undisturbed in its growth by migratory movements, war and pestilence, than that of some other countries. One curve does not make a law. What of the United States? Receiving immigrants has been, from the start, one of its important activities. From Figure 5 it is evident, however, that this real and marked politico-social difference between America and Sweden finds no reflection in the manner of growth of the population. Our old friend, the stretched-out S-curve, fits the population history of the United States from 1790 to 1920 with just as great precision as it does that of Sweden from 1750 to 1920.

Except, indeed, for the difference in the

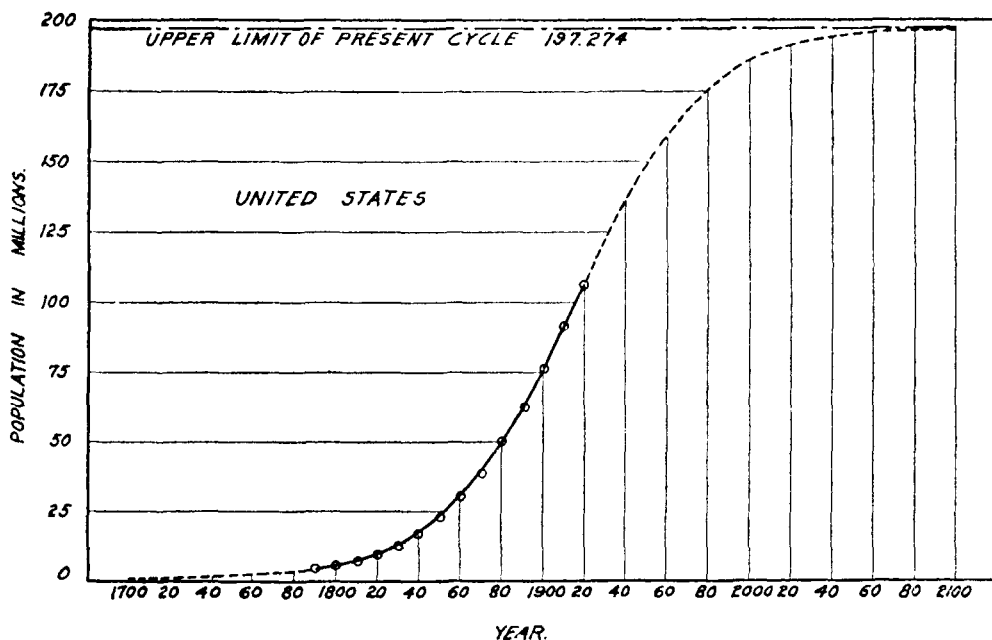


FIGURE 5. The population growth of the United States.

human phenomena with extreme accuracy. There appears to be no escape from the conclusion that the population of Sweden at least has grown in a manner which, in its quantitative relations at least, is essen-

time covered by the observations, this curve for the United States is strikingly like that for Sweden. The effect, which might have been supposed to appear, of "waves of immigration" is most conspic-

uous by its absence. The reason is that the sole effect of the *net* immigration (that is, the number of immigrants less the number of emigrants) has been somewhat to steepen the general upward slope of the United States curve, without either altering its fundamental shape or putting irregular waves in its course. It is the normal, natural increase—the steady excess of births over deaths—which fundamentally determines the form of the population curve. When any country has a population which is absolutely so large as that of the United States, any normal amount of immigration will not sensibly alter the course of population growth. This curious fact was long ago pointed out by Benjamin Franklin:

The importation of foreigners into a country that has as many inhabitants as the present employment and provisions for subsistence will bear, will be in the end no increase of people. . . . Nor is it necessary to bring in foreigners to fill up any occasional vacancy in a country; for such

tion. They furnish the world's best example of the benefits (or evils, as you like) of a nearly stationary population. Some of them worry about it, others apparently rejoice. At the moment any candidate for political preferment in that country is likely to be called upon to state whether he is for or against babies, just as he is confronted here with the awkward necessity of avoiding any declaration as to whether he is wet or dry, or evolutionist or fundamentalist.

The known population history of France is depicted in Figure 6, the small circles again giving the actual census counts, and the smooth curve the fitted mathematical equation. Again we see that, in spite of the fact that all the observed facts (census counts) for France lie at the other end of the growth cycle, still the growth has evidently followed, during the epoch or cycle in which it now is, the same basic law as that of Sweden and the United States.

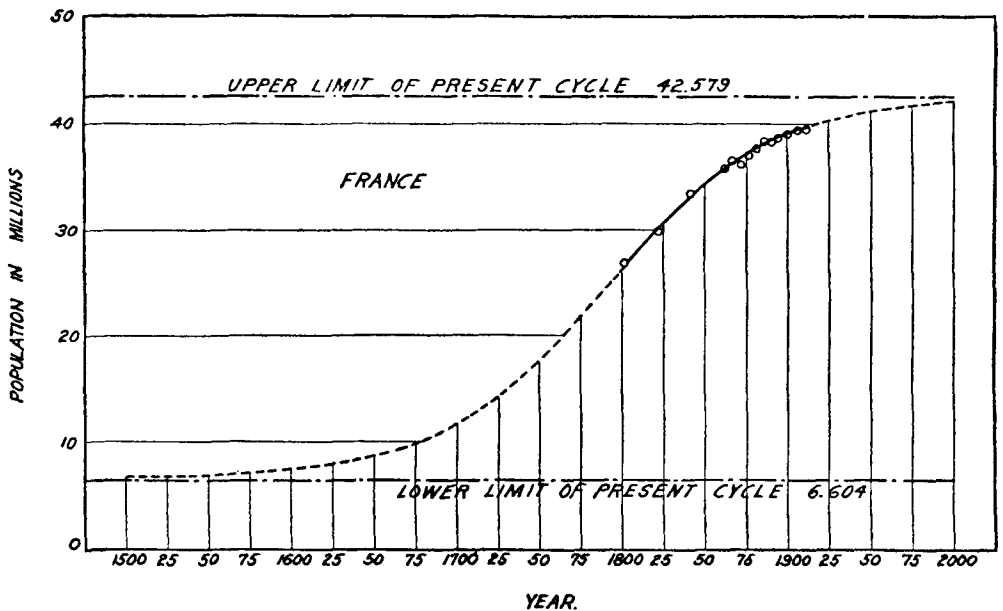


FIGURE 6. The population growth of France.

vacancy (if the laws are good), will soon be filled by natural generation.

"The French they are a peculiar race" in several respects, notably about popula-

Thus it begins clearly to appear that the seemingly irrelevant matter about flies and yeast and rats did have some real significance for the human population problem.

We have seen that the populations of three countries have followed during their period of recorded census history precisely the same law of growth as a simple population of fruit-flies. In the book, "Studies in Human Biology," already referred to, it is shown that the same thing is true of the known population growth of Austria, Belgium, Denmark, England and Wales, Hungary, Italy, Norway, Scotland, Serbia, Japan, Java, Philippine Islands, the world as a whole, and Baltimore city.

In the face of this considerable evidence, which could be still further multiplied, it is irresistibly borne in upon one that all the complexities of human behavior, social organization, economic structure, and political activity do not essentially alter the results of the operation of those biological forces which basically determine the course of the growth of populations of men, as well as those of yeast cells and flies. The half-pint universe of my laboratory *Drosophila*, in its quiet incubator, is without doubt a simpler world than this be-jazzed

vale in which we carry on, but in both the great realities of birth and death are much the same. And it is these that count.

IV

In all the cases so far considered it is apparent that we have been dealing with growth in a single cycle or epoch. But obviously such a scheme does not encompass the whole history of population. Man has passed through a series of cultural epochs in the short period of his known history. Every advance from a lower to a higher civilization, using civilization as a descriptive term for man's attained power to derive from his physical environment things conducive to his comfort and pleasure, has increased the potentialities of population growth in a given area. In the hunting stage of civilization a very wide area was required to support a given human population. In the agricultural stage the same area could easily support many more people.

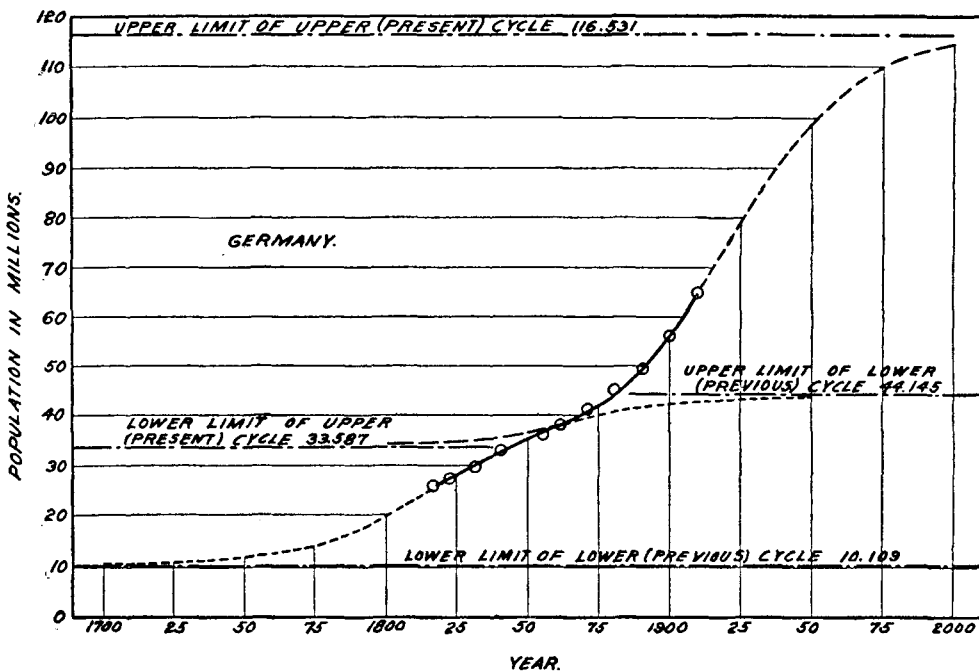


FIGURE 7. The population growth of Germany, showing the two cycles of growth that have overlapped during the period of census history.

So, then, what probably happened in regard to population growth was that during each successive broad cultural epoch in the history of mankind the population within a given area grew according to our stretched-out S-shaped curve. But when, owing to discoveries and consequent changes of habits, a new cultural stage was entered upon, a new cycle of population growth was also begun, starting from a base line of the already attained population at the end of the old epoch. Unfortunately, systematic census taking is such a relatively modern enterprise that it is impossible, except in a few cases, to get definite proof that such a process as that outlined occurs in population growth. In two cases, however, a rather sharp passage of a nation from the predominantly agricultural to the predominantly industrial forms of civilization has occurred within recent historical times. The two nations are Germany and Japan. I can take the space only to discuss briefly the growth of Germany's population.

Fifteen years before the Franco-Prussian War, Germany, which was still predominantly in the agricultural stage of civilization, was experiencing a slowing rate of population growth, such as is characteristic of the latter half of any single cycle of growth. During the next twenty years she made an enormous industrial development, and, indeed, passed definitely into that stage of culture. Her population began to grow at the increasingly rapid rate which is characteristic of the first half of any single cycle of growth. The facts regarding population are shown in Figure 7. The two smooth curves are single cycle growth curves identical in mathematical type with the curve which we have seen to describe so successfully the growth of the population of Sweden, the United States and France. Welded together, these two single cycle curves fit with the nicest precision the complicated, wiggling line presented by Germany's observed population history (represented by small circles).

The moral of this case plainly is that

even when human social evolution does manage to put a kink in the curve of population growth, it does not do it by altering any biological law. It merely shifts, by a greater or smaller amount, the absolute base from which the law operates. Then the process goes on as before.

Japan offers an illustration of the same sort as Germany. Unfortunately Japan's census data are only recent and do not furnish as much material as would be desirable for an adequate mathematical analysis.

V

In the matter of population growth there not only "ought to be a law" but five years' research has plainly shown that there is one. This is not the place for recondite statements in mathematical shorthand, but fortunately it is possible to state the law of population growth in plain language, without resort to mathematical symbols. It may be put in this way:

Growth occurs in cycles. Within one and the same cycle, and in a spatially limited area or universe, growth in the first half of the cycle starts slowly but its rate per unit of time *increases* steadily, until the mid-point of the cycle is reached. At that point the rate of growth per unit of time is at a maximum. After the mid-point is passed the rate of growth per unit of time becomes increasingly *slower* until the end of the cycle. In a spatially limited universe the amount of increase which occurs in any particular unit of time, at any point of the single cycle of growth, is proportional to two things, viz.: (a) the absolute size already attained at the beginning of the unit interval under consideration, and (b) the amount still unused or unexploited in the given universe (or area) of actual and potential resources for the support of growth.

This latter element (b) wants a little further explaining. In the case of human population growth the unused and unexploited store of resources for subsistence will include such things as the amount of agricultural land still untilled, or not cul-

tivated to the maximum of productivity. New discoveries of improved agricultural methods, or of chemical methods of making food synthetically, will at once increase the value of this factor in the equation. The result will be either to move up somewhat the upper limiting value of the population attainable in the current cycle of growth, or, if the potential addition is larger, to start the population off upon a new cycle of growth. Factor (*b*), in the case of human population may also mean such things as the potential development of transportation, power resources, etc. In fact, it was the unexpected development of just such things as these, making possible the birth and growth of large scale industrialism, which upset Malthus' calculations as to the time when population saturation would make its effects uncomfortably felt.

In the case of a simple experimental population like that of yeast cells the (*b*) element means practically the still unused amount of sugar and salts remaining in the given limited volume of solution in which the cells are growing. Its value can be quantitatively determined in this simple case by chemical analysis of the solution at successive stages of the growth cycle. But for obvious reasons it cannot be accurately measured in the case of human populations. In the case of the growth in size of a single individual organism, like the white rat earlier discussed, the meaning of this factor (*b*) is somewhat more difficult to define. It probably signifies the still remaining potentiality of the system of mutually inter-dependent cells and organs to expand in space without losing effective biological touch with each other. Just as in the case of human population growth it has been found possible, by appropriate procedures, to move to a higher level the upper limit to the growth in size of an individual organism within a single cycle. This, however, takes us into a large and important field of experimental biology, which cannot be discussed here.

Having got some insight into the under-

lying law according to which population growth occurs, and having found that this is of a sort capable of mathematical expression, we are able to approach the general problem of population along several pathways not previously open. We can, for example, predict future populations, or estimate past populations, outside the range of known census counts. This has been done in the diagrams presented earlier in this paper. The theoretical curve which expresses the law of population growth has been extended, in each of the diagrams for human population, in the form of dotted lines, to near the ends of the current cycle of growth. These dotted lines represent the probable future (and past) populations on the assumption, be it clearly understood, that no fundamental alteration in factor (*b*), as stated above in the definition of the law, occurs prior to the completion of the present cycle of growth. If such alteration does occur, then the predictions based upon the absence of such alterations during the past portion of the present cycle obviously become worthless. The whole case has to be reconsidered in the light of the changed conditions. But if no such alterations occur before the completion of the present cycle of growth, the maximum population, in this cycle, of the several countries discussed will presumably be, in round numbers, about as follows:

Sweden.....	7,871,000
United States.....	197,274,000
France.....	42,579,000

Undue absolute weight is not to be given these predictions. It is extremely probable, I should think, that events such as scientific discoveries, military conquest, etc., will alter factor (*b*) for nearly or quite every country in the world during the next hundred years, say. The figures really express what the probable future populations would be if the conditions of the Nineteenth Century were to remain permanently unaltered. For the next ten or twenty years the predictions given by the curves are undoubtedly highly accu-

rate in most cases. But longer range predictions could be taken seriously only by a deep-dyed fundamentalist who denies the fact of any and all evolution.

VI

Should the somewhat inexorable advance in the number of people on this globe which the biological law of population growth makes clear lead us to view-with-alarm? It seems to me that if we so conclude, we ought equally to be concerned about the orderly growth of any baby into manhood or womanhood. For I am quite firmly convinced that the biological inevitability of the one form of growth is not greater than that of the other. The human population of the world is going on increasing for a long time to come, and perhaps at times at an even more rapid rate than the present one. As old Malthus said, "the passion between the sexes is necessary, and will remain nearly in its present state." Furthermore, continued improvement in sanitation and in knowledge of preventive medicine and hygiene is going to add to the population existing at any given moment as surely as an increased birth-rate would.

Will this process necessarily increase the sum total of human misery and wretchedness in the world, as the viewers-with-alarm tell us it will? I used to think so, but the longer I have pondered over the matter the less sure I feel about this conclusion. I think the thing which first made me dubious about the inevitable misery doctrine was its seemingly compelling logic. It was so easy to prove logically that it must be so that I began to be suspicious that in fact it probably was not so at all. Long experience with experimental work has taught me that a somewhat rough and ready, but on the whole dependable, rule is that any natural phenomenon which, in advance of observation of the event, can be proved by purely logical processes to be necessarily so, almost invariably turns out upon trial or observation to

be in fact not so at all, but quite otherwise. This curious phenomenon is, of course, not the fault of logical processes of thought, but merely an expression of human fallibility in the matter of premises.

That population pressure will in the future, as it has in the past, lead to wars seems to me to be, unfortunately, in the highest degree probable, at least for a long time to come. But the contention that growth of population must inevitably increase the general wretchedness of human life apart from wars seems to me to overlook three important factors. As one studies the curves of population growth for various countries, and particularly that for the world as a whole, one is bound to be struck by the thought that while we have gone a long way in the present cycle of growth there has not been, in fact, any marked increase in squalor, wretchedness and general unhappiness associated with the increase in population. Even allowing for the misery entailed by the Great War, it is surely true that at no previous time in the recorded history of mankind was so large a proportion of the world's population on the whole so happy, and so socially and humanly well off, as it is right now. As the Irishman is reported to have said: "Even Prohibition is better than no liquor at all." France, for example, is a country with a population near the maximum for the present cycle value of factor (*b*). But he who thinks France an unhappy or wretched country is both ignorant and stupid.

The reason why, in general, misery has not been associated with population growth appears to me to flow out of the other two more or less overlooked considerations to which I have referred. The first of these is the definite and rather orderly evolution of human knowledge; especially knowledge of natural processes and of how to control and use them to the benefit of mankind. To put a nearby final limit on scientific discovery of ways and means of expanding the means of happy human subsistence would seem to be a

highly rash proceeding, in the face of what has happened in the last century even. Haldane's "Daedalus" I should think probably not more daring in this day than Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues" was in its. It must be remembered that applied biology is in its veriest infancy, as compared with applied chemistry, for example. And one hears no note of pessimism from the chemists.

Finally, and as it seems to me most important of all, have we not overlooked to a large degree, in our discussion of the population problem, the wholly unknown and unplumbed adaptive potentialities of the human organism? Is not adaptation the crux of the whole matter? Some years ago it would have been possible, by precisely the same kind of logic that leads to the inevitable misery conclusion regarding the population problem, to prove that it would be impossible for civilized human beings to live happily in Nome, Alaska, or for a thriving city of happy and contented people to spring up where Edmonton now is just that.

Though perhaps the most important of all biological phenomena, adaptation is the least understood. We can only dimly

envisage a small fraction of the changes in the mode of human existence which population pressure will entail. But that these responses to environmental forces will be generally adaptive seems to me certain. They will somehow or other conduce to well-being and happiness. Birth control seems to me a case in point. It is an intelligent adaptive response to an environmental force, population pressure. It will become more and more widespread. But it is only one of the many ways by which mankind will succeed in adapting itself to the situation created by the biological law of population growth. Another is public health and hygiene. Under the conditions of sanitation and hygiene which prevailed even a hundred years ago nothing like our present urban population densities would have been continuously possible. Now our public health measures both absolutely increase population, and improve the environmental conditions which make larger populations possible. They increase the happiness and well-being of the component elements of populations. Such measures are, in short, adaptive responses of the human species to the pressure of ever-increasing population.

THE SHROUD OF COLOR

BY COUNTÉE P. CULLEN

"Lord, being dark," I said,—"I cannot
bear

The further touch of earth, the scented air;
Lord, being dark, forewilled to that
despair

My color shrouds me in, I am as dirt
Beneath my brother's heel; there is a hurt
In all the simple joys which to a child
Are sweet; they are contaminate, defiled
By truth of wrongs the childish vision fails
To see. Too great a cost this birth entails.
I strangle in this yoke drawn tighter than
The worth of bearing it—just to be Man!
I am not brave enough to pay the price
In full; I lack the strength to sacrifice.

"I who have burned my hands upon a star,
And climbed high hills at dawn to view
the far

Illimitable wonderments of earth,
For whom all cups have dripped the wine
of mirth,

For whom the sea has strained her honeyed
throat

Till all the world was sea, and I a boat
Unmoored, on what strange quest I willed
to float;—

Who wore a coat of many colored dreams,
Thy gift, O Lord; I whom sun-dabbled
streams

Have washed; whose bare brown thighs
have held the sun

Incarcerate until his course was run;
I who considered man a high-perfected
Glass where loveliness could lie reflected,—
Now that I sway athwart Truth's deep
abyss,

Denuding man for what he was and is,
Shall breath and being so inveigle me
That I can damn my dreams to hell, and be
Content, each new-born day, anew to see
The streaming crimson vintage of my
youth

Incardinate the altar-slab of Truth?

"Or hast Thou, Lord, somewhere I cannot
see,

A lamb imprisoned in a bush for me?

"Not so? Then let me render one by one
Thy gifts, while still they shine. Some
little sun

Yet gilds these thighs; my coat, albeit
worn,

Still holds its colors fast; albeit torn,
My heart will laugh a little yet, if I
May win of Thee this grace, Lord: on this
high

And sacrificial hill, 'twixt earth and sky,
To dream still pure all that I loved, and
die."

Across the earth's warm, palpitating crust
I flung my body in embrace; I thrust
My mouth into the grass and sucked the
dew;

Then gave it back in tears my anguish
drew.

So hard I pressed, against the ground I felt
The smallest sand grain like a knife, and
smelt

The next year's flowering—all this to speed
My body's dissolution, fain to feed
The worms. And so I groaned, and spent
my strength

Until, all passion spent, I lay full length
And quivered like a flayed and bleeding
thing.

So lay till lifted on a great black wing
That had no mate nor flesh-apparent
trunk

To hamper it. With me all time had sunk
Into oblivion; when I awoke
The wing hung poised above two cliffs
that broke

The bowels of the earth in twain, and cleft
The seas apart. Below, above, to left,

To right, I saw what no man saw before:
Earth, hell, and heaven; sinew, vein, and
core.

All things that swim, or walk, or creep, or
fly,

All things that live and hunger, faint and
die,

Were made majestic then and magnified
By sight so purged and deified.

The smallest bug that crawls was taller
than

A tree; the mustard seed loomed like a
man.

The earth that writhes eternally with pain
Of birth, and woe of taking back her slain,
Laid bare her teeming bosom to my sight,
And all was struggle, gasping breath, and
fight.

A blind worm here dug tunnels to the
light,

And there a seed, racked with heroic pain,
Thrust eager tentacles at sun and rain;

It climbed, it died; the old love conquered
me

To weep the blossom it would never be.

But here a bud won light; it burst and
flowered

Into a rose whose beauty challenged,
"Coward!"

There was no thing alive save only I
That held life in contempt, and longed to die.

And still I writhed, and moaned, "The
curse, the curse!

Than animated death, can death be
worse?"

*"Dark child of sorrow, mine no less, what
art*

*Of mine can make thee see and play thy
part?*

The key to all strange things is in thy heart."

What voice was this that coursed like
liquid fire

Along my flesh, and turned my hair to
wire?

I raised my burning eyes, beheld a field

All multitudinous with carnal yield,

A grim, ensanguined mead whereon I saw

Evolve the ancient, fundamental law

Of fist and talon, tooth and nail and claw.
There with the force of living hostile
hills,

Whose clash the hemmed-in vale with
clamor fills,

With greater din contended fierce majestic
wills

Of beast with beast, of man with man, in
strife

For love of what my heart despised, for
life

That unto me at dawn was now a prayer

For night, at night a bloody heart-wrung
tear

For day again. For *this*, these groans

From tangled flesh and interlocked bones.

And no thing died that did not give

A testimony that it longed to live.

Man, strange composite blend of brute and
God,

Pushed on, nor backward glanced where
last he trod.

He seemed to mount a misty ladder flung

Pendant from a cloud, yet never gained a
rung

But at his feet another tugged and clung.

My heart was still a pool of bitterness,

Would yield nought else, nought else con-
fess.

I spoke (although no form was there

To see, I knew an Ear was there to hear),

"Well, let them fight: they *can* whose
flesh is *fair*."

Swift lightning flashed; a wave of thunder
shook

My wing; a pause, and then a speaking,
"Look!"

I scarce dared trust my ears or eyes for awe
Of what they heard and dread of what they

saw,

For, privileged beyond degree, this flesh

Beheld God and His heaven in the mesh

Of Lucifer's revolt, saw Lucifer

Glow like the sun, and like a dulcimer

I heard his sin-sweet voice break on the
yell

Of God's great warriors: Gabriel,

Saint Clair and Michael, Raphael and
Israfel.
And strange it was to see God with His
back
Against a wall, to see Christ hew and hack,
Till Lucifer, pressed by the mighty Pair,
And losing inch by inch, clawed at the air
With fevered wings; then, lost beyond
repair,
He tricked a mass of stars into his hair;
He filled his hands with stars, crying as he
fell,
"A star's a star although it burns in hell!"
So God was left to His divinity
Omnipotent at that most costly fee.

There was a lesson here, but still the clod
In me was sycophant unto the rod,
And cried, "Why mock me thus? Am I a
God?"

*"One trial more; this failing then I give
You leave to die; no further need to live."*

Then suddenly a strange, wild music smote
A chord long impotent in me; a note
Of jungles, primitive and subtle, throbbed
Against my echoing breast, and tomtoms
sobbed

In every pulse beat of my frame. The din
A hollow log bound with a python's skin
Can make wrought every sense to ecstasy,
And I was wind and sky again, and sea,
And all sweet things that flourish, being
free;
Till all at once the music changed its key.

And now it was of bitterness and death,
The cry the lash extorts, the broken
breath
Of liberty enchained. And yet there ran
Through all a harmony of Faith in Man,
A knowledge all would end as it began.
All sights and sounds and aspects of my
race
Accompanied this melody, kept pace
With it, with music all their hopes and
hates

Were charged, not to be downed by all
the fates.
And suddenly it was borne upon my brain
How being dark and living through the
pain
Of it is courage more than angels have. I
knew
What tumults lashed the tree that grew
This body that I was, this cringing I
That feared to contemplate a changing
sky,
This I that groveled, whining, "Let me
die,"
While others struggled in Life's abattoir.
The cries of all dark people near and far
Were billowed over me, a mighty surge
Of woe in which my petty grief must
merge
And lose itself. I had no further urge
For death. I raised my dust-grimed head,
And though my lips moved not, God knew
I said,
"Lord, not for what I saw in flesh or bone
Of fairer men, not raised on faith alone,
Lord, I will live—persuaded by mine own.
I cannot play the recreant to these;
My spirit has come home that sailed the
doubtful seas."

With the whiz of a sword that severs space
The wing dropped down at a dizzy pace,
And flung me on my hill, flat on my face,
Flat on my face I lay defying pain,
Glad of the blood in my smallest vein,
And in my hand I clutched a loyal dream
Still spitting fire: bright twist and coil and
gleam,
And chiseled like a hound's white tooth.
"Oh, I will match you yet!" I cried to
Truth.
Right glad I was to stoop to what I once
had spurned,
Glad even unto tears; I laughed aloud, I
turned
Upon my back, and though the tears for
joy would run,
My sight was clear; I looked and saw a
rising sun.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY H. L. MENCKEN AND GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Medicine Cabinet.—Henry Ford is the latest ignoramus to pick up the notion that drugs are of no value in the treatment of disease, and that enlightened physicians are gradually abandoning them. Some time ago he announced that he was trying to induce the staff of his hospital at Detroit to stop prescribing them altogether. What set this nonsense afloat? Obviously, the Christian Scientists, New Thoughters, osteopaths, chiropractors and other such quacks have diligently propagated it, but I doubt that they originated it. It probably came to life during the latter half of the Nineteenth Century, when modern medicine was getting on its legs and the *materia medica* of a simpler age was being radically overhauled, and its fathers, no doubt, were learned and very well-meaning medical men. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes gave it a great lift with his doctrine that mankind would be better off if all medicines were dumped into the sea. It was helped, too, by a far greater physician, to wit, Sir William Osler—but, like Holmes, a literary gent as well as *Medicina Doctor*, and hence given to utterances that were often charming rather than scientific. It was Osler, I believe, who said that there were only five drugs worth a hoot.

The statement, if he actually made it, was sheer nonsense. There are hundreds of drugs that are worth a hoot, and there are scores that are of the utmost value. They are used every day, and they rescue many a poor Christian from heavenly bliss. More, the number of them tends to grow larger. For a while, after the old *materia medica* began to be suspect, there was a period during which practically all drugs were

suspect, but of late there has been a movement in the opposite direction, and now it appears very likely that the greatest advances to be made in medicine during the next fifty years will be in the fields of biochemistry and chemotherapy—that is, in the field of drugs. Scores of new ones, often extremely complex, are being prepared and tried out every year, and some of them always turn out to be valuable. The uses of dioxydiamidoarsenobenzol dihydrochloride and its relatives are now familiar even to family doctors of the old school, and in another five or ten years they will begin to hear, too, of such new agents as mercurochrome.

The more the human body is studied, indeed, the more it becomes obvious that the physical phenomena it displays are largely chemical in their nature, and that they may be modified by purely chemical means. Despite all the mystical gabble about the influence of the mind upon the body, it becomes more and more evident that the influence of the body upon the mind is enormously more profound—that the mind, so called, is, to all intents and purposes, simply a function of the body. It is easy to modify the operations of the mind by putting drugs into the body, but it is quite impossible to modify the operations of drugs by the power of the mind. A man with ten grains of strychnine in his veins will inevitably die, no matter how violently his mind protests against it. The phenomena of what is called psychotherapy—that is, the treatment of physical states by attempts to modify mental states—are largely illusory. They make a dramatic appeal to uncritical laymen and to the inferior sort of medical

men, and so they get a great deal of attention in such scientific journals as the New York *Sunday American*. But for one pathological condition that may be materially improved by psychotherapeutic means, there are at least a thousand that may be improved by the administration of large doses of Glauber's salts, *i.e.*, by the use of drugs, pure and simple.

The old barrier between bodily diseases and mental diseases is now fast breaking down. There was a time, and not so long ago, when it was high and apparently unscalable. When a man went crazy in those days it was assumed as a matter of course that there was some so-called psychic cause—that he had lost his money in oil stocks, or that the death of his uncle had unhinged him, or that he had been robbed of his wits by the elopement of his wife with a lodge-brother. But then the Wassermann reaction was devised, and when it was applied to the inmates of lunatic asylums, it showed that large numbers of them were simply suffering from syphilis. When their syphilis was cured, they ceased to believe that they were Napoleons and archangels, and many of them returned peaceably to the practice of the law or the pants business. In the near future, no doubt, it will be found that not a few of the remaining lunatics, apparently not syphilitics, suffer from pathological chemical changes of a spontaneous character, perhaps originating in disease of the ductless glands. They will be treated by restoring their chemical balance, and soon or late the agents employed for the purpose will be prepared synthetically, and will thus be true drugs in every sense.

Common Sense.—Every time I hear a man pound a table with his fist and loudly endorse common sense, I permit myself a large and long-range spit. What, swallowing again and making slowly ready for the next wet critique, I ask myself is this much lauded common sense? Is it the absolute thing it is believed to be? Has the

phrase, indeed, any common sense in it? The answer is no. Common sense is what any man, however idiotic, believes it to be. What one man regards as common sense, further, another man, equally intelligent, does not regard as common sense. The common sense of one generation is often found to be the nonsense of the next generation. It is as variable as the wind. Common sense, in short, is frequently nothing more than a name for a man's foolish conviction that what he thinks is right. Is there such a thing as absolute truth? Is there such a thing as absolute common sense? No prize is offered for the correct answer.

The Hair Line.—One regards the man who makes a witty retort as a delightful fellow. But one regards the man who makes two witty retorts as something of a bore.

Constructive Suggestion.—In the closing years of the last century, when I was a beginning newspaper reporter, my daily scripture reading was done in the columns of the New York *Sun*. It was, indeed, the Bible of all the ambitious young journalists of that era, and particularly of those with literary aspirations. The highest praise that a city editor could bestow on a neophyte was to say that he had written something worthy to be printed in the *Sun*. There, for the first and last time in American history, the daily writing of the news was lifted to the level of a fine art. The *Sun* did not consist, like the more pretentious newspapers of today, of two or three good stories surrounded by a mass of undistinguished drivel; it was first-rate from the first line to the last. Jobs that are now handed over to illiterates, such as editorial writing and sports reporting, were done on the *Sun* by men who were genuine artists. Even the society news and the dramatic criticism were written in sound English, and with some attempt at style. I remember first-page news stories that enchanted me for days, and I remember, too, eight-line concert

notices by W. J. Henderson that were little masterpieces. Who will forget the superb editorials of Kingsbury, the stupendous and incomparable book reviews of Hazeltine, the magnificent buffooneries of O'Malley? Or the endless tales about Rosie the Lawyer and the Duke of Essex Street, the tart headlines on the first page, the astounding miscellany on the editorial page? When the Bolshevik agent, Czolgosz, was electrocuted on October 29, 1901, for assassinating the lamented McKinley, the *Sun* printed an account of it next day that still sticks in my mind as brilliantly as if I had read it only yesterday.

Charles A. Dana was already dead in those days, but the *Sun* showed not the slightest letting down. Under William M. Laffan, indeed, the paper was probably even better than under Dana, for Laffan had no political ambitions, and was thus free to knock any head in sight. Moreover, he was a fellow of artistic tastes, and so lifted the *Sun* clearly above the general level of journalistic Philistinism. I dare say it was as dangerous, under his rule, for a *Sun* reporter to write idiotically about Rubens or Beethoven as it would be for a *Tribune* editorial writer today to sneer at the British royal family. The *Sun* had long since quarreled with and seceded from the Associated Press, and so it was often beaten on important news stories, but who cared? There was always something on the first page, sometimes under a two-line head, that was worth the whole Associated Press report for six months. And on the editorial page there was always enough to make even a newspaper reporter forget the day's news. What one found there, and everywhere in the paper, was simply a civilized air. The whole thing was written, not for gorillas sweating in the subway, but for educated men and women. It had subscribers all over the United States, and when, in the end, Laffan died and the property was taken over by the journalistic knacker, Munsey, and the *Sun* was reduced to the dull level of the *Times* and *Herald*, there was mourn-

ing from coast to coast. Since Munsey hung up his hat in the office there has not been a single newspaper for civilized readers in the United States. More than one great journal, true enough, has tried to imitate the old *Sun*, at least in some detail, but all of them have fallen miles short of it. The *World*, perhaps, has come closest to success—that is, within 10,000 light-years. But the *World* can never be a *Sun* so long as it lavishes goose-grease upon such mountebanks as Wilson and Davis. Dana, for all his faults, never made any such mistake, and neither did Laffan.

Now I come to my constructive suggestion: it grows out of the sad fact that files of the *Sun* are now almost unobtainable. Why doesn't some publisher of texts for schools of journalism reprint it, or, at all events, large parts of it? There is a collection of *Sun* editorials, "Casual Essays from the *Sun*," but it, too, I believe, is out of print; at least, one never hears of it. A hundred such books might be made out of the files of the paper—books of editorials, of news stories, of critical articles, of sports stories, of odds and ends. A single one of them would be worth all the text-books of journalism now in print. It would teach the aspiring young journalist of today what he cannot learn from the existing journals nor from the decayed hacks who essay to teach him: how to write correctly, amusingly, and like a gentleman. The art is passing out. Who would revive it? Let him begin by reviving the tradition of the *Sun*.

Censorship.—Despite the wails that are still lifted whenever censorship is mentioned, it should be clear to a man with cinders in both eyes that never before in the history of American literature and drama have things been so happily free from interference by busybodies as they are at the present time. Books are published today that so little as three years ago would have been raided before the ink was dry, and plays are shown that, no less than two years back, would have

brought down a veritable hurricane of gendarmes. Only the movies are still subjected to a rigorous censorship, and they should be. Being for the most part composed of unspeakable garbage, it matters not in the least one way or the other to any intelligent person what is done to them. The more cut out of them, says he, the better.

And what has brought this pleasant state of affairs about? The answer is ready to hand. That answer is ridicule. When a Methodist gets home after an elegant and grandiose promenade up the boulevard and finds that, in the early stages of the promenade, someone has pinned to his tail a placard reading "Please kick me!" his grand tour of the following day is ever certain to be one of humbler mien. The censors have thus been made to seem comparative jackasses in their own eyes, and day by day they are being made to seem more so to themselves. They are beginning to have difficulty in convincing others of their dignity and importance. They have asked for cheers, and they have got the razzberry. To be a censor today, accordingly, a man must be not only an idiot; he must be also a man courageous enough in his imbecility to endure the low guffaws of his next-door neighbors. And that is a job too hard to bear for such idiots as censorship is generally made of.

Patriotism.—You will generally find that the man who howls most sardonically against patriotism is himself in essence a patriot. The only difference between him and the man he makes mock of is one of geographical scale. He himself may not love and whoop up his country, but if you say anything against his home town he will nine times out of ten rush eloquently to its defence.

Historical Note.—All the historians seem to have overlooked the important part played in the development of this great Republic by land swindlers, *i.e.*, by what

are now called realtors. One reads in the books a great deal about the pioneers who penetrated the wilds and opened the way for Christian Endeavor and Rotary, but there is seldom any mention of the bait that lured them from home. When the subject is mentioned at all, it is facilely assumed that they were set off by a prescient sort of patriotism or by a spirit of gaudy adventure. This is nonsense. Most of the pioneers, in fact, were simply unsuccessful farmers, and there was no more spirit of adventure in them than in the average village garage-keeper or horse-doctor of today. What fetched them was the bird-lime spread by land-agents, nine-tenths of them thieves. They went into the wilderness because go-getters convinced them that it was possible to get rich quickly there.

The same benign enterprise has survived into our own time, notably in such States as California, Florida and Oklahoma. It has separated many and many a poor yokel, alas, from his hard-earned money, and so helped to fill the land with repining. But let us not forget that it has also helped to develop the country. The Middle Western agronomist, lured to the Pacific Coast by realtors, is first stripped by them and then goes to work: his forced labor has created that paradise. In Florida the effects of rooking him have been even more salubrious. Whole herds of farmers from the cow-States, tired of working eighteen hours a day, were brought to Florida on the representation that an orange grove, once it got into bearing, required but eight hours' work a year. When they got to the scene they found that they had been sold tracts of land in remote swamps, often under water. Well, the very rapacity of the realtors here worked a Larger Good. The yokels, marooned in their swamps and all their money gone, had to stay, and so they began demanding that their land be drained at the public expense—the first demand that farmers make when they get into trouble, at all times and everywhere. Presently alert politicians heard

their cry, and augers were brought up to bore holes in the State treasury. Now the land is drained, its rich black soil has made the immigrants rich, and Florida has gained enormously in population and in capital.

The same thing is happening all over the arid regions of the West. First the realtors lure in the suckers, and then the suckers give reality to the realtors' selling talk. In New Mexico and Arizona the burden has been shifted, at least to some extent, upon the Federal treasury. The United States advances money to irrigation companies—and every time one of them gets on its legs, and the adjacent farmers begin to eat, the realtors start a boom over the hill, and the whole process is repeated. The astute student of ethics will not fail to discern the moral. It is that swindling, at all events in a new country, often has its high uses. I suspect, indeed, that it is more useful, taking one year with another, than altruism. The uplifters have been laboring in such States as Kansas and the Dakotas for years, and yet all of them remain uninhabitable to civilized men. But Florida and California, handed over to the realtors, have made enormous progress, and attract thousands of immigrants annually, and in New Mexico there is actually a colony of artists, and the beginnings of a Greenwich Village.

Casual Observation.—When armies, victorious or vanquished, return home after great and excessively bloody wars, one observes that the generals are never missing from the parades.

All Kinds of Men.—It takes, as they say, all kinds of men to make a world. Toward most of these, although there are many I may not accurately know or understand, I am sympathetic. I at least try to know them and understand them. But there is one kind that passes my comprehension altogether. This kind, try as I will, I cannot filter through my noodle. It is made up of the men who, though they are in love with no one woman and though

they are comfortably off in health and in the world's goods, yet view marriage as something they should presently and duly embrace.

Philosophers.—Great philosophers are often as guilty of saying damphool things as the rest of us. I cull, for example, the following samples from the dicta of the estimable Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche:

1. A man of genius is unbearable unless he possess at least two things besides: gratitude and purity.
2. The thought of suicide is a great consolation: by means of it one gets successfully through many a bad night.
3. In praise there is more obtrusiveness than in blame.
4. One does not believe in the follies of clever men: what a forfeiture of the rights of man!
5. The only decisive argument that has always deterred men from drinking a poison is not that it is deadly, but that it has an unpleasant taste.
6. We simulate pity when we wish to show ourselves superior to the feeling of animosity, but generally in vain.

I have quoted but half a dozen titbits. There are many more.

Chance for a Revolutionist.—One of the obvious defects of all the ethical schemes now in good repute in Christendom is that every one of them is mainly idealistic, and wastes its hottest fire upon rules of conduct that few if any men ever try to follow. The Ten Commandments offer many familiar examples. The prohibition of covetousness, if it could be enforced, would make any civilization based upon capitalism impossible, for every such civilization gives its highest rewards to men who have most successfully diverted to their own uses the goods of other men. It would, indeed, make even democracy impossible, for if democracy is not envy of the fellow who is having a better time, then it has no meaning at all. There was a time when Holy Church invoked the commandment against covetousness to put down the taking of interest, but even the immense power of Rome was insufficient to enforce so inconvenient and unnatural an article of faith. Today archbishops themselves own

Liberty bonds, and take interest from the rest of us. But they continue to denounce covetousness from their thrones.

The New Testament glosses upon the Ten Commandments are even worse than the commandments themselves. For example, consider the doctrine that any man who gives an appraising eye to a pretty girl has committed adultery with her in his heart. Adultery, according to the Bible, is a very serious sin; its common punishment is death. Well, try to imagine a world in which no man ever allowed his eyes to roam! It would be, obviously, a world doomed to quick extinction. Without the preliminary "adultery" there could be no mating, and without mating there could be no continuance of the species. Adult sense, indeed, revolts against this nonsensical prohibition. Not only is the man who uses his eyes and his imagination forgiven; the whole machinery of society is devoted to facilitating the business. Even bishops, in truth, sometimes engage in match-making. Here precept and practice are so far apart that the science of ethics wanders around disconsolately between them, with both eyes black and its shirt-tail out.

In other fields there are similar and even worse discrepancies between what men are counseled to do and what they do in fact. Of late there has sprung up in America an immense literature on the subject of patriotism, much of it produced by experts employed at the expense of the government. Its defect is that all of it ordains duties that not one citizen in a thousand ever thinks of assuming. It depicts the patriot as a fanatical altruist who sacrifices everything to his country, including even his life. But the men who are actually eminent as patriots in the Republic are, as everyone knows, considerably different. Practically all of them seem to be almost as devoid of altruism as so many cockroaches. If they don't demand jobs they demand bonuses in cash, and if they don't demand bonuses they demand some sort of special privilege. I can't

think of five American patriots who demand nothing. The overwhelming majority are bawling for something all the time, and organize themselves into powerful bodies, such as the American Legion, the Sons of the Revolution and the two Houses of Congress, to get it. But the books still teach that a patriot is one who gives all and asks nothing.

The effort to Americanize the foreign-born, now raging from end to end of the country, runs aground upon much the same sandbar. The lowly wop, when he applies for his first papers, is sent to a night-school to learn the principles of Americanism, and there they are set forth to him with ardent eloquence. Americanism, he is told, means every virtue from chastity to generosity: the American is a sort of amalgam of the Twelve Apostles and the Cid, with overtones of St. Francis and Ignatius Loyola. Does all this fool the wop? Hardly. He is surrounded by Americans all day, and he sees clearly that they are nothing of the sort. They try to rob him, and they try to rob one another. They are impolite, unfair, grasping, ignorant and vulgar. The wop himself, in a hundred ways, is vastly better than they are, and he knows it. Yet he is besought to make himself like them, and told that the change will be an immense improvement. No wonder it is so hard to Americanize him!

Study in Gray.—The Prince of Wales, in his recent sojourn in these parts, left a trail of woe and misery behind him. Think of the agonized fate of the young men who will be the husbands of the girls he favored with his fleeting attention! Think of the years and years that the poor bimbos will have to listen to politely disparaging comparisons of themselves with this *beau idéal* of their ladies!

E Contrario.—It is only strong men who suffer pain from petty tragedies.

The National Hymn.—The pacifists, when all other devices fail them, attack "The

Star-Spangled Banner." This great choral, they argue, is full of brimstone and braggadocio—a direct incitement to militarism. It depicts the Republic as the land of the free and the home of the brave, and so arouses a truculent and bombastic spirit. One of the principal exponents of this view is a lady Christian Scientist of great wealth. She takes whole pages in the New York papers to advocate the adoption of a more modest and temperate national anthem—something, say, on the order of "Lead, Kindly Light" or "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Her position, it seems to me, is very unsound; I suspect, indeed, that she has never read "The Star-Spangled Banner." If she were familiar with its text she would know that it is not bombastic at all, but very moderate and even timorous. The first stanza, which is all that anyone ever hears, actually ends with a question mark. The poet is not at all sure that the Republic will survive. He sees it beset by formidable enemies and is in obvious doubt. All he says directly is that it would be a pity for so meritorious a nation to come to grief. It is loving fear for it rather than boastful pride in it that makes him call it the land of the free and the home of the brave. His phrase is a device of rhetoric, like that employed by a curb broker or university president when he calls Dr. Coolidge a great man.

Of the other three stanzas only one shows anything properly describable as a bellicose spirit, and that is the second. It is devoted mainly to reviling the enemy. Well, why not? That enemy, when "The Star-Spangled Banner" was written, had but lately captured Washington, burned the Capitol, and driven the President and Congress to the woods of Rock Creek. When I was a boy, before the Sulgrave Foundation had got into action, the tale of its atrocities was still in all the school-books. Every American youth of the 80's was taught to hate the Huns of 1814. That Francis Scott Key did so is certainly not to be wondered at, for despite his pro-

fessional immunity as a poet he had been seized bodily, carried to the fleet of the Potsdam tyrant, and there exposed to the musket and shell fire of his own people. Yet notwithstanding this gross provocation he devoted but one of his four stanzas to billingsgate. Of the others, one, as I have said, ends with a question mark. The remaining two are even milder. One is mere prosodic burbling: a stanza almost devoid of logical content. The other is full of discreet ifs. *If* "our cause is just"—"then conquer we must." *If* we continue to trust in God, all will be well. But not, apparently, otherwise.

All this leads to the inevitable conclusion that "The Star-Spangled Banner" is not actually too raucous and boastful, as the pacifists allege, but too *pianissimo*. If it deserves censure at all, it is because it does discredit to a free and proud people by representing them as too mild and hesitant. "If our cause is just," forsooth! Our cause is always just *ipso facto*. To question it, in these days of Ku Kluxes and American Legions, is far worse than to dodge serving it. The first duty of the American citizen is to assume that his country is never wrong; his second is to enforce that assumption upon all dissidents by brute force. It is, indeed, already a fixed principle of our jurisprudence that such dissidents have no rights—that it is competent for any citizen to have at them at sight, and without trial. As time passes, that doctrine, no doubt, will be extended. That is to say, it will begin to take in, not only national policies, but also the whole body of communal *mores*. It will then become unlawful, and punishable by death, to read Marx, Nietzsche or Darwin, just as it is already unlawful, and punishable by imprisonment, to use alcohol in the immemorial manner of civilized men.

What is needed is a national anthem to voice the new spirit of 100% Americanism, as "The Star-Spangled Banner" voiced the feeble hesitations and uncertainties of Key's time. This anthem must be bare of

all ifs and buts; it must be an exultation rather than a hymn; it must cover the whole glittering and inspiring spectacle of American national life; the national spirit must be in every line of it. Great talent must be thrown into its compo-

sition; its production will be no job for a common poetaster, with his pale emotions and his Greenwich Village theories. Great talent, indeed, *has* been thrown into its composition, for it already exists, words and music. And here it is:

Maestoso.

SOLO.
I am a one,..... I am a one,..... I am a

CHORUS.
I am a one, I am a one,

one hun-dred per cent A-mer-i-can! I am a supe,..... I am a

one hun-dred per cent A-mer-i-can! I am a supe,

supe,..... I am a supe-er pa-tri-ot! A red, red, red, red,

I am a supe, supe-er pa-tri-ot! A red, red, red, red,

red, I am a red blood-ed A-mer-i-can, I am a one hun-dred per

red, I am red blood-ed A-mer-i-can, hun-dred per

cent A-mer-i-can, I am, I am,.....

ril.

cent A-mer-i-can, God damn I am,.....

The author is Poet W. W. Woollcott, of the Maryland Free State. History will remember him. For his anthem has every merit and no defect. It is vigorous in rhythm, it is facilely singable (which "The Star-Spangled Banner" surely is not), and in its text there is the true soul of latter-day America. You will find no uncertainty there, but only conviction. The poet says what he has to say in plain language: let Europe take heed. Only once does he ameliorate his stark forthrightness, and then it is by a device of humor—in the line beginning "I am a red." A waggish touch—and a pleasant signal for dropping the concrete Red into the tar-pot. The other stanzas, of which there are twenty, are all in the same tone. I append three:

||: For I am just,:||
 ||: For I am just,:||
 For I am just folks, yes, that's just what I am;
 ||: I like to read,:||
 ||: I like to read,:||
 I like to read the *Saturday Evening Post*.
 In art I pull no high-brow stuff,
 I know what I like and that's enough;
I am a one hundred per cent American,
I am,
God damn!
I am!

||: How can the un-,:||
 ||: How can the un-,:||
 How can the Unknown Soldier rest in peace,

||: While the vile Hun,:||
 ||: While the vile Hun,:||
 While the vile Hun still has his beer?
 Under Wayne B. Wheeler's flag unfurled
 We'll carry Prohibition around the world.
I am, etc.

||: I am an ant-,:||
 ||: I am an ant-,:||
 I am an anti-Darwin intellectual;
 ||: The man who says,:||
 ||: The man who says,:||
 That any nice young boy or gal
 Is a descendant of the ape
 Shall never from hell's fire escape.
I am, etc.

Mr. Woollcott dedicates his anthem to the Rotary International, the Better America Federation, the Dawes Minute Men, the Department of Justice, the American Legion, the Invisible Empire, the Methodist Episcopal Church South, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, the Kiwanis Club International, the Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, and the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States. He has refused to apply for a copyright on it. It may be performed or reproduced by any American, at all times and everywhere. It is, like Grant's Tomb and the Yellowstone National Park, the perpetual property of the native-born, free, white, Protestant people of the United States.

THE UMBILICAL CORD

BY WILLIAM SEAGLE

AMERICAN poets no longer sing of the English lark and nightingale, nor imitate Milton, Dryden, and Pope in quatrain or iambic pentameter, nor fear to be snubbed by English critics, but the inspiration of American judges and legislatures is still the English bench, bar, and Parliament. There is, properly speaking, no such thing as American law; there is only Anglo-American law.

At the end of the Revolution, the liberated colonies fulfilled the words of the English Master of the Rolls in Peer Williams' Reports, vol. 2, p. 75: "If there be a new inhabited country found by English subjects, as the law is the birthright of every individual, so they carry their laws with them, and therefore, such new found country is governed by the law of England." Each new State, either by constitutional or by statutory provision, adopted the English Common Law as it existed at the time as its own, as well as all the English statutes that had been passed by Parliament up to the end of the fourth year of the reign of James I. When the Supreme Court of the United States was organized, it announced in Rule 3: "This court considers the former practice of the courts of King's Bench and of Chancery, in England, as affording outlines for the practice of this court." Burke, in his famous conciliation speech in the House of Commons in 1775, had said: "I hear that they [English booksellers] have sold nearly as many of Blackstone's Commentaries in America as in England." Since then, to this day, as soon as a successful English law book is written, a special edition with additional American cases is got out for

the colonial trade. Thus, with due provision for a generous et cetera, there are American editions of Chitty on Pleading, Benjamin on Sales, Stephens on Evidence, Anson on Contracts, Lindley on Partnership. . . .

In 1808, John Marshall, who had already become Chief Justice, but nevertheless also acted as a circuit judge in Virginia, expressed the remarkable opinion that English decisions were to be regarded as those of an *appellate* court in America, saying, "as an appeal from the courts of Virginia lay to a tribunal in England . . . the decisions of those courts made before the Revolution have all the claim to authority that is allowed to appellate courts" [Fed. Cases, 9941]. In 1813, the New York Chancellor, James Kent, who compiled his American Commentaries upon the model of Blackstone, and thereby came to exercise a tremendous influence upon the future course of American law, referred to "all the checks which the English law and even the *Constitution of the United States* have imposed on the operation of search warrants" [10 John. (N. Y.), 262]. In 1830, a Massachusetts court, in considering the legality of compelling a witness to testify against his own pecuniary interest, observed: "In the case of the U. S. vs. Grundy, 3 Cranch 344, it seemed to be taken for granted by Marshall, C. J., that a man in a civil suit is not bound to testify against his interest. *But that was before the discussions in England and the opinion of the judges in the House of Lords*" [27 Mass., 9]. But the prize should go to the Arkansas court, which, as late as 1875, in the year of the independence of the United States

the ninety-ninth, in holding that the fourth day of July was not a holiday for legal purposes, spun this bit of philosophy [30 Ark., 630]:

The fourth day of July was unknown to the Common Law as a holiday, and though venerated by the Americans as a memorable day in their political history, it is, perhaps, but little revered by the English from whom we obtained the Common Law.

Even in 1911 an Iowa court had to overrule the contention of counsel that an English statute relating to the republication of wills, 1 Vict. ch. 26, enacted in 1837, had passed into the Common Law of the State. "We may remark parenthetically," said the court, "that the English statute referred to, which was passed in the year 1837, is no part of our written law and cannot be considered as a part of the Common Law which we inherited at the time of the Revolution" [153 Iowa, 344]. This particular statute must have been a favorite, for three years earlier an attempt had also been made to persuade a Rhode Island court to take it to its bosom. In 1912, a Maryland court, indulging again in the appellate idea of Marshall, C. J., held that a case decided by the English Court of Common Pleas and affirmed by the High Court of Chancery was to be regarded "with that deference which is due to all the cases of the higher courts of England" [117 Md., 182].

So surcharged is the current atmosphere with the possibility of another great war, this time involving the United States and Great Britain, not as allies but as combatants, that it is only prudent to disclaim here all intentions of an alarmist nature. Both Anglophobe and Anglophile are apt to discover in even the most academic discussion certain political implications. What would be the effect of such a conflict upon the Anglo-American legal entente? Would that entente be weakened? The answer is probably in the negative. The English Common Law survived both the Revolution and the War of 1812. The number and frequency of the citations of English decisions did not decrease. Chan-

cellor Kent, during the progress of the War of 1812, did not content himself with the mere blank mention of the English authorities, but continued to refer to "the able and elaborate view of Lord Camden," to Lord Mansfield and Lord Eldon as "those distinguished judges," to Lord Redesdale as "a most eminent authority," to the "sanction" Lord Hardwicke had lent to a case, and to "the judges and sages of the Common Law" in general. In the same way, the Supreme Court of the United States, in cases involving the condemnation of British vessels for violation of the Non-Intercourse Acts, cited amusingly enough the authority of Sir William Scott!

II

The effects of the legal occupation of America today are, unfortunately, not in the least in the region of "exsufflicate and blown surmises." They are all too capable of definite demonstration. Although it is commonly said that the American States adopted the Common Law only as it existed at the time of the Revolution, it was actually impossible to draw such an arbitrary line of demarkation. The Common Law when thus transplanted was still in a formative state, and unsettled in many respects. Therefore, we constantly look to the law subsequent to the Revolution to show us what it was before. This very naturally leads to a dependent habit of mind. Formally, it is generally said that "where the rules of the Common Law relating to a matter under consideration are not expressly stated in the reported cases prior to 1775, the statements of the courts of this country *and of England* subsequent to that time, especially when they do not purport to modify the Common Law, are not only entitled to careful consideration but to great weight in determining the Common Law rule prior to 1775" [(1907) 189 N. Y., 302]. In practice such a reference usually proves decisive.

In the early days the effort to build up an American system of law necessitated in

the very nature of things a long period of pure reception. What Blackstone in his Commentaries had done for England, Kent still had to do for America. I do not mean, of course, that there did not develop differences in detail, but that the fundamental conceptions remained unaltered. Before a doctrine is understood in all its ramifications it is too much to expect discrimination, and for a long time rejection of it appears unthinkable. Such a condition is inimical to healthy legal progress. It leads, inevitably indeed, to the perpetuation of legal error. A rule judicially overruled in England, or changed by legislation, having meantime been announced here, continues to be accepted. Lord St. Leonards, an observant English judge, in a letter to James Humphreys as early as 1827 clearly perceived this anomalous situation. "It is a singular circumstance," he wrote, "that whilst we complain of our law of property, and are so anxious for new laws, the infant state of America is daily adopting ours with scarcely any variation and particularly those portions of which we appear to complain most loudly."

At the distance that America was, it came about that many of our legal institutions were born as a result of a *misapprehension* of the English law. The most important example of this curious process appears in American constitutional law. Coke had early made such remarks as: "And it appears in our books that in many cases the Common Law will control acts of Parliament and sometimes adjudge them to be utterly void," but the provisions voided were mainly pure irrelevancies, unnecessary to the decision of the pending cases, usually involving the legality of the grant of royal patents. Moreover, Coke's meaning is not at all clear. If he intended to lay down the doctrine of the supremacy of law, he probably preached heresy. At all events, when Blackstone came to compose his Commentaries nothing was better settled in English law than the omnipotence of Parliament, and the

doctrine that the guarantees of Magna Charta were intended to restrain the King only, that is to say, the executive. But the colonists mistook this for the doctrine of natural and inalienable rights, especially since it fitted in so well with their favorite theory of the social compact and with that of the odiousness of tyranny.

Again, the doctrine of conspiracy in restraint of trade, which has left American labor law in such a chaotic state, is said to exist at Common Law, but was actually, in all probability, of statutory origin. After the great plague, labor became extremely scarce, and at the instigation of the masters the numerous Statutes of Laborers and Apprentices were passed in England. A laborer was required to work for whomsoever requested his services, and justices of the peace were required to fix and proclaim rates of wages. The free movement of laborers was thus restricted, and combinations of workmen for the purpose of increasing wages or reducing the hours of work were forbidden. In the adoption of the Common Law, and its amendatory statutes, the early American courts were given the power to reject so much of it as was unsuited to our circumstances. They held, curiously enough, not that these Statutes of Laborers were applicable, but that a combination of workmen was in restraint of trade and hence a criminal conspiracy at Common Law.

To the early judges, indeed, the Common Law was an immense and delightful reservoir and from it they took dubious rules whenever it pleased their prejudices to do so. Instances are to be had in abundance; one more, in a less agitated branch, must suffice. No rule is more enshrined and familiar in the popular imagination than that of Common Law marriage. Good-natured janitors are ever ready to testify that the gentleman introduced the lady as his wife, and virgins, contemplating the primrose path, intuitively feel in the existence of the rule a vague sort of comfort. But the fact is that, in a case in 1844, the House of Lords was equally divided in

opinion as to whether it had ever been the Common Law of England that a marriage could take place without being regularly solemnized according to the provisions of ecclesiastical law!

The adoption of English law imposed upon early American courts a task of criticism for which they were very little fitted. It demanded not only lawyers, but also historians, philosophers and sociologists. While it was not difficult to reject a statute forbidding poaching in the King's parks, or, in 1823, to decide after elaborate argument that the mediæval wager of law had never any existence in the United States, the judges often differed on such matters as the applicability of the statute of Elizabeth relating to charitable trusts, and the Common Law rule of water rights on navigable rivers. They did not appear to realize that the extreme technicality of criminal procedure in the England of the Eighteenth Century had a humanitarian justification in a system that visited capital punishment for many minor offenses, whereas in America the relatively mild sentences, with the retention of the technicalities, would make the administration of criminal justice a farce; or that, on nominally declaring all land to be allodial, they were applying all the feudal rules of tenure inherent in the English law of real property, so that, for instance, an alien could not take realty by inheritance; or that, while it was true that in England Christianity was part of the Common Law, in making blasphemy a crime in America they were really indirectly violating the First Amendment of the Constitution. They engaged, indeed, in what they called historical jurisprudence, but this consisted merely in reviewing the English law. The practice resulted in burdening our books with a mass of futile learning, so that to this day the American lawyer still has to refer to Fearn's "Contingent Remainders," Cruise's "Essay on Fines and Recoveries," Buller's "Nisi Prius," and Mitford's "Treatise of Pleading in Chancery by English Bill."

III

The history of legal reform in America furnishes, perhaps, the most vivid proof of the heavy weight of English precedent and example. Westward the course of legal reform takes its way—after first converting England. Until then all innovations are regarded with hostility or suspicion and interdicted usually as unconstitutional. America has had no man of the stature of Jeremy Bentham or even such a reformer as Lord Brougham. At most, we have honorable intentions. Legal reform in any country is slow and painful, but it is especially so in America. Our legal institutions are far more superannuated than the English, since we have to wait with reforms for the stamp of English approval. Chancellor Kent's observation in a case in 1813, "Our statute seems to be a transcript of the British statute," has the force of a sound generalization.

There is, for example, the case of the declaratory judgment. It was known to the Roman law, it has existed for over three hundred years in Scotland, and it is in the codes of France and Germany. But it was unknown to the English Common Law, and therefore it long remained unknown in America. The English, as early as 1850, awoke to their backwardness; the statute 13 & 14 Vict., ch. 35, sect. 1, enacted the declaratory judgment in a limited form, confining its application to the High Court of Chancery. Upon the consolidation of the various English courts in one Supreme Court it was made generally applicable by Order XXV, Rule 5 of the Rules of Court of 1883, and in 1884, 34% of all cases reported in the Chancery Division were declaratory judgments. In 1917, they ran to 66%. Only then did the reform reach these shores. Michigan, in 1919, was the first State to enact the declaratory judgment.

The Workmen's Compensation Acts reveal the same story. England passed the first in 1897, 60 & 61 Vict., ch. 37, founded on the German system, and the Act of 1906, 6 Edw. VII, ch. 58, extended its operation.

But in the United States, New York was the first to enact a compensation act. That was in 1910. It was promptly held unconstitutional and was reenacted in another form in 1913, and since then has spread to the other States. The cold reception workmen's compensation first met with in this country was due to the fact that it afforded relief in spite of the contributory negligence of the injured workman,—and the doctrine of contributory negligence was one of the most venerable and sacred pets of the Common Law. The American system of compensation covers as yet only a limited number of employments, and in very few jurisdictions has it been extended to occupational diseases. The system is most comprehensive in Germany. It infiltrated into all the high-school history text-books long ago, but the investigating committees of the American Bar Associations waited for the British Parliament to first tamper with contributory negligence before they plunged in themselves.

In other fields we still dwell in outer darkness. The English have abrogated the Common Law doctrine of conspiracy in labor disputes and accorded to labor unions full legal liberty of action; only when American labor has grown sufficiently effective politically to insist upon a similar step will the English statute be transferred. This is the Trades Disputes Act of 1906, 6 Edw. VII, ch. 47. It not only removes all restrictions on trades unions, but grants them such legal recognition and protection that there is exact truth in the much-quoted remark of a British judge, Mr. Justice Darling: "From the humiliating position of being on a level with the other associations and subjects of his Majesty, the Act of 1906 has relieved trades unions and they are now as much *super legem* as the mediæval employers were once *super grammaticam*." Even more noteworthy is the liberal construction the act has received in the British courts. But when the trusting Sam Gompers, in 1914, forced the Clayton Act through Congress, limit-

ing the use of the injunction in strikes, the Supreme Court made him understand very quickly that it meant very little.

Probably the most amazing fact of all is that the English are now proceeding to annihilate the law of real property. They intend to abolish the subtle distinctions between real and personal property that have come to be understood as almost axiomatic and to wipe out the last vestiges of the feudal rules of tenure. It will not be long before all the vast learning of Bracton and Coke and Littleton on tenures will be relegated to the limbo of antiquarian knowledge. This reform is, moreover, under governmental approval, and when a bill for the simplification of the law of real property was introduced into Parliament in 1920, and the Lord Chancellor had to adjourn its discussion, Lords Haldane and Buckmaster expressed their regret. In 1922 Parliament passed the Law of Property Act, 12 & 13 Geo. V, ch. 16, which is to take effect January 1, 1925. Its declared purpose is to assimilate the law of real and personal property.

We, however, still want the intrepidity to deal so unceremoniously with the Common Law. To protect it against assault the American courts have applied the rule that a statute in derogation of it is to be strictly construed. In other words, a statute is to be so construed so as to effect as little innovation as possible! This judicial hamstringing has become one of the most familiar phenomena of American law. It has been abrogated by statute in the last decades in about one-third of the States, but even there the piety of the judges keeps some life in it. The general tendency of our courts, and, indeed, their apparent desire, is to hold a remedial statute as simply declaratory of the Common Law wherever it is at all possible. Thus, the one really major and vital reform that the American States undertook upon their own initiative—the simplification of civil practice by a code system of pleading which abolished the distinction between law and equity and required pleadings to contain a plain

and concise statement of the material facts of every cause of action—this one genuinely native reform was held not really to change the Common Law at all, but simply to make it no longer necessary for a party to state that he was proceeding at law or equity or to baptize the action specifically in the classic terminology of the Common Law as *trover*, or *replevin*, or *ejectment*. The English, who did not begin procedural reform until 1883, have carried it infinitely further. Their statutes have been held to mean what they say. In many cases pleadings may actually be oral, and, if written, may be framed without formality before a master. Thus, Chitty, the great English book on pleading, is now antiquated in England, but is still an indispensable practical manual to the American lawyer!

IV

I do not urge here, of course, that American jurists should inaugurate a *Sturm und Drang* period in American law, and, with flushed faces and feverish pulses, indulge in a furious competition of legislative joy-riding. It is only to a certain extent, indeed, that any system of law can be said to possess an autochthonous character. There is thus a good deal of fallacy in the quaint dictum of Francis Bacon: "As waters do take tincture and taste from the soil through which they run, so do laws vary according to the regions where they are planted." This conception of law as a natural growth, adumbrated by Savigny and elaborated by his disciple, Puchta, has long since been exploded as not only mistaken in philosophy but as dangerous pragmatically, for it leads to a kind of Greek fatalism, inimical to all directive effort. The theory of Jhering of law as a means to a desirable end, to be accomplished by a process of conscious borrowing and adaptation, is far more serviceable, and is gradually coming to be acclimated by American law writers, although it has as yet hardly affected our courts.

But for such a scheme of legalistic dynam-

ics to prosper, there must be an end to the hegemony of any single system. Comparative jurisprudence is one of its useful instruments. American judges and legislatures have, indeed, been engaged in comparative jurisprudence for a century and a half, but alas! they have employed only one standard of comparison. We must try to get rid of our old habit of thanking God for the Common Law. The extreme optimism of Coke, who called it "the perfection of reason," and the constant panegyrics bestowed upon it by Blackstone are equalled if not outdone by the American Courts. A Georgia judge once even suggested that the Bible was the foundation of the Common Law! There survives a hampering tendency to regard it as a system whose basic principles are fixed, immutable and eternal.

Even the most intelligent American jurists sometimes fall victims to this cachexy. The most lyrical, perhaps, is, of all persons, Dean Roscoe Pound, of Harvard. In his very recent book, "The Spirit of the Common Law," he triumphantly traces the spread of the Common Law over various and diverse portions of the globe, everywhere conquering and displacing its rival, the Civil Law. The truth is that the Civil Law is a far more universal system than the Common Law, and often I think that the American colonies would have done much better to begin with it. If the Common Law is supplanting the Civil Law, the explanation is certainly not in its inherent superiority, but rather in the success of British imperialism. The Civil law is, of course, far from perfect, but so is the Common Law. The former has kept its place in Louisiana, and strongly affects several other southern States. Within the very circle of the British Isles, it is established in the Channel Islands of Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark. The American colonists did not accept the Common Law because it had convinced them of its merits. There was, in fact, a good deal of popular opposition to it, almost, in some instances, leading to riots. The English

system of equity, for instance, was never fully adopted in Pennsylvania until nearly the middle of the Nineteenth Century. The colonists adopted the English law for a reason that is so obvious that it has been lost sight of, and when stated has the air of a paradox. They adopted it simply because it was embodied in books written in the English language.

But, most astoundingly, when, at the close of the Nineteenth Century and the beginning of the Twentieth, Congress admitted into the Union a whole series of new States, consisting of Arizona, Colorado, the Dakotas, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Utah, and Wyoming, each of them proceeded to enact that the Common Law of England, as it existed at the time of the Revolution, should prevail, and with it all the acts of the British Parliament prior to the fourth year of James I. Thus began all over again the implantation of the English law in America, and we have the spectacle of American courts on the prairie proceeding to determine if this or that statute of Henry, or Elizabeth, or James, or George is or is not applicable. "The common law is a *complete* philosophy of legal relations . . ." hymned a Colorado court in 1912.

V

Last Summer three thousand members of the American Bar Association made a pious pilgrimage to London. Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes put away the dreadful burdens of his lofty office and headed the pilgrims. London breathed the atmosphere of imperialism. All roads in London led to the British Empire Exhibition, the international Macy's, representing on a gigantic scale the glory of the Dominions—unity in diversity. All the colonists of the Empire streamed into the capital. The heart of Kipling throbbed. The American Bar Association had come to erect a memorial to Blackstone. For ten days there were

parasols and top hats, garden parties, afternoon teas, dinners and receptions. The visiting jurisconsults wandered about the Royal Courts of Justice and the Inns of Court: Gray's Inn, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple. After days of festivities, in the presence of a great and distinguished audience, in the central hall of the Law Courts, a plaster cast of the statue of Blackstone, representing him in robes and wig, with a legal tome under his left arm, was unveiled. There was a speech of presentation. There was a speech of acceptance. The speeches need not be reported *ipsissimis verbis*. All such speeches refer several times to "our common heritage," several times to "our common traditions," and several times to "the two great English-speaking peoples." There is also always a joke about the American Revolution.

For some time after these ceremonies the pilgrims lingered on in the motherland to see the sights. Upon a visit to Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washingtons, Secretary Hughes spoke of "the veneration in which the name of the foremost American patriot is held by the people of Great Britain." The Solicitor General said that the destiny of the peace of the world was in the hands of the two great English-speaking peoples. [*Cheers.*] The Dean of St. Paul said that the history of the American nation began only 150 years ago, but the history of the American people went back as far as King Alfred, who was known to have hundreds of thousands of lineal descendants in America today. [*Laughter.*] Finally, when the pilgrims began to depart, some to return home, others to visit the Café de la Paix, the *Times* printed a long editorial beginning "The Captains and the Kings of the Common Law are departing this week." . . . It suggested that in future it might be a good idea to have a member of the House of Lords sit with the Supreme Court of the United States!

NANTUCKET

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

I HAVE been to Nantucket. Not that there is anything unusual in that. A great many people go to Nantucket. It is one of the troubles with Nantucket. But their going has resulted only in making more strikingly visible than anywhere else a paradox of our national life, the paradox of the Puritan artist. Old Nantucket town is, of course, always described as quaint by the condescending Summer visitors to whom quaint is merely synonymous with different. Its streets and lanes were, and are, narrow and crooked, and many of its houses small, or at least seemingly small. But quaint was never the adjective anyone truly sensitive to beauty would apply to the town. Individually, and in the mass, the architecture of old Nantucket was and is extraordinarily dignified, in its quiet simplicity and nice proportions, beautifully adapted to the lay of the land—the swelling hills above the harbor, the crooked streets, the rolling moors beyond—and often really exquisite in its restrained use of ornamental detail. One thinks of the wrought iron fence in front of the middle Starbuck house in Main Street, in that row of three brick mansions, a fence curiously suggestive of some delicate Adam ceiling converted into metal, or one thinks of any one of a hundred Georgian door-frames, painted white, and forming the only ornamentation on a gray-shingled front beside the winding street—on the door a brass latch and knocker, above it a delicate fan-light, or a green fan-blind. Nearly every other American town, once rich in Eighteenth or early Nineteenth Century architecture, has been injured by

the intermingling of later buildings, but by a curious set of economic chances, old Nantucket has almost entirely escaped, and remains today architecturally much as it was when the crest of the whaling prosperity enabled the islanders to build it more than a century ago. It is as near a perfect record of what our Yankee forefathers considered a seemly town, what they regarded as desirable in their dwellings, as can be found anywhere.

So much for that. The whaling industry died. Nantucket fell on evil times. The population shrank. Nobody built any new houses. They even abandoned some of the old ones, and migrated to the mainland. Then the Summer folk discovered the island, and today, just outside the old town, along the bluffs, a new town has sprung up, a town of Summer cottages. Similarly, across the island, at 'Sconset, quite surrounding the tiny fishing hamlet which used to be there, has sprung up a seaside and Summer city of houses and hotels. Patches of the moors have been ironed out into golf-courses. Tar roads have been laid for automobiles. Cheek by jowl, the new and the old may be seen and compared. And the work of our forefathers emerges quietly triumphant. Indeed, its victory is so complete, so ridiculously easy, that I, for one, felt a kind of shame as I wandered over the island.

For be it noted—and here is the paradox—old Nantucket was built by the Puritans, by a God-fearing, hard-working, close-fisted and none too literate people, who knew a vast deal more about whales than they did about art, who read their Bibles and little else, and who openly

flouted the pomps and vanities of the mainland towns, not to mention those of the Old World. Yet, when they built a town of their own, they achieved an artistic unity of effect unknown today, they wrought every detail not only fittingly but beautifully, and, though they were undoubtedly working in a style common to the times, they achieved a definite individuality within that style, so that you could never mistake a Nantucket house for a Salem house, so that they expressed themselves, their island, their way of life, though doing it in the current American adaptation of the Georgian mode. Then came the sophisticated moderns, laughing at the Puritans, scorning the Puritan attitude toward art, blaming on the Puritans, in fact, most of the childishness or crudity of American artistic expression—and the best these moderns could do were hideous casinos, sprawling cottages with verandas stuck all over them helter-skelter, houses with broken and meaningless roof lines, windows badly spaced and without style, ornamentation without dignity, gingerbread trimmings, and nothing, anywhere, that had repose, unity, beauty of outline or detail, or even adaptability to its site. The Nantucket Puritans, knowing nothing about art, created it. The moderns, who must know a lot about art since they talk about it so much, created something which is its utter negation. The matter calls for explanation.

II

While I was at Nantucket it chanced that several exponents of the New Psychology were there, too, giving lectures on how to bring up children to express themselves, how to conquer adult inhibitions, and otherwise how to overcome the terrible curse which Puritanism has laid upon the American people. There was a great deal of talk about competing with the East wind. But these new psychologists seemed oddly contented with the new architecture. Give them a bath, a golf

course, a filling station, and a chance to talk about art and self-expression, and they appeared quite happy in houses which were the last word in ugliness. To worship art and create ugliness, or to scorn art and create beauty—which is the more useful procedure? I looked, and listened, and formed certain conclusions.

In an old history of the island I found an illuminating sentence. The early settlers, back in the Seventeenth Century, according to this writer (himself a descendant of the original islanders) "encouraged the immigration of mechanics and other artists." *Mechanics and other artists!* An artist, then, wasn't a fellow who wrote books, which many of the islanders in those days couldn't read, or plays, which all of the islanders would have regarded as wicked, or who expressed himself in painting pictures—except crude portraits or pictures of ships. He was a mechanic who made necessary and useful things, and expressed himself by making them strong and fine and seemly. Go to the oldest house on the island, built in 1686, and examine the wrought-iron hardware, such as the batten shutter hinges. These little strap hinges, with arrow or round points, have a certain sturdy grace and individuality which is captivating. Much of the later brass hardware was probably brought from England, but the houses were not. They were built by "mechanics and other artists," built to endure, and built beautifully. These artist-mechanics also built, no doubt, the whaling ships which were towed out across the bar and sent around the Seven Seas. Trust a seafaring folk to know beautiful lines in a ship when they behold them! And beautiful lines in a ship mean lines adapted to the purpose of that ship. The men who built our wooden ships a century ago were perhaps the best carpenters we have ever produced, and they had few equals anywhere. In the appreciative seaport towns, they worked with similar skill on dwellings and public buildings, with unfailing resourcefulness in meeting individual prob-

lems of construction and detail, and an unflinching sense of balance and proportion. They did not collect proportion and detail from architects' plans; they had them in their heads, the result of long and loving practice in adapting their material to the requirements of use, and long familiarity with a tried style.

I stayed, on the island, in an old house dating from before the Revolutionary War. It looked deceptively small from the street, so well did its simple lines, its plain block front, merge into the general scheme of the neighborhood. Actually, it was commodious and comfortable. The paneling over the fireplaces was early Georgian, without a shelf, the mouldings heavy and the horizontal panels twenty-four inches wide. So well had they been joined, and so firm were the foundations of the house, that not a crack or seam showed after almost two centuries. Save for this paneling and a nicely turned newel-post in the hall, the house had no interior decoration beyond the simple cornices and the moulding around the door and window frames. Yet it did not in the least suggest austerity or bareness. It suggested quiet comfort, ease, a sense of beauty without ostentation. The turned brass andirons, brightly polished, the brass topped shovel and tongs to match, the gaily painted bellows, the gay picture of a clipper ship under full sail on the wall, the chairs of a warm mahogany or painted and decorated, each one a shapely and charming object in itself, were not "collected" for this house. The owners had them. They had always been there. The house was practically unchanged, comely and comfortable, a work of art because it was so eminently a dwelling and so obviously beautiful as well. It wasn't created by people who talked about art, or who had theories of architecture and decoration, or, for that matter, of self-expression. It was created by people who had taste, who wanted a ship to look shipshape and a house to look home-ly, and all the objects of daily use to please the eye—and knew instinctively,

from long practice with tools, how to achieve their desires.

The Puritans of Nantucket left behind no poems and plays, but to say they left behind no art is ridiculous. They left behind an entire town which is a work of art, in its way as charming, and as nearly perfect, as anything in the Old World, and utterly different from anything in the Old World,—a unique expression. They were able to do this because, to them, art was expressed through the crafts, and every man who used a tool (which meant almost every man) was an artist. None of them wrote sonnets, but I for one am not at all sure that the three red brick Starbuck houses are inferior to most of the productions in *Contemporary Verse* or even in Miss Monroe's *Poetry*. At any rate, if we today can write better poems than they wrote, what is the gain if we build hideous houses to write them in, and surround ourselves, while we babble about art, with objects of horrendous shape? One emphasis is at least as good as another, as much entitled to respect. To say the Puritans repressed the creative side of man, banished art from life, is to speak falsely. As even their very earliest craftsmanship showed, they found their channel of artistic expression in the creation of dwellings, ships, furniture, all the objects of daily use. They developed an instinctive respect for sound workmanship and a sense of fitness which made use and beauty one. It would harm nobody if there were more of such taste in America today.

III

What actually destroyed Puritan art was Jeffersonian democracy plus the machine. Go through a Nantucket house, not one of the Starbuck mansions, but an ordinary house, examining the old furniture and trim, then go through the pages of a Sears-Roebuck catalogue devoted to furniture and woodwork—and weep! The modern man has had no experience in building a house or in making a chair, or in using any sort of tools, for that matter.

Behind him are three generations for whom everything has been machine-made, and made not in accordance with a fine and accepted style, either, but according to fads and fashions and in the cheapest way. He has no tradition of craftsmanship, no tradition of an aristocratic and beautiful style, no understanding of such things. None of his surroundings expresses him, because he has had nothing to do with creating them. Therefore he doesn't comprehend what artistic expression is. Yet perhaps there is one exception. Almost any American man today is a judge of beauty in a motor-car, he instinctively *feels* beauty in a car which expresses with its long wheel base, its streamline body, its close contact with the road, that sense of boring power he wants it to express. This may not make him a good judge of literature and the drama, but it is a genuinely æsthetic reaction—often the only one he has. It is something to work from. He is asking of a machine-made product that it combine beauty with utility by fitly expressing its purpose in its shape. If, beyond that, his only drama is a movie, his only music the wailings of the radio, his only domestic art a *Ladies' Home Journal* suburban bungalow and a set of Sears-Roebuck golden oak, why blame the Puritans for it? Blame, rather, a century of machine products made for profit only, a century when every man believed he could be a Calvin Coolidge or a J. P. Morgan—and wanted to be, a century when art was looked down upon not because it was wicked but because it was trivial and unworthy of the attention of business men divinely ordained to get on in the world.

The Puritan concern with salvation, admittedly, left little room for intellectual concern with worldly literature. The Puritan suppression of the natural man no doubt persisted as a national trait and helped to keep much of our literature namby-pamby. But our homogeneous Puritan civilization nevertheless did produce art, and a very beautiful, original and

enduring art, which we of today are going back to more and more. It was an art based on craftsmanship, the art of making pots and pans, chairs and tables, houses and whole towns, dignified and beautiful, the art of adapting beauty to daily service. That art we have almost entirely lost ourselves, and our plaintive efforts to recover some of it are evidenced by all the *House Beautiful* magazines, and the craze for collecting antiques. Instead of expending so much breath blaming the Puritans because "The Adventures of Anatol" wasn't written by a citizen of Utica, New York, or because John S. Sumner tries to pass a Clean Books law, or because a movie kiss in Pennsylvania is limited to thirteen feet of film (or is it three?), it might be useful to point out that the Puritans didn't invent billboards, that they built beautiful houses, and built them honestly, that in all their ways of daily life they sought to express as finely as they could what they considered worthy of expression.

We think a great many things should be expressed which they didn't. All right then; for Heaven's sake let us express them! Nobody is really going to stop us if we do it well. But to blame the Puritans for our lack of "creative literature," when all around us lie evidences of our own complete lack of any art sense at all in the basic utilities of life, utilities which the Puritans made beautiful for sheer love of a good job well done, is a shiftless man's excuse for his own inefficiency. Certain it is that until the common man knows when his house is beautiful, he will not know when a statue is, and until a false and ugly house hurts him, a false and ugly book will not. Until we can build a modern town as gracious and as beautiful as old Nantucket, we are scarcely in a position either to crow over our æsthetic superiority to the Puritans, or to blame them for all the shortcomings of our art. They left us a heritage of taste which could have been expanded to all branches of artistic creation—and we threw it away.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Chemistry

THE WOOD ALCOHOL BUGABOO

By L. M. HUSSEY

SEVERAL of the popular beliefs and superstitions that have come in with Prohibition are of particular interest to the chemist. For example, the notion that most of the illicit liquors vended by bootleggers contain poisons—a notion diligently propagated, it may be added, by the Anti-Saloon League. Popular legend has established the exact nature of these poisons. Mainly, they are believed to be fusel oil and wood alcohol. Now and then other toxic substances are mentioned, but the public mind fixes itself chiefly upon these two. It sees in them two dreadful and ever-present dangers.

The idea is that wood alcohol may lurk in any bottle, but fusel oil, by the knowing, is especially referred to the fresh distillate from a fermented mash, known as moonshine. Everyone admits that if moonshine liquor could be stored, for a time, in an oak barrel, it would rid itself of its fusel oil, just as legal whiskey, during the ageing process, is believed to do so. Let us look into this theory. First, let it be remembered that all whiskey is at one point in its making no more than moonshine. Whether the still is tended secretly in some hidden mountain fastness, or operated under governmental supervision in an established factory, in both instances the products that first trickle from the cooling-coil are essentially the same. Both are fresh distillates from a fermented mash. Both have an offensive smell and taste. The subsequent difference is that the moonshiner jugs his goods at once, stench and all, and disposes of them forthwith, whereas the legitimate manufacturer puts

—or put—away his whiskey in charred oak barrels, there to age for a term of years.

The physical and gustatory results of this ageing process have been long familiar. From evil-odored white-mule the new whiskey, in the course of a few years, is converted into an amber-colored fluid of a certain characteristic fragrance. The color consists of extractives from the oak barrel. As for the fragrance, it is the result of interesting and complex chemical changes. In the first place, due to the partial exposure to the air afforded by the wooden container, many of the minute quantities of evil-smelling substances present in the fresh distillate are oxidized to odorless end-products. Thus, the hydrogen sulphide and sulphur dioxide that are found in raw spirit take up oxygen and become odorless. Pyrrole, which is sometimes present, resinifies. The phenolic bodies, together with some of the aldehydes and acids, form in the course of time resinous condensation products that are without odor.

But meanwhile, in the development of the characteristic flavor of old whiskey, other aldehydes and acids and such substances as furfural have been increasing in amount. And also, startling as it may appear in the light of the current superstition, the fusel oil too has been increasing! The truth is, indeed, that old whiskey contains much more fusel oil than fresh moonshine and that, within reasonable limits, the older the whiskey gets, the more fusel oil it will show on analysis. The same is true of furfural, a poison less known to the public but one of the important secondary products of distillation. In a recent analysis of new rye

whiskey—in other words, moonshine—an average fusel oil content of 266.4 parts per hundred thousand, or about $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1%, was found. The same sort of liquor, after ageing, showed an average fusel oil content of 35/100 of 1% with a maximum of more than $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1%—an increase, at the maximum, of over 100%. These studies, made by Thorpe, are substantiated by the work of Crampton and Tolman, who undertook regular examinations of seventeen samples of Bourbon, ageing in the wood, over a period of eight years. The minimum increase in fusel oil that they found at the end of eight years was 40%, with a maximum of 70%.

The hard fact of these analyses explodes utterly the current idea that moonshine, on account of its presumable excess of fusel oil, is a highly unsafe beverage. The fact is that, however badly it may smell and taste, analysis has yet to show that white-mule contains any poison, in any significant amount, other than the well-known and scarcely dreaded ethyl alcohol. If fusel oil is to be feared, newly bottled moonshine is actually from fifty to a hundred percent safer than whiskey that has been ageing for any length of time in the wood.

Lest this last statement be misinterpreted, it is important to add that fusel oil, as a poison in any kind of whiskey, new or old, is largely a myth. Some years ago a British Royal Commission on Whiskey investigated the then current idea that the ill effects of whiskey drinking resulted from the presence of secondary products of the fermentation—fusel oil, furfural, etc. According to the report of this commission, all these secondary products are actually so negligible in amount that they are incapable of producing any marked physiological effects. As for fusel oil specifically, Baer has published studies demonstrating that no physiological effects of its chief constituent, iso-amyl alcohol, are noticeable in a beverage mixture until more than 1% is present. The average aged whiskey

contains no more than a third of this much fusel oil.

So much, then, for the fusel oil myth. What of that other popular poison, wood alcohol? Elements in the toxicology of wood alcohol that make for dramatic emphasis have probably caused it to be singled out from other possible poisons as an object of especial dread. Nearly everyone knows something of its reputation for producing blindness—the result of retrobulbar neuritis and retinitis. But do the facts show that it is at all frequent in the beverages of today? The answer is negative. Indeed, the chance of getting poisoned by wood alcohol grows daily more remote. It lessens for the simple reason that the manufacturing bootleggers of the Republic are beginning to understand a bit more than they did about the chemistry of their art and mystery.

In the first place, it is scarcely conceivable that wood alcohol should ever be directly and deliberately added to a beverage intended for sale. Its appearance in such a beverage can never be more than an inadvertence, and that inadvertence only indicates that all the secret redistillers of denatured alcohol have not yet mastered their craft. The average professional bootlegger, at least in the great centres of culture, does not deal in moonshine whiskey. His product must have a taste and an odor more friendly than that of raw spirit. He markets it in bottles that are imitations of former legitimate styles, under counterfeit labels and seals. When the bottle is opened the taste must at least remotely suggest that called for by the label. To manufacture such an article it is necessary to have, as its basis, an alcohol without odor, to which may be added appropriate flavoring and color.

Moonshine, on account of its stench, cannot serve as the alcoholic basis for these synthetic beverages. The manufacturing bootlegger must have ethyl alcohol, which is to say, ordinary grain alcohol, and it must be more or less pure. This he derives, for the most part, from denatured

alcohol, which is pure ethyl alcohol containing offensive or poisonous substances that render it unfit for beverage use. But by a simple process of redistillation it is often possible to remove the poison and recover the pure alcohol. It is this redistillation—this processing, as he calls it—that the manufacturing bootlegger undertakes.

The fact that there is now a huge consumption of denatured alcohol by the bootleg trade is shown by the reports of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. In 1915, a little less than 15,000,000 gallons of denatured alcohol were consumed in the United States. The war, of course, gave an enormous impetus to its production, for it was necessary in the manufacture of many products required for war use. Thus, in 1917, the report shows that more than 55,000,000 gallons were consumed. But by 1921 the total amount had dropped to 23,000,000 gallons—a normal consumption, considering the natural expansion of ordinary manufacturing use.

After 1921, however, when the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect, the employment of denatured alcohol in the bootleg industry made itself apparent in the official figures. A study of reports dating from 1907 shows that its use had been increasing, on an average, about 1,000,000 gallons a year. Therefore, if 23,000,000 gallons were consumed in 1921, the 1923 report of the Commissioner should have revealed a production of, say, 25,000,000 gallons. As a matter of fact, the 1923 report revealed, instead, a production of 60,000,000 gallons—more than the maximum war consumption! In short, 1923 found the United States from twenty to thirty years ahead of its schedule in the use of denatured alcohol. The difference between a theoretical 25,000,000 gallons and an actual 60,000,000 gallons represented the approximate demand of the bootleggers.

Every gallon of that denatured alcohol contained, when it left the distillery, more

or less actively poisonous denaturants. But when one compares the vast consumption with the relatively few authentic cases of dangerous poisoning, it becomes obvious that the toxic denaturants are being rather carefully removed. The bootlegger has learned, indeed, just what kind of denatured alcohol he may safely process and what kind he had better avoid. The most primitive form is methylated spirit, or alcohol containing ten percent of wood alcohol. Methylated spirit is universally avoided by manufacturing bootleggers because of the fact that no ordinary distillation will separate the two alcohols in the mixture. This difficulty is due, mainly, to the fact that methyl and ethyl alcohols boil within approximately twenty degrees of each other—a margin too close for practical fractionation.

Instead of methylated spirit the manufacturing bootlegger turns to a number of the special formula alcohols sanctioned by the Internal Revenue Bureau. The primary purpose of a special formula alcohol is to permit, in particular industries, the use of special denaturants. For example, specially denatured alcohols are used in the manufacture of chloroform and ether, where methylated spirit would be useless. Again, it is not permissible to employ methylated spirit in toilet preparations, rubbing alcohols, etc. For these products special formula alcohols are necessary.

Thus avoiding the dangerous methylated spirit, the bootlegger himself disposes of the myth that wood alcohol is common in post-Volsteadian beverages. The fact that he does avoid methylated spirit is borne out, (1) by official reports of the State boards of health, which seldom show wood alcohol as a constituent of confiscated beverages; (2) by the 1923 report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, which shows that over 30,000,000 gallons of special formula alcohol were consumed in that year—three times as much as in 1921.

The cruder special formula alcohols contain such toxic substances as kerosene, pine oil, pyridine, ether and nitrotoluol. Some of these denaturants, such as kerosene and pine oil, make the alcohol useless to bootleggers, inasmuch as minute amounts, distilling over in the process of rectification, give bad odors to the resultant beverages. On the other hand, the efficient bootlegger would probably not hesitate to process a denatured alcohol containing $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1% of the pyridine bases, although their odor is also somewhat persistent. Ether is not, to the secret distiller, a formidable denaturant, nor need it be very carefully removed. Analyses, indeed, have revealed its presence in bootleg goods. It has no formidable physiological effects. Its effects, in fact, are very similar to those of ordinary grain alcohol, but less persistent.

Of these more common special denaturants the most dangerously poisonous is nitrotoluol. As little as a gram of either the ortho or para modifications might prove fatal. The symptoms are marked prostration, intense pallor and convulsions, with subsequent coma. Like hydrocyanic acid, it prevents the hæmoglobin of the blood from functioning as oxyhæmoglobin—in other words, it causes tissue asphyxia. But although the nitrotoluols, in various amounts, have been used as denaturants, the chance of their presence in beverages derived from denatured alcohol seems remote. Ethyl alcohol boils at 78 degrees Centigrade, while the boiling point of ortho-nitrotoluol is 233 degrees Centigrade, and the para modification boils a few degrees higher. The wide margin between these boiling points permits a mixture of alcohol and either substance to be separated quite easily by distillation. So far as I am aware, poisoning from nitrotoluol inadvertently present in case-goods is almost unknown.

Indeed, the knowing bootlegger seems to be quite astute in his choice of denatured alcohols. He seeks those special formula varieties that exhibit the phenomenon of

widely margined boiling points, or he obtains a denatured alcohol in which the poisonous denaturant does not boil at all. One of the denaturing formulae in use calls for the addition of less than $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1% of methyl violet, an aniline dyestuff, to the grain spirit. A special formula alcohol of this character is a boon to the private distiller, for there is no fear that the slightest trace of the aniline dye will distill over with the spirit.

Again, the special formula alcohols sanctioned for toilet and medicinal uses find their way, now and again, to the still. Their popularity, to the distiller, lies in the fact that they are necessarily free from volatile poisons. Such crude toxic substances as benzene, pyridine, naphtha and wood alcohol cannot, since they are to be used on the skin, be in them. A recent formula, sanctioned for a rubbing alcohol, contained, for example, methyl anthranilate and zinc phenolsulphonate. Methyl anthranilate has a very high boiling point and zinc phenolsulphonate does not boil at all. Both substances are poisonous, but neither, considering the ease of separating them, is likely ever to appear in bootleg goods.

It becomes apparent, then, that there is neither scientific nor practical foundation for the current belief in the wide prevalence of poison-bearing liquors. Scientifically, there is practically no chance of finding poison in moonshine. The common sophistications of whiskey, consisting of colored and flavored alcohol, may conceivably contain the poisons derived from denatured alcohol, but the processing they undergo reduces that chance to the vanishing point. As against the disingenuous alarms of the Anti-Saloon League one may oppose a recent statement of Dr. Lythgoe, director of the Food and Drug Division of the Massachusetts Department of Health. The director says that his laboratories have examined 6,841 samples of liquor in the past year. "The worst thing found in this liquor," he says, "has been alcohol."

Meteorology

THE NEW OUTLOOK IN WEATHER FORECASTING

BY CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

ONE of the worst prophecies ever made by a man of science is to be found in the *Annuaire* of the French Bureau des Longitudes for the year 1846 (published in 1845). Its author was the great Dominique François Arago. Like other eminent astronomers before and since, Arago was confounded in the public mind with astrologers, among whose foolish occupations, from time immemorial, had been the prediction of the weather. Unscrupulous publishers had not hesitated to attach his name to prognostications for which he was in no way responsible, just as the almanac-makers still falsely ascribe to the elder Herschel a nonsensical table for forecasting weather changes from the phases of the moon. Irritated at being forced to play so ignoble a rôle, Arago published in the *Annuaire* a memoir in which, to judge from the title, he intended merely to prove that the science of meteorology, as then constituted, was unequal to the task of making successful weather predictions, but in the course of which he was rash enough to utter the following dogmatic statement:

Never, no matter what may be the progress of science, will honest scientific men who have a regard for their reputations venture to predict the weather.

In the original the "never" (*jamais*) is printed in capital letters, and the rest of the sentence in italics!

Even when this emphatic pronouncement was published several persons had already foreshadowed our present-day methods of weather forecasting, the realization of which only awaited a further extension of the electric telegraph. In 1855—two years after Arago's death and only ten years after the utterance of his *jamais*—another French astronomer, Le Verrier, founded the European system

of telegraphic weather reports, and furnished the model for the services of forecasting now existing in nearly all civilized countries.

Arago had not reckoned with the telegraph. Perhaps even today most people do not realize that the rapid collection of reports from distant places is the prime requisite of practical weather prediction. Leaving out of account certain inchoate efforts at long-range forecasting, which deal with the general trend of the weather rather than with changes from day to day and place to place, a modern scientific forecast is always based upon a chart of the meteorological conditions prevailing over a wide expanse of territory. Improvements in weather forecasting go almost *pari passu* with improvements in the weather map. Ideally, the forecaster should have before him, when he makes his prediction, a picture of the atmospheric conditions prevailing at the same instant over the whole earth—or at any rate over an entire hemisphere—and not only at the earth's surface but also at high levels. Intimate relations between the weather happenings of places thousands of miles apart have long been recognized, and equally important relations between the conditions of upper and lower atmospheric strata are becoming apparent. Actually, the ideal is far from being attained, but the falling short not nearly so great as it was even a decade ago. Telegraphy gave us the synchronous weather chart, and thus revolutionized meteorology. Radio has recently improved the chart to such an extent that a new era has been inaugurated in forecasting.

The new methods have been most fully realized in Europe. Before the World War the interchange of reports between the different countries was seriously hampered by delays in telegraphic transmission, but now the quicker radio has almost completely supplanted wire telegraphy. In each country the observations made at

the various meteorological stations (generally four times a day) are centralized at a single point and communicated to other countries by high-power radio stations. To each of these broadcasting centers are assigned certain hours of the day for sending out their weather reports. Beside these reports for international use, issued in each country from one to four times a day, reports are, as a rule, sent out from several less powerful stations in each country for local use, giving somewhat more detailed information concerning the weather within the limits of the country. Special reports of upper-air conditions, as observed by means of kites and balloons, are issued from certain high-power stations for the benefit of forecasters and aeronauts throughout Europe, and there are also local systems of aeronautical weather reports (usually issued every hour during the daytime) along particular air routes. Finally, the radio station on the Eiffel Tower serves as a sort of international clearing-house of weather information; broadcasting collective reports of observations taken at a large number of stations all over Europe and northern Africa, and also collective reports received by radio from the United States Weather Bureau, containing the results of observations taken at weather stations in the United States, Canada and Alaska, and on board ships in the western part of the Atlantic.

Partly by cable and partly by radio, the forecasters also receive reports from numerous islands in the Atlantic and Arctic Oceans, including the Azores, the Canaries, Iceland, Spitsbergen, Jan Mayen, Bear Island (north of Scandinavia) and the east coast of Greenland; to say nothing of a rapidly increasing number of reports radioed from ships at sea, and even, on occasion, from exploring expeditions in the Arctic regions. Both in the promptness with which reports are transmitted to them and in the geographical extent of their weather map, European forecasters enjoy advantages that were quite unattainable before the advent of wireless

telegraphy. Moreover, the codes used for transmitting weather messages have recently been greatly enlarged and elaborated, so that the data furnished by each weather station are far more detailed than they were under the old system.

On this side of the Atlantic wire, telegraphy is still the principal means of collecting weather reports for the use of the forecaster, though it is supplemented by radio in many ways. Thanks to favorable arrangements with the telegraph companies and the use of an ingenious circuit system of centralizing reports simultaneously at many places, the United States Weather Bureau has never suffered the inconveniences that formerly prevailed in Europe in the matter of weather telegraphy; and this applies not only to domestic reports but also to the exchange of observations with Canada and Mexico. We are, however, indebted to radio for the prompt receipt of weather reports from Europe, the Far East, many outlying points in high latitudes, various oceanic islands, and, last but not least, from vessels plying the high seas. Wireless weather reports from vessels, though by no means a novelty, have only lately emerged from the experimental stage. They are particularly valuable as an aid in getting timely notice of tropical hurricanes, and, so far as American forecasters are concerned, in safeguarding the approaches to the Panama Canal, where such storms menace many millions of dollars' worth of shipping every year.

Perhaps the most striking example of the advantages of the radiotelegraphic weather service is that afforded by recent experiments with a so-called floating weather bureau. Mariners at sea formerly had no means of keeping in touch with storm developments and other atmospheric conditions affecting navigation, except as they might be inferred from local indications or from the occasional sight of a storm signal displayed on shore. At a later stage, beginning even before the World War, the regular broadcasts from

high-power radio stations greatly improved the situation, and at the present time the sailor, even in midocean, enjoys the benefit of wind forecasts, storm warnings and the data of observations taken on land and sea, with which he can, if he so desires, construct his own weather maps. There is still, however, need of a closer contact between the professional forecaster and the mariner, which can be attained only by locating the former in the midst of the shipping he is expected to serve.

For the past two years an intermittent service of this kind has been maintained by French meteorologists on board the training ship *Jacques Cartier*, during occa-

sional transatlantic voyages. Daily weather maps are drawn from reports supplied by vessels within call and from the radio bulletins issued from the Eiffel Tower and Arlington. Forecasts prepared from these charts are sent out from the ship by radio for the information of other vessels over a wide area of the Atlantic. Last year the United States Weather Bureau detailed one of its principal forecasters to assist in this undertaking and report on its merits. The results thus far have been so successful that we may expect to see permanent services of the same character established before long on all the main ocean highways of the world.

Pedagogy

TEACHING THE YOUNG TO THINK

By D. W. FISHER

ONE of the current fallacies in education lies in the notion that we ought to teach the young how to think, but that we ought not to teach them what to think. We ought, according to this doctrine, to tell them to seek the truth, but we ought not to tell them what is the truth. It sounds very simple; and it would save a great deal of trouble. The unfortunate thing about it is that it is impossible. It is the sort of doctrine that might occur to a man who thought about educating the minds of the young in the same terms in which he thought about training the bodies of the young. You can, indeed, teach a boy how to strike a hard blow with his fist, without teaching him what or whom to strike. But you cannot teach a boy how to think without also teaching him what to think.

It might be disputed that a modern bricklayer uses his mind in building a house. It will not be disputed that he uses a set of very obvious and material tools. And it is a commonplace to say that a thinker, such as a chemist or a mathematician, uses a set of immaterial and intellectual tools. He uses, as we say, the tools of thought. But what is easily

overlooked is the fact that the tools of thought are themselves thoughts. Any teacher who knows what he is about must know that when he offers such tools to a student he is offering him certain thoughts, and ones that frequently seem rather difficult to grasp. He is teaching the student how to think; but he is doing it by teaching him what to think. He is teaching him what to think, not perhaps in detail, but in principle and in general outline.

The modern masters of the more exact physical sciences have a pleasant way of assuring us that the most fundamental thing in any science does not lie in knowing what to say, but in knowing what are the important topics of conversation. It lies not so much in knowing the proper answers as in knowing the proper questions. But they mean by this, of course, something vastly more difficult than appears on the surface. After all, knowing the proper questions in a subject is a form of knowledge. And when you teach a boy the proper questions in a subject, which in fact are the fundamental principles of the subject, you are teaching him thoughts which happen to have occurred to better thinkers than himself.

The dictum that we ought to teach the young how to think, but that we need not

teach them what to think, is a thinly disguised confession of pedagogical failure. The old do not set a very inspiring example to the young when they say that they know how to think, but that they do not know what to think. They do not set an inspiring example to the young when they say that it is important to seek the truth, and then add that they themselves have found so little of it that they hesitate to teach the truth, even in its faintest outlines. Only an age which is intellectually bankrupt could think up so preposterous a device for lifting itself by its boot-straps.

The effect of this on the student is very much what might be expected. The modern pedagogue, in the less exact mental and social sciences, says: "We cannot teach you what to think. We might be injuring your mind if we asked you seriously to entertain any of the thoughts of such out-of-date men as Plato, Aquinas or Leibnitz. We will tell you how to think; but we will not venture to tell you what to think. We will give you the tools of thought; but we will refrain from giving you any thoughts. We will even give you the raw materials of thought; but we will studiously avoid giving you any finished products. We will give you the method of a science; but we will not stoop so low as to give you any science."

The student sees through this obvious claptrap. His reaction to it is the not unnatural rejection of the whole hocus-focus of modern education. To all of it he says in substance: "I agree with you. I won't have any of the finished product.

I go farther: I won't bother with the tools or principles of thought; you confess that you yourself have never been able to employ them with any success. I won't even bother with the raw materials of thought; you admit that you have never been able to do anything with them. If I do any thinking, I will do it unhampered by your tools and technic, or by your raw materials. You confess that your own modes and materials of thought have led you precisely nowhere. You admit that you are skeptical about your subject; I am even more skeptical. You admit that you are no authority; I agree that you are no authority. In fact, I do not believe in authorities. I do not much believe in education. And neither do you."

There will be real teaching when the old approach the young not only with the belief that the search for truth is important, but also with the belief that the finding of truth is possible. And that will happen when and if the old, or at least the mature in intellect, have found truth in some measure. Men will begin to teach when they begin to believe that they have found something worth teaching, as they once believed in ancient Athens, and in mediæval Bologna, Paris and Oxford. When that day arrives, they will say: "We have a profound conviction that you ought to seek the truth"; and they will not add: "We have a profound doubt that you will ever find any truth." They will say: "We have a clear idea of how you ought to think"; and they will not pause to say: "We have no idea at all of what you ought to think."

WILLIAM KIDD, GENTLEMAN

BY HOMER H. COOPER

THE essential fact is simple: Captain Kidd was innocent. For more than two hundred years he was execrated by all good Christians as the worst pirate ever heard of; now he must be stripped of his infamy and put among the martyrs. But to the evidence:

William Kidd, the son of a respectable Scotch clergyman, was born in the year 1654 at Dundee. The nature and extent of his schooling are not related, but since in manhood he displayed a great liking for literary composition we may assume that his reverend father afforded him the usual benefit of clergy. We know that he went to sea very young. We find him in command of a frigate for the king, acquitting himself with distinction under his admiral's eye in the war with France.

When he was thirty-five years old, he appeared in the Colony of New York—a merchant shipmaster of high repute, owning a home of his own in Liberty Street, possessed of a comfortable fortune and enjoying the good opinion of his fellow-townsmen. An official certificate of his worthiness is to be found in the Proceedings of the Provincial Assembly of 1691, which voted him a gratuity of £150 for his services in suppressing the disturbances attending the arrival of Governor Henry Sloughter. And, when he married a widow of good family, the clerk wrote it down in the license: "William Kidd, gentleman." Occasionally he tied his ship to her dock in East River and gave aid to the colony by taking out a man-of-war to chase pirates and French privateers away from the coast.

In the year 1695 Kidd celebrated the

forty-first anniversary of his birth with his wife and daughter, and then sailed away to London. While his brigantine was loading a cargo in the Thames, destined for New York, he went ashore one night and in a tavern met Robert Livingston, a fellow-colonist and friend of long standing, then taking a fling in London society. It was a fateful meeting. Livingston's wealth and rank had brought him into contact with Richard Coote, Earl of Bellomont, a young and ambitious Irishman who had just been appointed to be royal governor of the New England colonies. "I send you, my Lord, to New York," said King William III to Bellomont, "because an honest and brave man is wanted there to put down the swarm of pirates who infest our North American coast and who wax rich on English commerce. I believe you to be that man." Bellomont promptly asked the King to assign for the purpose a British armed frigate. The King referred him to the Lords of the Admiralty, but they denied his request; all British naval vessels were urgently needed at home to protect the tight little island against the French. When Bellomont related his rejection by the Admiralty, the King himself suggested the idea of a private enterprise, financed and operated by a select company, to put down the pirates, and, as a side line, to privateer upon French shipping. The plan promised large profits. "I, myself, will invest £3,000," declared William III. "I shall propose to my ministers that they raise as much more."

The word was passed around quietly. Lord Bellomont had but to hint at royal participation, and John Somers, Lord

Chancellor and leader of the Whig government, affixed his signature to the agreement. There followed the Earl of Shrewsbury, a Secretary of State; Sir Edward Russell, Earl of Orford, First Lord of the Admiralty; the Earl of Romney, Master-General of the Ordnance; and Sir Richard Harrison, a wealthy merchant whose experiences with pirates had been persuasive. So eager were these able Englishmen to come in that the King decided to renege on his own subscription, but announced that he would nevertheless take a substantial share of the profits for originating the idea! The others raised £6,000 sterling and elected Lord Bellomont to manage the syndicate.

His first quest was for a commander. In anticipation of his office in the colonies he had consulted Robert Livingston frequently. He now told Livingston of the syndicate's plans and asked if he could suggest a valiant and honest seafaring colonial to command the expedition.

"I can, my Lord," answered Livingston. "I supped with him last evening. Captain William Kidd, of New York port, now master and owner of the brigantine *Antigoa*, lying in the Thames."

Bellomont immediately desired Livingston to produce Kidd and to aid in enlisting his services. Livingston replied by asking for a share in the syndicate. Bellomont declared the subscription list closed, but mentioned that an arrangement whereby Livingston would become surety for Kidd might induce the noble participants to open a side door. Livingston then sought out Kidd and laid the project before him. Kidd bluntly refused to consider it. He protested that he was prosperous in his regular employment, had a home and a happy family to cherish, and did not care to engage in exploits full of hazards for the small wages that Bellomont offered. Livingston countered with another proposition: he and Kidd should be partners; he would give bond in the sum of £10,000 that Kidd would be faithful to his trust, and he and Kidd should receive a percent-

age of the profits. This suggestion appealed to the Scotch blood in Kidd, and he authorized Livingston to negotiate with the syndicate on that basis. Lord Bellomont reluctantly agreed, and an elaborate indenture was drawn between the syndicate-owners on the one hand, and Livingston and Kidd on the other. By it Bellomont undertook to procure a letter of marque and reprisal directing Captain Kidd to capture and condemn enemy commerce, and also a special royal commission commanding him to capture pirates. Kidd's compensation was fixed at seven and one-half per cent of the net profits, and Livingston's at the same.

The letter of marque was quickly forthcoming. The Earl of Orford, sitting in the High Court of Admiralty, affixed his signature with the same quill he had used to sign the syndicate agreement. Six weeks later, under the Great Seal of the kingdom, solemnly attached thereto by Lord Chancellor Somers, and in the name of William III, by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, there was issued, directed to "our trusty and well-beloved Captain William Kidd," a special commission authorizing him to apprehend, seize and take into custody pirates, freebooters and sea-rovers of all nationalities, with their ships and vessels, merchandise and money, cargo and crews, and to bring the same into port for trial and disposition according to the law of nations.

No word of the profit-sharing appeared in either document, but it was understood the King should have ten per cent, and the rest should be divided as had been agreed. Shortly afterward, the understanding was ratified publicly, and so the world was informed that Captain Kidd, financed by a patriotic aristocracy and without expense to the state, would make the seas safe for democracy. The Great Seal and the approval of the Lord Chancellor assured legality; the renown of Kidd, the wealth of Robert Livingston, and the aggressiveness of Lord Bellomont promised success. A

parallel project today would embrace the President of the United States, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, the Chief Justice of the United States, the Governor-General of the Philippines and J. Pierpont Morgan, and its aim would be the organization of a Massachusetts common law trust to engage Col. Izzy Einstein to capture pelagic bootleggers on a commission basis!

II

The *Adventure* galley was bought and outfitted at Plymouth. She was of 287 tons burthen and carried thirty-four guns. Only seventy seamen could be found willing to enlist in Plymouth, so Kidd sailed for New York, where he was better known and where he believed he could recruit a full crew. En route the *Adventure* picked up a small French merchantman, which was properly escorted, with a prize crew aboard, to New York and turned over to his majesty's authorities on July 4, 1695. Along the wharves at New York Kidd posted his "Join the Navy and See the World" banners. Eighty men responded—eighty deep-sea shellbacks who were willing to risk their casual lives and a year or two of inconsequential service for a conjectural share of prize money—not sober, self-respecting sailormen, alas, but the riff-raff, rag-tag and bob-tail of the water-front, deserters, brawlers and, doubtless, in some cases, broken and unrepentant ex-pirates.

On September 6, 1696, the *Adventure* sailed from New York. First it cruised the West Indies, but not a pirate was found. Then it crossed the Atlantic and rounded the Cape of Good Hope into the Indian Ocean, just as the King had commanded. Madagascar in those times was the lair of freebooters who preyed upon rich East Indianmen. Nine months out of New York the crew of the *Adventure* sighted its fertile shores—nine utterly fruitless months. Provisions were low. Captain Kidd had no money to buy anything. The crew already was mutinous. After inquiry among the

natives Kidd quieted his men with promises of early captures, and sallied forth to seize some pirates reported to be near by. But the pirates had received tidings of his coming and of his mission, and they disappeared.

One day soon afterward the lookout sighted a small merchantman. Suspecting her to be French, Kidd hoisted French colors on the *Adventure*, and the other promptly did the same. The *Adventure* ran alongside, only to discover that the captain of its quarry was an Englishman named Parker, who had run up the French flag in self-protection. Kidd boarded the ship, looked at her papers, and removed a bale of pepper, a bag of coffee and a few gold pieces from some traders, and let her go. Later he swore that the captive really sailed under a French pass. At most this was petty larceny on a captive of doubtful nationality, committed only to pacify Kidd's turbulent crew. But Captain Parker, as soon as he was freed, hurried to England and started a report that Captain Kidd of the *Adventure*, pretending to capture and punish pirates for the King, in reality had turned pirate himself! The political enemies of the Lord Chancellor quickly seized upon the charge, and let no opportunity escape to spread the news that the Whig who presided over the House of Lords, the Keeper of the Great Seal himself, was directly responsible for the destruction of British shipping!

Meanwhile Kidd was leading a monotonously eventful life in the Southern seas. A Portuguese warship, too strong for the *Adventure*, unwarrantedly chased him and wounded many of his crew. Sundry small and inconsequential craft were taken, but turned loose with the captive crews unharmed. Aside from a few yards of silks and some bales of spices and coffee and opium, the harvest was no greater than twenty pieces of Arabian gold. Thus for a month. Then the dread diseases of the tropics invaded the forecastle, and Kidd's gang of roughs became unruly to the point of mutiny. For some days the captain was prisoner in his cabin while the crew per-

versely sailed to and fro, admittedly in search of what they might devour. William Moore, a gunner, was the head of the mutineers. One day late in October, when they sighted the *Loyal Captain*, a Dutchman, they called Kidd to lead them to its capture or be himself shot. Hostile witnesses later admitted that he obstinately refused, declaring he was not come to take any lawful trader save Frenchmen and that if the crew attempted any such thing they should never come back on board the *Adventure* nor have her small boat or small arms, for he had no commission to take any but the King's enemies and pirates, and if they persisted and took the Dutchman he would attack them with the *Adventure* and drive them into Bombay. Kidd prevailed, but Gunner Moore was full of remonstrances.

"I could have shown Captain Kidd a way to take the *Loyal Captain* and that without risk," he proclaimed afterwards as he ground a chisel on the deck, not knowing that Kidd was within hearing.

"Which way could you have put me in a way to take this ship and been clear?" demanded Kidd.

Poor Gunner Moore, caught before his shipmates, retreated behind a lie.

"Sir," he answered, "I never spoke such a word nor ever thought such a thing."

Captain Kidd's scornful disgust was expressed in a voice everyone heard.

"You lousy dog!"

A roar of laughter taunted the gunner into open defiance. "If I am a lousy dog," he cried, "you have made me so; you have brought me to ruin, and many more."

The ship careened. A cord smacked against the mainsail. The captain looked about him. Now, if ever, was the time to squelch this insubordination and maintain his authority. Kidd knew only the practice of the sailor. He grabbed a heavy wooden bucket bound with iron hoops and swung it over his head.

"Have I ruined ye, then, ye dog?" he shouted. "Take that!" and whirled the bucket full to the gunner's head. Moore

fell, and the boatswain carried him below. The ship's surgeon found a fractured skull. Moore died the next day, but the mutiny continued to smolder.

A few days later they sighted a distant freighter. Kidd, as usual, hoisted a French flag to see what the freighter would fly. Surely enough she, too, hoisted French colors. A few shots from the *Adventure* lowered her sails. Kidd came alongside and bellowed for her captain to come aboard. While a boat was being lowered, Kidd directed one of his crew who spoke French to pretend to be the captain of the *Adventure* and to greet the visitor. The ruse worked, for the captive's commander was delighted to meet a fellow-citizen who spoke his language and who glibly read aloud the pass he produced.

"Ah, ha, I have catched ye, have I?" roared Captain Kidd, as he reached for the French pass. "Ye are a free prize to England!"

By now nearly a twelvemonth had passed since Kidd sailed from New York, and he was still conforming to the letter and the spirit of his royal commission. Yet, years later, it turned out that the captive was really Moorish and carried clearance papers and flags from many lands to be used as discretion dictated, and so Kidd was convicted of piracy upon her because, for reasons presently to be revealed, he could not then produce her French pass. The Moor yielded two horses, some quilts and a few trinkets. The crew was carried to Madagascar and released.

III

December brought little luck—thirty tubs of butter from a small ketch—and January about the same, until the last day of the month. Then the *Quedagh Merchant* was captured. The *Merchant* hove to when hailed and sent a Frenchman in a small boat to the *Adventure*. Kidd learned that his visitor was not the master, and sent for the latter. This time the small boat came back bearing one Wright, a swearing

Englishman, who, however, had been a tavern-keeper in France. Wright pointed to the French flag at Kidd's masthead as an excuse for his own use of it and produced clearance papers. Kidd later swore they had been issued by the French government, but unfortunately for himself, he failed to allow anyone else there to examine them, but stuck them in his jerkin, and sent a prize crew to take possession. After putting Wright in irons, Kidd crossed to the *Quedagh Merchant*. He found his captive manned by Dutchmen and Moors and chartered by a party of Armenians, who were on board. The latter offered Kidd 20,000 rupees for their release but he refused, saying he had some doubt of his right to take the ship at all, notwithstanding its French pass. The crew, hearing this conversation, adjourned to the fore-castle and conferred. They voted to retain the *Quedagh Merchant* regardless of Captain Kidd's scruples or commands. It was so ordered. The ship was a noble prize. She was large and new and carried a cargo worth perhaps £100,000. The *Adventure*, no longer seaworthy, was fired and the *Quedagh Merchant* became Kidd's ship. At the nearest point they landed the Armenians and crew and sailed back to Madagascar, where Captain Kidd sold great quantities of spices and silks and divided the proceeds with his crew exactly as he had agreed.

Privateering, at last, had proved profitable. Soon came a chance to catch a real pirate. The notorious Captain Culliford, commanding the *Resolution*, was reported in the neighborhood. Members of Kidd's crew, on shore one day, met members of Culliford's crew and struck up an acquaintance. Overnight a hundred of Kidd's men deserted and joined Culliford, taking along all but about £20,000 of Kidd's booty from the *Quedagh Merchant*. If Kidd had been the successful pirate he is portrayed, it is hard to believe his rascals would now have quit his fine ship to enter Culliford's doubtful service. Deprived of most of his seamen, including nearly all

his gunners, Kidd deemed it rash to attempt to capture Culliford, and so sailed away.

About this time an English man-of-war rounded the Cape and distributed copies of a new and startling proclamation by the King. One of them soon fell into Kidd's hands. He was astounded to read that a price had been put upon his head and that the British navy had been commanded to capture him at all costs. He learned that he was charged with piracy on the high seas and was classed with the notorious Henry Every! So eager was the Admiralty to apprehend him that it offered a pardon to all pirates who would surrender within a fixed period, save himself and Captain Every!

Although disturbed by the proclamation, Kidd little realized the seriousness of his situation. He could not know that his syndicate had broken up, that Bellomont was far removed from the political scene and in bad favor, that Lord Orford had resigned, and that Lord Somers no longer controlled a majority in Parliament. He never dreamed of the wild and exaggerated reports of unlawful seizures, murders and other crimes charged against the *Adventure*, painting him as the arch fiend of the deep, or that Lord Somers' enemies affected to believe the syndicate had been aware from the beginning of his alleged character and designs. Nor did he know that Lord Howe had raved in Parliament: "What is to become of the country, plundered by land, plundered by sea? Our rulers have laid hold of our lands, our woods, our mines, our money. And all this is not enough. We cannot send a cargo to the farthest ends of the earth but they must send a gang of thieves after it."

Lord Somers and his clique were forced to answer the charges. True it was, they admitted—for they could not deny it—that the King's government had commissioned this Captain Kidd, but it had done so for laudable ends and upon great assurance of his virtue. Now it develops that he is a scoundrel and a scourge. The gov-

ernment meant well, but it was deceived. If the Opposition, and Lord Howe especially, will be patient, this knave shall be caught and dealt with like any subject who disobeys the King and is false to his trust. The explanation was received with cheers by the Whigs. The Cabinet approved a form of proclamation by the King, and the Admiralty surprisingly found that it could spare a whole squadron of warships to hunt down and capture Captain Kidd.

Kidd read the proclamation off Madagascar again and again. It puzzled him. With such of his crew as had not abandoned the ship, he turned the *Quedagh Merchant* westward to find Lord Bellomont. His career had now lasted from August to January—barely six months—and yet he had already, in all innocence, achieved the reputation of being the world's worst pirate! When the *Merchant* touched in the West Indies for water and provisions, Kidd found an old friend just from New York who warned him to stay away from the American coast. Kidd scorned the advice, declaring he had done nothing wrong. On the contrary, he anchored the *Merchant* in an obscure harbor and bought the fastest sloop he could find. To it he transferred the residue of his booty, and hurried home for vindication.

A stop for water was made in Delaware Bay. Here Kidd received such alarming tidings that he approached New York port more warily. He slipped the sloop around the eastern end of Long Island and put in at Oyster Bay. He sent to New York to retain a lawyer, one James Emmott. Emmott joined Kidd at Oyster Bay, explaining that Lord Bellomont was in Massachusetts. Kidd weighed anchor and sailed to Narragansett Bay. Here Emmott landed and went overland to find Bellomont at the governor's house in Boston.

The transactions between Kidd and Bellomont are found in Bellomont's reports to the Lords of Plantations and Colonies, in letters from Bellomont to Kidd and from Kidd to Bellomont, and in voluminous affidavits taken from numerous people

at the time. The negotiations are not altogether creditable to either, but smack of the times. Kidd, knowing Bellomont's cupidity, sent presents of jewels to Lady Bellomont and held out tempting news of large treasures to be divided by the syndicate. Bellomont accepted the presents, and by Emmott, with the postmaster of Boston as witness, returned a communication pledging his word of honor to respect Kidd's liberty and suggesting the immediate delivery up of the spoils. However, before landing, Kidd, coached by Emmott, who distrusted Bellomont, decided to leave the most valuable part of his booty in safe keeping.

At the eastern end of Long Island Sound is a small wooded island now known as Gardiner's Island. In June, 1699, an honest colonist named John Gardiner, its owner and occupant, for a small consideration permitted Captain Kidd to bury there a large chest. Poe's "Gold Bug," Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island," Washington Irving's "Wolfert Webber," and a thousand other yarns to the contrary notwithstanding, this was and is the one and only genuine Captain Kidd's treasure. I may here anticipate the chronology a bit to add that the chest was dug up within a fortnight upon Lord Bellomont's orders. Its contents were inventoried and appraised by a committee of colonial officers. The swag included about 200 bars of silver, an enamel silver box containing six diamonds, a gold ring, six bags of gold, a handkerchief of gold, a coral necklace, two silver candlesticks, sixty-seven rubies and other precious stones, and a few coins. Other booty subsequently found on board the sloop included fifty-seven bags of sugar and thirty-eight bags of calico, muslin and silk. The gold weighed 1,111 ounces and the silver weighed 2,353 ounces. The appraisement of the colonial committee fixed the value at approximately £5,000. That was all there ever was of Captain Kidd's fabulous treasure, for which gullible men have been digging ever since. Just who kept it does not appear in the records, but

there is good reason to believe that Bellomont never parted with it.

IV

Having deposited his treasure, Kidd went boldly to Boston and talked to Bellomont privately. For a week he frequented the streets, and the men of his crew told their tales in the market-place unmolested. Apparently his negotiations with the governor were eminently successful. But suddenly the wind changed. Bellomont became unfriendly. Maybe he suspected Kidd was holding out on him. Reports were abroad that Kidd had concealed millions on the *Quedagh Merchant*, left at San Salvador. Disgruntled and rum-drinking members of the crew were responsible for stories that he had stopped in the Carolinas to bury huge chests along the shore. These stories subsequently were disproved, but at that time Bellomont believed them. *In vino veritas!* he reflected, and called Kidd to account. Kidd denied the reports vigorously. Still Bellomont was dissatisfied. In a letter to England he mentions that Kidd, now rejoined by Robert Livingston, was acting "impertinently" about the money and valuables, but he fails to mention that the impertinence was a request by Kidd and Livingston for their contractual share of the booty Bellomont had lifted from Gardiner's Island. Finally, the Colonial Council learned of the stories in circulation, and suggested that Kidd be arrested. This was promptly done, and Bellomont wrote to his superiors for directions, saying that he had no power to try any man for a capital offense. While his letter was traveling to London, Bellomont dispatched the fastest ship he could get to the Carolina coast and to the West Indies to look for the reputed concealed treasures. It came back empty.

In January, 1700, instructions were received by Bellomont to send Kidd and his crew to England in irons. Almost five years to a day after receiving his commission as the "trustworthy and well-beloved servant" of

the King, he was locked up in Newgate Prison. For more than fifteen months he lay in his cell, *sans* money, *sans* friends, *sans* influence and *sans* *habeas corpus*.

His arrival brought to a sharp crisis the struggle between the contending political factions. The government was rocked by disclosures of fact and of fiction. Governor Bellomont was directed to transmit to the House of Commons all papers relating to Kidd and to the syndicate. Some one located the Armenians who had been deprived of the *Quedagh Merchant* and persuaded them to present a petition to the House, asking that Kidd be examined touching the premises. Several times Kidd was taken into Parliament and interrogated. He admitted capturing and despoiling the *Quedagh Merchant*, but urged justification in his royal commission to capture enemy merchantmen and in certain French passes he said he had taken from her master. The claim, if substantiated, relieved him and squarely placed responsibility upon the government.

A committee was appointed to sort out the documents received from Lord Bellomont. The report of the committee delighted the King's ministers. "We find the royal commission but no French passes," it said. One last effort was made to bring the members of the syndicate into it. It took the form of a resolution by the Opposition to declare the commissions illegal and void, notwithstanding the Great Seal. This would have made it possible to convict all the syndicate of conspiracy. The resolution was defeated by the narrow majority of thirteen votes. No obstacle now remained to prevent the government proving its own virtue. Upon petition of officers friendly to Lord Somers, His Majesty graciously directed that Captain Kidd be proceeded against according to law.

On May 8, 1701, the King's mandate for the holding of a special grand jury was read in Old Bailey. Trials for piracy in those days were common enough, but this accused shipmaster and his nine underlings were led before an assembly of bigwigs

that would have adorned the trial of a prince for high treason. Sir Edward Ward, Lord Chief Baron, presided. With him sat Sir Henry Hatsell, Baron of the Exchequer; Sir Salathiel Lovell, Recorder of London; Sir John Turton and Sir Henry Gould, Justices of the King's Bench, and Sir John Powell, Justice of the Common Pleas. Counsel for the Crown included Dr. Oxenden, the Solicitor-General himself, and Mr. Knapp, Mr. Coniers and Mr. Campbell. For William Kidd, the defendant, and for the nine co-defendants, appeared no one. By the law of England at that time prisoners tried for crime were not allowed to have counsel unless a point of law was involved.

In less than an hour from the convening of court, the grand jury had signed and returned six indictments. Five charged William Kidd and nine seamen with acts of piracy on the high seas. The sixth, an apparent afterthought, accused Kidd of having murdered Gunner Moore. As soon as the grand jury had reported, the prisoners were called to plead to the first indictment, for piracy. Kidd was asked to hold up his hand.

"May it please your lordship," objected Kidd, "I desire you to permit me to have counsel."

"What would you have counsel for?" asked the Recorder of London.

"My Lord, I have some matter of law relating to the indictment, and I desire I may have counsel to speak to it."

"What matter of law could you have!" exclaimed the judges, denying the request.

So it went on, with Kidd pluckily refusing to plead to the indictments unless he could have counsel. He had been held prisoner with no chance to muster witnesses or to assemble documents or to prepare any defense. The ink on the indictments was scarcely dry. Finally he was forced to say that he was seeking delay so that he could procure the French passes. He was intelligent enough to know that the keystone of his defense was the pro-

duction of these papers. But his prosecutors were equally well informed, and they were determined that he should have no chance to produce them, assuming they existed. They told him that if he did not plead at once the court would pass judgment of death upon him. Kidd said, "I cannot plead until I have these papers; if I plead I shall be accessory to my own death. If you will give me a little time to find my papers, I will plead."

Kidd remained so obstinate that the Solicitor-General decided to change the order of the proceedings and try him first for the murder of Gunner William Moore. Here the production of the French passes would be quite immaterial. So the other nine prisoners were sent back to the Old Bailey and the clerk read the indictment for murder. Kidd again sought to obtain delay and to have the representation of counsel, but the judges arbitrarily refused. So he pleaded not guilty and stood trial.

V

The principal witness for the prosecution was Joseph Palmer, a member of the crew who was promised immunity from all prosecution to testify against his former commander. Corroborating Palmer's highly colored story was Dr. Bradingham, the ship's surgeon, enjoying similar immunity. The witnesses were led through their stories by the Solicitor-General, after which Kidd was asked if he cared to cross-examine them. He put a few questions, seeking to prove a mutiny and that Gunner Moore was rebellious, but Palmer swore there had been none. But Richard Barlicorn, one of the nine prisoners, was brought to the witness-stand at Kidd's request and testified that there was a mutiny and that Moore was the leader. Hugh Parrot, another member of the crew, likewise said that the reason Kidd struck Gunner Moore was that Moore was insubordinate. Finally Kidd himself exclaimed, "I had all the provocation in the world given me; I had no design to kill

the gunner; I had no malice or spleen against him."

Anyone who reads the summing up of the evidence by the court will have no difficulty in ascertaining what verdict the judges favored. But even so the jurors remained in some doubt, and their verdict was not returned so quickly as was expected. Evening was descending when the twelve filed in.

"Are you all agreed of your verdict?" asked the clerk.

"Yes," they responded.

"Who shall say for you?"

"The foreman."

"William Kidd, hold up your hand," called the clerk. "Jurors, look upon the prisoner. Is he guilty of the murder whereof he stands indicted, or not guilty?"

"Guilty," said the foreman.

"Look to him, keeper," said the clerk.

But the keeper had little occasion to look to Kidd. The prisoner had never left the dock. Scarcely had the jurors retired to consider the evidence in the murder case before he was forced to trial again. Notwithstanding his inability to produce his defense, he was told that he must plead to the indictments for piracy or suffer judgment of death by default. So, perforce, he and his nine men pleaded not guilty. New jurors were sworn without examination, and the prosecution, led by the advocate for the Admiralty, Dr. Newton, and the Solicitor-General, made an opening statement longer than the remainder of the entire trial. It was in the midst of this opening statement that the verdict of guilty in the murder case was reported to the court.

Kidd again faced Palmer and Bradingham as hostile witnesses. The seizure of the *Quedagh Merchant* was the particular offense charged, but the witnesses were allowed to tell everything that happened on the entire cruise and also, unquestionably, a number of things that did not happen. When Kidd objected to this irrelevant testimony, the court overruled his objec-

tion on the ground that his whole course of conduct tended to prove his violation of the terms of the royal commission. He repeatedly demanded production of the French passes, but the prosecution only taunted him by asking him to produce them if he knew where they were. He replied that Lord Bellomont once had them from him. They neglected to tell him that Lord Bellomont had died while Kidd was in prison. He soon realized the utter hopelessness of his defense.

"It is vain for me to ask any questions," he said. "It is hard that the life of one of the King's subjects should be taken away upon the perjured oaths of such villains as Bradingham and Palmer. Because I would not yield to their wishes and turn pirate they now endeavor to prove I was one. Bradingham is saving his life to take away mine. I have some papers, but my Lord Bellomont keeps them from me so that I cannot bring them before the court."

Again the learned Lord Chief Baron summarized the evidence in such a way and in such terms that Kidd knew his fate before the jurors were asked who should speak for them. Already doomed to die for murder, he was once more found guilty of a capital offense. Trial upon the remaining indictments was had on the next day. Kidd no longer interposed any defense. He was hopeless and he knew it. He was sentenced to be hanged six times. Thus came vindication for the King's ministers, and for the King himself!

VI

Few contemporaries contended that Kidd was lily-white, but many wondered that his trial had been made such a farce. If he was so guilty, why all that greasing of the skids? The French passes taken from the two merchantmen obviously would have afforded a defense to the indictments for piracy. He had demanded them, but they were not produced, and he was given no chance to get them. Did they exist?

For two centuries no one outside the

inner circle knew. Eventually a curiosity-seeker located the letter that Lord Bellomont had sent to Kidd from Boston when Emmott, his New York lawyer, opened negotiations upon Kidd's return from Madagascar. Beside promising safety and freedom and suggesting an immediate delivery of the spoils, Bellomont said: "Mr. Emmott delivered me two French passes taken on board the two ships which your men rifled, which passes I have in my custody and I am apt to believe they will be a good article to justify you . . ." Not long ago this letter led Ralph D. Paine, the writer of books about ships and sailors, to search through the musty files of the English Public Record Office. His labor was rewarded when he found the original French pass issued to the *Quedagh Merchant* for the voyage on which she fell a prize to Captain Kidd. She had sailed in the name of the minister of commerce for the Royal East India Company of France in the Kingdom

of Bengal. Kidd had spoken truly. As for the conviction of killing Gunner Moore, one need read little history of life before the mast two hundred years ago to believe that the death of a mutinous seaman during the administration of ship's discipline was not ordinarily punishable, in those days, as murder.

Kidd weakened after his conviction and before his execution. During the week that intervened, he wrote letters claiming that he, alone, knew where was buried a vast treasure and promised to deliver it up if his life were spared. This eleventh-hour effort failed. He was hanged at Execution Dock on the margin of the Thames. His body was covered with tar and left to dangle on the gibbet as a warning to all sailormen.

In modern parlance, Kidd was framed. For two centuries he has been a prince of villains. Now he begins a new career as a martyr.

MORE WORK FOR UPLIFTERS

BY JAMES STEVENS

As the new societies for the enforcement of sexual purity upon the American male have not yet come before the public with tables of figures prepared by experts, and as the carnal statistics gathered in the days of licensed sin reveal the conditions of that time only, precise knowledge of the prevalence of chastity among the mass of plain Americans of the heroic sex is difficult to obtain. The only investigators I know of have studied, apparently, only three classes—the farmers, the working men and the little business men. Their conclusions agree that virtue exists among the farmers not at all, but that there is already a degree of it among the workers of the cities, and that a very respectable number of small-town business men now hide a great deal of actual rectitude under their bluster of worldly wisdom and romantic enterprise.

The little business man, according to these inquiries, lives chastely because living otherwise is apt to have a sequel in scandals that are hurtful to his credit. I believe that the motive is given too much weight. A better guess is that Babbitt lives angelically because of his nature, which has no other devotion than trade. His mind is never as grand as a mountain, but it is usually as densely occupied as an ant hill; it swarms with industrious, tiny thoughts that carry no wine of the blossom, but are only dull little traffickers, something above vermin but more common. They are incorruptible guardians of his purity. Scandals of unchastity, once so productive of jubilant adventure for the gossips of Main Street, now make a very feeble noise. His confidants only yawn when

Babbitt tells them of his imaginary adventures. They know that it is all only a devilish pose, and akin to the naughty pose of the traveling salesman.

The Prohibition movement gathered momentum in the small towns only when the scandal of drunkenness was abated and tamed; the movement to enforce chastity will get up steam only when the lovers of adventure begin to protest against the actual tameness of their lives. The pose of the little business man will then be taken as a real picture of him and his lies about his secret deviltries will be broadcasted as true horrors. The doctrine will appear everywhere that thousands of unfortunate individuals, names not given, would be the ornaments of their communities if the amorous aftermaths of evening automobile parties were prohibited, and an earnest program for that prohibition will be roared about until it is made into a law for all of us. The little business man will support such a law, for his mind, for all his sinful talk, really inclines him to chastity, as it inclines him to sobriety. He will see in the new statute a solid reason for abandoning his painful and unnatural pose as a frolicking faun. It will shine before him as a triumph of his own virtuous instincts. It will seek to make others live as he lives, and so give him an austere sense of rectitude, and a new dignity as a good citizen.

What classes, then, will suffer? Not that of the husbandmen certainly, for chastity is as impossible on the farm as it is troublous and painful in the towns. From infancy the agriculturalist has before him examples of the dreadful passions of the

beasts, who first discover to him the mystery of mysteries. In the fields he usually works alone, and the life around him inspires him to loose and lush meditations. The hot, heavy air of the haying season, laden with the aphrodisiacal odors of clover, affects him like a sensuous drug as he drowns on the mower seat. Much of his life is spent in this drowsy riding, not only on the mower, but also on the rake, the binder, the gang plow, the disk, the roller, the grain drill, the corn-planter and the cultivator. Great sweating horses plod brutishly as he wills; he breathes the earthly odors of stirred soil, and the heavy scent of the hay falling over the droning sickle. He lives among brutes and strong odors. How could angelic ideas blossom in such a life? He may think a great deal about his God when he grows old, but he is stung in the flesh while he is young. He must be valiant and strong, indeed, to overcome the temptations that beset him. The marks of the bitter struggle are on most farmers; nervous disorders rage among them.

For the farmer does struggle fiercely. He puts on righteousness as an armor against the devil; he tries to lose himself in labor; but the voices and shapes around him remain earthy and unashamed; they are images of sin to his tormented soul. His play at the day-end is not among crowds under lamps, but with one in the moonlight and shadows. His are wayside wooings on country roads, where every lonely lane and every silent grove is an incitement to hazardous lingering. He cannot fail to yield to such overpowering temptations, and so he is oppressed by a helpless sense of his weakness against sin; remorseful, embittered, he becomes its most violent hater. Live among country people and the highest talk you hear will be on the consequences of sin, the wrecks of men and women who have succumbed. Has a noble dream or a vision of beauty ever come directly from the fields? I think not. But they are the source of all the fanatical moral and political uprisings that shake

the world—all of them symptoms of the farmer's rage against the evils that overcome him. The notion that the open spaces breathe a spirit of simple virtue is only another of the idiocies of the poets, who forget that true country fairy, the satyr. When the poet goes to the fields he admits that he himself is made amorous by the clover bloom, yet he would have it that the farmer, a simpler and more carnal man, is uplifted by the same hellish scents.

II

The suffering working class of the cities is the unwilling martyr, in this great free Republic, of every righteous cause, and it will be the chief victim when the cure of unchastity is officially begun. Unlike the trader's, the laborer's mind repels practicalities and he is glad to forget his job when the day is done. Unlike the farmer, he has to seek temptations rather than avoid them. Unselfconscious, unpretentious, he is the eternal child, and he can only show hurt astonishment when he is convicted of sin. He is the guinea pig of the sociologists, and is always the first to be given a new serum for all the sorrows of the world. After much kicking and squealing he escapes—only to be taken and dosed again. Cured of drink, he has now turned to amour. He pursues his new diversion innocently enough; he is nearer the philanderer than the libertine; but the legend which pictured him as a wife-beating sot in other days indicates what accusations will be fired at him in his new rôle, once the state undertakes to save him again.

A drinking laborer myself after my fifteenth year, I have seen little worse than noisy social drinking in the industrial districts of the big cities. Only in the small ranch towns of the West have I seen whole groups of men insanely drunk. It was a common occurrence in sagebrush saloons for drunken sheep-herders to baa idiotically like their sheep. There, too, pop-eyed cowboys would break forth with lunatic

yells after the fourth drink, and the honest homesteader would glower and snarl unintelligibly over his liquor, and then drive furiously from town at a late hour, answering the howls of the coyotes with screams of rage, a possessed man when he reached his lonely home. Such men went mad over the temporary ease and freedom that alcohol gave them.

The town laborer drank his beer innocently, sociably and temperately—in his home, in some friend's home, or in his club, the cheap saloon. Such drinking was the main part of his social life; it was destroyed by Prohibition, and he had to devise a new release from the agony of living. Except for feeble experiments in home-brewing he has now abandoned alcohol; it is prohibitively costly, and group-drinking, his true delight, has become difficult, for in towns the law is always around the corner and the working man cannot bribe it. Prohibition thwarted his pleasure for a long time; it denied him solace in the dark depression of 1921; it very nearly made a sad, dull fellow of him. But now he has something new—and it is something that shines with the most glittering and sinful splendor beside the puny little wickedness of the days of beer. For, in spirit at least, he has joined the gay unchaste. After two years in small mill and ranch towns, I have again visited the industrial cities of the Northwest and found him so. His old coarse, boisterous jovialness is gone, and he has etiquette, but a light of hell is beginning to shine again in his eyes. He has come out of the confusion of the war, he has recovered from the depression of the first years of peace, and his physical energy and appetites have been fed by two years of prosperity. He no longer pouts and cries against Prohibition as he did when he half believed that his harmless drinking was the monstrous iniquity that the legislatures voted it to be. Now his resentment is gone, the preachers are forgotten—and when he is not at labor he innocently pursues the unterrified flapper of his kind.

In any study of the new American working man first consideration must be given to the effects upon him of the dance-hall and the small automobile, the two most powerful agencies of Venus in his life. The astonishing increase of both is evident everywhere, but the reason of the vast demand for them has not, I think, been publicly revealed. The public dance-halls of the pre-war era were frequented mostly by youths of the clerk class. Men of brawn danced only on special occasions, at balls given by their unions and the like. Their habitual diversions were cards and beer at home, beer and talk with the gang in the saloon, and occasional tours among the red lights. Most of them who were over twenty-five would rather have attended Sunday-school regularly than a public dance-hall.

But behold them now! The moral investigator of dance-halls sees the male dancers only as so many Satans from whom the girls must be saved; they seem to have no other mark of interest. Yet a large part of the male dancers now are working men between twenty-five and forty-five, just as a large part of the drinkers in cheap saloons in the pre-war days were working men of the same age. The knowing beholder observes rough hands and crooked fingers protruding from Rochester coat sleeves; he sees the shop grease and the fireroom soot holding stubbornly to the skin of the machinist, the millwright and the fireman; he discovers the carpenter and the bricklayer by the marks and calluses on their hands, the lumber-handler by his stoop and stiff walk, and the logger by his long, climbing stride.

The halls are thick and smelly with them every night; they dance awkwardly and with roughness, and, despite their barbers, clothiers and new manners, they have no pretty charms. They are still laborers; honest, sober, industrious fellows, not occupied with swarms of insect ideas, not gloomily bellicose from struggles with the tempter and ripe for God, but men whose main business in life is to work with their

hands and who now pursue the delightful female in their hours of ease just as they sought forgetfulness at Fritz's bar in other days. And the girls welcome them joyously. They see the dollars which, in those days, would have gone into the barkeeper's till, now going into monthly payments to the Dodge agent for a sedan. And the oldest profession languishes and the gas stations flourish as Phil and Mart step out with Cora and Jane for that new floor at the beach forty miles away.

III

Prohibition has been a fairy godmother to the working girl. She suffered like Cinderella in her rags when the saloons took the plumber in his idle hours. He then gave her nothing but deference, respect and chivalrous regard. No one, indeed, could praise virtuous womanhood more eloquently than the hard-handed man with the last drink of the evening in his hand.

"You know it 'n' I know it, Shorty. 'Tain't no use d'nyin' they's anythin' sweeter'n nisher 'n' lovelier 'n' more of 'n angel in this here life than a hones' to God clean, desh'nt girl. Damn it, ol' feller, when I think how you 'n' me hog aroun' this way 'n' mix up with ol' battle-axes what jus' want our money, I could cry. Makes me feel 'shame' to look good girl in the face. Hones' to God, we jus' nasherly ain't no use, Shorty, for if we was, . . . No thanks, ol' feller; can't stan' 'nother one. . . . Jus' wanna talk 'bout good girls, tha's all."

Words of honest emotion, heard every night in the old saloons, but seldom on the tongues of men today. The girl who sat by the fire in the Winter and rocked on the porch in the Summer, waiting for some toiler to break away from his gang and seek her hand—this girl, I fear, resented the exaggerated respect and worship that an inebriated sentimentality gave to her. But now, as she often expresses it, she has got the world by the tail—and the credit

for this new independence and glory goes rightly to the Uplift. Science and Art may claim that they have contributed the cheap motor car and jazz to the cause, but the Uplift alone has given the working girl the free spirit that she now possesses. It has given her, through Prohibition, what she has always wanted most—many men, all of them willing, all of them ardent. An uneasy Uplift is beginning to feel stirs of doubt about the change. Ere long, no doubt, it will begin to yell.

But the working girl is having shining hours for a time, at any rate. Cinderella is now in her glory at the ball. Her prince is the honest workingman. Her coach is a flivver sedan. The odious days of beer and strumpets are no more. Her elder sister remembers enviously that in her own youth she felt lucky to have a male caller in the parlor or a bashful companion on a moonlight walk. She remarks every evening that Cinderella only thinks of her home as a place where she can eat, sleep and dress. When dinner is done—it is supper no longer—the working girl has hardly changed to her dancing things before she hears a honking in the street. The sunburned, dressed-up tin-roofer is waiting in his sport six for her, or the less favored truck-driver is sitting in his repainted sedan, admiring, while he waits, the new purple and green curtains that he has modestly bought for the car windows. . . .

The car ride over the highway built by the money of the helpless taxpayer ends when the crowd returns to Jenkins' Jazz Palace in town, or it is broken by a stop at Pearl Beach. At some place there is dancing. Couples dance for a while, then they meander out in the moonlight and sit in their cars; they return and dance and depart again. It is the custom. Supper afterward at the Oriental Café or the Tumblein Roadhouse. Sometime after midnight Cinderella is in bed, pawed but happy—dreaming that the fairy story will last forever.

What more could she dream for? She might, indeed, adorn her imaginings with

the figures of a rich young Adonis, a movie hero, a champion pugilist or other such gorgeous fellow. But she does not envy the gentler girls who ride on street cars to dull parties with budding young lawyers, aspiring young business men and struggling young doctors. A twelve-dollar-a-day saw-filer shines above them with a blinding glitter. Today is Cinderella's golden age.

The consternation of the Uplift at her perversity in enjoying her new freedom has been manifested already in sundry studies, protests and exposés. But we still await the grand announcement that unchastity has succeeded alcohol as the national pestilence. This announcement, I believe, will not be made until the new ease and freedom of manners among the lowly have become country-wide. It is now only forming, and no doubt it is in different states of development in different parts of the country. But I have had men from Minneapolis, Chicago and Des Moines tell me that "it's the same old stuff back there. All the working stiff's are buying cars, and they's a new shimmy parlor started somewheres in town every week." The workingman who is over thirty and has thus lived something of the old life is not quite sure of himself in the new game; the younger man, who is starting out by buying a "bug," and who hopes to work up to a thousand-dollar sedan, is the one who will perfect it.

IV

I hope it will not be thought that, because I am a laborer myself, I shut my eyes to the evil that the growing looseness among us may do. It can be pernicious, just as the occasional drunkenness among laborers was once pernicious. I am not familiar with any but the physician's argument for the virtue of men, but it seems to me that, in regard to laborers, it may be of quite as much importance as the virtue of woman. It is argued that the virtue of woman is the chief necessity of the

race, for it is the foundation of motherhood. No doubt it needs a good mother to inspire her son to rise above a laborer's life and become a salesman, a lawyer, a preacher or a politician. Yet these are all men whom we could get along without very comfortably. On the other hand, if a father is a hod-carrier, a stevedore or a ditch-digger, he must be an upstanding man of heroic qualities to make his son want to have a job alongside the old man. And hod-carriers, stevedores and ditch-diggers are very useful people. Drunkenness among working men worked its greatest evil when it destroyed the glamor of fatherhood. The drunken bricklayer's son, disgusted with his father's swinishness, would resolve to climb from such a life; there is no doubt that we would have been spared many unnecessary editorial writers, chiropractors, and auctioneers if more bricklayers had stayed sober and made their sons admire them. Fortunately, most working men in the old days were sober and lived so as to give the country a plenitude of honest he-men. Fortunately, the workingman of today, for all his new goatishness, is only occasionally a genuine libertine.

The fact is that this working man, taking him as he runs, is only a grown-up boy with an irrepressible instinct for play. He is a spendthrift, and he is seduced by ridiculous gaudy follies. Any straw boss will tell you that one of his main difficulties is to stop roughhouse frolics on the job. The union leader organizes and bosses the worker as a scout-master does his troop. The worker bawls and whimpers when he is abused and oppressed. Even his discontent and rebelliousness are childish. He puts his fingers in dangerous places and the most ingenious safety devices cannot save him from accidents. He learns a task or a trade as the schoolboy learns the multiplication table.

Being so much a creature of instinct, he is safe from abominations and excesses, as children and animals are safe from them, if he has a few simple restrictions and

diversions to guide him. He needs always, above everything else, a necessity for work. He needs, again, pastimes for his idle hours that will keep him out of mischief. The saloon met both needs admirably. It got his wages, thus compelling him to stick to his job, and it kept him away from the dynamite in the libraries. His new wickedness, no matter what moralists say of it, will serve as well if it is allowed to develop naturally. The automobile agent and the dance-hall proprietor will get his money as the brewer and the saloon-keeper got it before. The charms of his sweeties will perhaps make him an even steadier worker than the old gang comradeship. And, for all his disillusionment about the virtue of the fair, he will marry, in the end, in one of his fits of

hopelessness and depression, as he has always done, and so the nation's supply of brawn will not diminish.

But his happy state, I fear, will not last. As it grows toward perfection it will be recognized as a major evil that carries none but the colors of sin. Then the bellows of agonized righteousness will arise from every quarter again and merge into a thunderous battle-cry; the drums will be beaten, the trumpets blown; criers will sound the warning in the streets, and riders at night will alarm the countryside; the embittered farmers and the ant hill minds will flock to the colors. And the poor working man in his party clothes, astounded and helpless, will be attacked and smitten until the new shape of Satan is knocked out of him.

THE HAMMER OF HERETICS

BY R. F. DIBBLE

IN 1893 Syracuse University was in a bad way. Financial difficulties, bickerings among the trustees, faculty squabbles, ominous mutterings among the student body—all sorts of troubles loomed. Something must certainly be done, and done quickly. It was obvious that there must be a complete change in administration. Chancellor Sims, doddering in his dotage, had just enough strength left to hurl a farewell Old Testament malediction at his brethren before he disappeared. His successor must be a man of entirely different calibre. Three qualities were absolutely indispensable and a fourth was very desirable: he must be a Methodist clergyman, and he must be exceptionally vigorous in body, in spirit, and, if possible, in mind. The Board of Trustees gave themselves with profound seriousness to the task of finding such a paragon.

John D. Archbold, son of a Methodist preacher, high official in the Standard Oil Company, and multi-millionaire, was the president of these trustees, and he joined in their labors by meditating long and powerfully, turning over and over in his mind the claims of various candidates for the chancellorship. He himself had received only a common-school education; but, having come into colossal wealth and power, he found himself constantly associating with men who, though infinitely his inferior in money and influence, were correspondingly superior in education. Keenly sensitive to this, Archbold determined that, even though he could not compass the higher intellectual processes personally, he could control them. He was willing, and even eager, to spend millions for the upbuilding of Syracuse University—provided that those

millions were used as he wished. To the peculiarly desirable characteristics of the new chancellor, Archbold accordingly added another: he must be a man who would implicitly believe and steadfastly preach, in season and indeed out of season, the doctrine that the lion of Nineteenth Century corporate wealth could lie down peacefully with the lamb of First Century Christianity. As Archbold searched for light, cherishing this thought, there suddenly flashed into his mind the name and figure of the Rev. James Roscoe Day, pastor of a New York City Methodist tabernacle in which Archbold himself held a very expensive but somewhat unfrequented pew.

The Rev. Mr. Day, indeed, seemed to have been created and trained by Providence for the very position of chancellor of Syracuse University. Born in 1846 on a farm in Maine, he had been a Methodist from infancy, and while still a young man he had also become a Christian. In 1872 he was ordained to the sacerdotal office, and in the years that followed his magnificent voice had thundered God's message from divers pulpits. A very successful pastoral career of six years in Portland, and then one of five years in Boston, resulted in his elevation to the high and puissant post of minister to the wealthy St. Paul's Church in New York. Robust and gigantic—he stood almost six feet six inches in his socks and weighed over two hundred and fifty pounds of solid bone and muscle—he had roughed it, in his youth, with cowboys in the Rockies, had never known a day's illness, and had never been tired for a moment. His vocal range extended from the deepest bass to the highest tenor; he could

denounce or cajole with equal effect, though it was noticed that his voice became peculiarly persuasive when he spoke of the twin glories of primitive Christianity and modern business. His mind, too, was of great vigor, for had he not composed hundreds of powerful sermons? It was true that he had not yet written a book, but even that was to come later.

His acceptance of the position of chancellor followed as a matter of course. On the day of his installation, he spoke thus: "I have come to this position in which I find myself today most reluctantly, and only after a persuasion that the voice of Providence calls me. . . . The fact that I am not a professional educator is in my favor, as I shall be unembarrassed in my administrative work by technical limitations or preconceived notions. . . . I will devote not one hour to the miserable business of pleasing you, but . . . will do my duty." It was not strange therefore that, shortly after this address, one of the trustees, also a Methodist clergyman, remarked: "We felt very well satisfied that in Chancellor Day we had secured a head to the institution who could not be driven away by hostile professors."

II

Before long it became clear that the Rev. Mr. Day cared as little about pleasing the trustees—with one notable exception—as about mollifying hostile professors. These trustees numbered sixty, of whom a significant number, thirty-two, were appointed by the Methodist Church. Thus assured of a majority on all important educational questions—for example, smoking, dancing, drinking, and chapel attendance—Day was in a position to show the remaining twenty-eight that their opinions on questions of less vital interest were also valueless. When it was suggested to him that it would be well to have a committee of trustees investigate a certain university matter, he remarked, "A committee? *I* am the committee." The inevitable result was that the

trustees' meetings became purely formal, and that, oddly enough, the members who attended almost invariably numbered exactly thirty-two. These loyal Wesleyans would meet twice a year, listen to the chancellor's report, unanimously approve all of his recommendations, eat a big dinner and then adjourn.

With the trustees thus securely under his thumb, the chancellor took steps to put the faculty under his feet. For both trustees and faculty, he religiously believed, were mere incidental cogs in the great machine called Syracuse University, which existed for the glory of the Methodist God and of John D. Archbold and James R. Day. He therefore started to slash around with ruthless force. The student body, it occurred to him, was too small, and so he proceeded to increase it by the simple expedient of padding the catalogue. When the dean objected, Day told him that he must on no account admit that "a number of students on our list are not in college"; for, as he rightly argued, "it reflects upon the institution." Once, when it happened that both trustees and faculty were in agreement on a matter of policy—the granting of a diploma to a student whose standing was highly questionable—Day unceremoniously swept all objections aside with this dictum: "I have the power to refuse or grant a diploma without any reference to the wishes of the faculty or the trustees." A science professor came to him one day with a series of carefully worked out plans for the improvement of his department; Day glanced cursorily at them, crumpled them up, and threw the waste-paper on the floor. The poor professor of embryology soon found himself in an especially embarrassing position. "If I want a dozen eggs to use in my class," he wailed, "I have to go and ask the chancellor for a quarter." Shortly afterward, his students, believing that such a state of affairs ought to be remedied, presented him a quantity of eggs free of charge. Another aspiring pedagogue once came to Day with an appeal for promotion, offering as a proof of his worthiness the fact that he

had just published a book. "A man who has written a book ought not to expect promotion!" roared the chancellor. "It shows that he has spare time on his hands."

On those awful occasions when the faculty convened in secret conclave, Day was power personified. His great bull-like form dominated the whole gathering. The learned professors, so brave and original in their pursuit of the truth, cringed as their glances wandered fearfully over the ponderous figure that strutted and towered pompously above them: the face, mountainous in size and expression; the one good eye that glared and blazed, and the even more paralyzing glass eye; the wide, thick, petulant lips, and the anvil chin. Then, as the stentorian voice bellowed forth rules, commands and prohibitions, the full professors would begin to meditate on the possibilities of the coming vacation, the associate professors would ruminate upon ways and means of replenishing their menaced family larders, and the mere instructors would tremble and shrink into absolute and appropriate oblivion.

For he treated them all as if they were children. On occasion he would even bring an emphatic finger down on the desk before him, as though he were lecturing a kindergarten. But, unlike in a kindergarten, complete silence reigned; only on the rarest occasions was a voice lifted in argument or protest. "No one ever dares express an original opinion in the faculty meetings," said a regular frequenter, "for fear he will be snubbed by the chancellor." Once, it is true, there was a pleasant interruption—the child of one professor happened to stray into the room in the middle of one of the chancellor's fiery harangues. A horrible silence fell, and everybody shivered at the thought of the impending tragedy. But a soft smile flitted over the stern face, and, placing his sledge-hammer hand on the little tot's curly head, the dreadful chancellor gently murmured, "A little child shall lead them." And once, also, he came dangerously near to pleading with the faculty. He had received a letter of protest, he

said, from a Methodist preacher whose daughter had heard something in the university about the hellish theory of evolution. "You men are hired to teach your subject," he properly reminded them; "don't try to teach theology." Naturally enough, not a sound either of assent or dissent was heard, and he went on: "I don't expect you to change your opinions, but do, for God's sake, be as pious as you can!" From that day on, evolution and piety walked hand in hand at Syracuse through the laboratories and class-rooms.

If some hostile professor openly thwarted him in any way, one of two things took place: either the miserable upstart resigned or he was dismissed. Before many years had passed resignations and dismissals became common. Yet they worried Day very little, for, in a land flowing with penurious and pious professors it was only too easy to fill the vacancies. He had one experience, however, that seared his soul. A prominent and very popular professor took occasion to beard the lion in his den on a matter of administrative policy. Utterly aghast at such unheard-of insolence, Day stared in frozen amazement; then the good eye shot sparks, the glass eye revolved in its cavity, the enormous knock-knees came together with an audible click, and the appalling voice rumbled, "You are no gentleman, and you haven't the instincts of a gentleman!" But the discourteous rogue, instead of following precedent by humbly acquiescing, promptly handed in his resignation. Then the chancellor reflected—after all, the rude fellow *was* a man of considerable power on the campus—and sent for him to come back. "I've been thinking over what you said to me"—the tone was almost conciliatory—"and have reached the conclusion that you didn't mean what you implied; you had better stay." The professor retorted that he hadn't implied anything; he had meant exactly what he had said. "No," urged Day, "I don't think you meant what you implied; you had better stay." And so he stayed—but only for a short time, for the chancellor soon repented

of his weakness and became normal again.

The student body naturally offered fewer difficulties to this great man than the trustees or the faculty. Always keenly alive to the desirability of size and numbers, Day strove diligently and in various ways to swell the list of names in the catalogue. Memories of his own youthful poverty induced him to show special consideration for poor students; he would often pause on the campus to greet, with all the kindness of which he was capable, some poverty-stricken youth who had shown particular promise. Overflowing with physical energy, he was naturally fond of sports, and when a victory had been won in some intercollegiate athletic contest he would show all the riotous enthusiasm of a freshman. And yet, he was forced to reflect sadly, many of these youngsters refused to behave according to the orthodox Methodist rules. There was altogether too much smoking and dancing on the campus; more, there was even some drinking, and rumors of yet worse things were floating around. So every year, in his opening address, he would warn the newcomers against indulging in such levantine practices. His audience would listen with what seemed to be reverent attention, and then leave the chapel to plunge at once into sin. Thereupon the chancellor's good temper would fail, and the chapel walls would reverberate with his booming Jeremiads. "You are wallowing in the hog-hole of selfishness!" he shouted at a bunch of wrong-doers who had been detected in some college prank. "This place is honeycombed with sedition!" he screamed when some wild-eyed youths had the temerity to invite a Socialist to address them.

Sometimes he passed beyond moral suasion and trusted in a far stronger force—his herculean figure. One day, after the football team had won a gloriously bloody victory, the student body requested a half-holiday. Day refused to grant it, and a number of the huskiest youths at once proceeded to lock-step toward the class-rooms in order to break up recitations. The day

happened to be slippery and muddy, and, as they came across the campus, stepping gingerly on the only moderately dry path in sight, the chancellor came floundering forth to meet them. Speaking not a word, he stepped squarely in the middle of the path and stood quietly waiting—a vast Himalaya of flesh and blood. The rebels promptly turned about and scattered—wallowing simultaneously in mud and the hog-hole of selfishness.

III

But, in spite of everything, the university continued to grow. Through Archbold's generosity, buildings sprang up magically year after year, until the campus, situated on an elevation overlooking Syracuse, and embowered in trees, became an imposing spectacle. The chancellor, governed by his utilitarian principles, decided that so many trees were unnecessary, ordered some of them to be cut down, and had the wood transferred to his own wood-box. By this time, indeed, he had a finger in every campus pie. It happened that the fine arts room needed to be re-decorated, and the professor in that branch of instruction came to Day in order to learn what form of decoration was ordained. Day replied that the cheapest paint would be wholly satisfactory. He owned a farm, and, being luckily unembarrassed in his administration by technical limitations, he paid the laborers on it out of the university treasury.

Episodes of this sort eventually caused some of the inimical professors and non-Methodist trustees to stir in their cages. It was discovered by these Bolsheviks that the university superintendent of buildings and grounds was, in view of his position, a curiously influential person. A Nova Scotian by birth and a herring fisherman by profession, he had originally been hired to split the campus wood and mow the campus lawns; then, of a sudden, Day made him superintendent and they became bosom companions. When some of the chancellor's friends mildly criticised him for associating

so intimately with a person of such lowly origin, he rebuked them in righteous wrath. Did they not know, he asked, that in criticising him they were actually passing judgment upon Jesus, who habitually associated with fishermen? The friends, crushed by the argument, slunk away in crestfallen contriteness; meanwhile, axes continued to swing, the chancellor's wood-box was overflowing, his farm laborers were well paid—and groceries began to disappear from the dormitory store. Detectives were hired, and one night two of them found the superintendent purloining a supply. In the uproar that followed, Day staunchly defended his man Friday; but the trustees finally scraped up enough courage to compel his resignation, though the chancellor stormed for two days and quoted an abundance of New Testament passages concerning the fishermen among the Twelve Disciples.

This lamentable affair, however, was soon forgotten, and Day reigned more powerfully than ever. Different sorts of honors were showered upon him year after year; finally, in 1904, he was elected a Methodist bishop. Two days later, an event without precedent in Methodist annals occurred: a bishop-elect resigned. "I am acting solely on the dictates of my conscience," Day told the conference, "and have arrived at this conclusion only after two days of earnest and prayerful consideration, during which time I have left my room only for my meals." There was much speculation about the unrevealed motives that had led him to take this step: did he consider himself unworthy, or too worthy?—incapable, or too capable? The mystery has never been explained (perhaps John D. Archbold might have furnished the necessary key), but several of Day's casual remarks may warrant the hazard of a guess. In addition to his other duties, he was an intermittent preacher; he loved to appear in the pulpit, he asseverated, and as proof of his love cited the fact that his customary charge per sermon was only fifty dollars. Yet, in

the quasi-privacy of faculty meetings, he had more than once referred contemptuously to "red-hot religion"; and he once remarked to a close companion that the bishops, whose jobs required much preaching, were "damned fools."

There is one other possible explanation: the presence of Theodore Roosevelt in the White House. For Roosevelt had already begun his melodramatic attacks upon the great corporations, and Day had already boasted that he would "take the taint off tainted money" by using it for the upbuilding of Syracuse University. Surely a chancellor might plunge into social, political and personal controversies that would have been highly unbecoming for a bishop. Before long, Roosevelt did something far worse than wage war against corporate wealth—he called Archbold a liar. The chancellor, touched to the quick, retaliated by hurling the charge that Roosevelt was a "dangerous anarchist." At a Methodist gathering in 1908 he continued his attack. "Ninety per cent of all the great princes of commerce and corporate interests and railways," he said, "are in *our Church*, and my heart burns with anger when I see attempts to bring them into contempt." It followed, he went on, that "the Church shouldn't speak harshly of rich men or make it uncomfortable for them. Jesus spoke well of some rich men." He was much aggrieved to learn that some Methodists did not concur in his views. Instead, they alleged that he had violated Paragraph 30 of the General Rules of the Church, which voiced a warning against "uncharitable or unprofitable conversation, particularly speaking evil of magistrates." But he was exonerated.

In 1915, a certain Mr. Wilkinson, who claimed the honorable distinction of having been the first duly registered Bull Moose in Onondaga county, New York, gave a dinner to Roosevelt, at which Day was a guest. They met in the reception hall. "I am glad to renew our old acquaintanceship," smiled the chancellor. "Delighted!" snapped Roosevelt.

IV

The closing years of Day's administration were filled with sorrows, honors, and wrathful activities. In 1916 Archbold died, and Day delivered his eulogy. Mrs. Archbold told him that her husband had expressed the wish that there should be no tears at his funeral; nevertheless, it is written that "Dr. Day's voice faltered when he related the many benefactions bestowed upon Syracuse University by Mr. Archbold." "The great central pillar of our institution has fallen," he said. "We never differed on a single question, largely, perhaps, because I always accepted his wisdom." His humility was certainly well rewarded, for Archbold had given the institution more than \$3,000,000.

One thing had weighed on Day's conscience for years—he had never written a full-sized book. The aftermath of the war furnished him his opportunity. The whole world, it seemed to him, was trembling and shaking into fragments around him. Revolutions of all sorts were rampant, youth was going to the devil, labor was brutally selfish—in short, the whole universe had gone raving mad. Only age, capital and Methodism were behaving according to precedent. Stirred as he had never been stirred before, he decided to go into the wilderness to meditate, to pray, and to combat the Evil One, much as Luther had done, with a generous supply of ink. "In the Adirondacks, in the clear, balsamic air and the transparent light there, these thoughts pressed upon me and compelled utterance." The thoughts, expressed in an unbelievably asthmatic style, were humbly—or perhaps condescendingly?—entitled, "My Neighbor, the Workingman." Without the slightest hesitation or difficulty, he laid down rules, laws and interdictions which, if obeyed, would usher in the dawn of the Perfect Day.

"Has there ever been such widespread and universal discontent?" he asked. The remedy, or part of it, lay in believing that there was no such thing as class inequality.

"We have no lower and upper classes, except morally. . . . While our churches open their doors to the English Bible and our little red school-houses stand on the hilltops of our country roads . . . you cannot make classes of the American people. . . . The rich and poor dwell together. There is divine wisdom in the plan. It must be the divine order." Why should laborers be so disgruntled, he asked, when capitalists were giving them "baths, reading-rooms, music, movies, and lectures?" The laborers must accept the doctrine of *laissez faire*; they must not strive for wicked innovations. "Union labor is founded upon principles directly opposed to the principles of our government." The strike "is a conspiracy and nothing else." That type of business in which the "laborer is to take a part in the business management and profits" is "a modified Bolshevism." The Bolshevik is a strange, new, monstrous animal, having "the jaws of a combined wolf and laughing hyena." Bolshevism "is the most dangerous foe that ever threatened the world. German militarism is only a circumstance compared with it." The Bolsheviks are "leeches," "vampires," "deadly reptiles," an "Egyptian plague." And the I. W. W. "murderers and cowardly assassins," and the "red-tongued and red-throated Socialists" are almost as bad. Should any one of them attempt a street-corner speech, he must "end his oration in the ditch, or the nearest jail, if there is an officer to arrest him; if not, then the ditch." All such miscreants, he wrote in words of fire, need "no churches—they are damned already." Everyone who desires to become an American citizen "must be compelled to read our Constitution and our Declaration of Independence, the Beatitudes of Christ, the Ten Commandments of Moses, and the lives of the founders of our Republic." And, in order that these several benefits may be attained, Congress ought to wake up and pass a whole lot of laws. "The country waits for the spirit of Valley Forge among our men of Congress."

The country is still waiting.

V

The chancellor, full of honors, resigned in 1921. Bowdoin—the college of Hawthorne, Longfellow, Chief Justice Fuller and President Pierce—had honored him, her son, with the degree of S.T.D. Wesleyan made him a D.D., Northwestern kept up the good work with an LL.D., and when Cornell College, Iowa, conferred upon him the toga of a D.C.L., his cup of joy ran over. He had seen Syracuse grow from a small institution of only three departments to a great seminary that taught all things, known and even unknown. More than \$10,000,000 had come into her treasury; her campus had doubled in size; her buildings had more than doubled in number; over five thousand students attended her classes—or at least had their names in her catalogue.

All this was very marvelous; and yet—and yet . . . There was no proper budget system; the teachers were poorly paid; the money had all been used to swell the size of the campus, and no adequate provision had been made for current expenses and for the future. It was whispered that, since Archbold's death, the university had been running into debt; the alumni were not over-enthusiastic, and—the upshot of it all was that Chancellor Day resigned. The same mystery that had befogged so many of his activities surrounded his resignation. His health was beginning to fail—his health was excellent; some trustees, professors and alumni wanted him to get out—everybody ardently desired that he should stay; he himself liked his job very well—he was utterly tired of it and wanted to leave.

At all events, he left, and it is worthy of remark that he personally edited the announcement of his resignation before it was given to the press.

Fortunately, no mystery attended the rest of his life. He first rested, then travelled, and finally decided that he would write his autobiography. The clear, balsamic air of the Adirondacks, it appeared, had not been conducive to a large sale of the volume he had already penned. He might do better, he thought, in a different sort of environment, and so he departed to Atlantic City. Some of his friends warned him against going there—a good Methodist, they suggested, ought not to dwell in proximity to so much vice and sin; some evil would certainly befall him. They were right, for in March, 1923, pneumonia struck him down. All the Syracuse churches united in prayer for his recovery, but he died on the thirteenth. . . . In a public address, he had once formulated his own idea of celestial bliss. He would rather live here on earth, he said, than in heaven; but he hoped to go to heaven, though he feared that he might find some difficulty in getting properly adjusted there. For, he explained, he did not care about “songs and harps and such things”; all he wanted was “lots of work, and lots of people to oppose him.”

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In 1921 Syracuse University was in a bad way. Financial difficulties, bickerings among the trustees, faculty squabbles, ominous mutterings among the student body—all sorts of troubles loomed. Something must certainly be done. . . .

ÆSTHETICS: A PALAVER

BY LEWIS MUMFORD

THE corner of a library in a country-house. The panel of books, the chairs and divan and table, the vase in the niche above the divan all sound the note of refined simplicity—no vulgarity, no helpless subservience to the interior decorator. The dominant colors in the room, blue, green, and yellow, are echoed by the cordials which occupy a small stand near the fireplace. With that fumbling over matches and glasses which is preliminary to settling down, the members of the group begin to distinguish themselves. They are:

CHARLES ADAMS

PERCY SCOTT

EDWIN O'MALLEY

ERNEST DE FIORI, *their host*.

DE FIORI—What do you say, gentlemen: shall we have a fire? The heating system in this house is excellent, but unfortunately our architect counterbalanced it by installing English casement windows, and after our walk this afternoon the November wind may feel a little raw.

ADAMS (*Politely*)—It's really quite comfortable.

SCOTT—This Alsatian quetsch is proof against November. It is the only efficient form of central heating.

O'MALLEY—It seems warm enough now; but your American methods of super-heating have weakened my resistance so completely that unless I am on the verge of perspiration I begin to think I have caught cold.

DE FIORI—Well, suppose we compromise on an—ahh—æsthetic fire: just enough to give the inner feeling of warmth, rather than the physical effect. I see that Ellen has the kindling already laid. (*He*

draws a few billets from the woodbox, and Scott comes forward officiously with a lighted match.) There! I am afraid Adams will not approve of such a fire. He will say that it is impossible to enjoy the æsthetic effect without suffering the warmth.

O'MALLEY—He is more of a moralist than that: he would say that one oughtn't to enjoy the æsthetic effect without the warmth; whereas it is plainly a mark of aristocracy to keep the two things apart and to have your cake without eating it. Unless one is able to withdraw the æsthetic emotions from practical life a civilized existence is impossible.

SCOTT—I have always wondered what Adams's æsthetic theories were. I have never been able to derive them, I confess, from your criticisms, Charles, although I enjoy your page perhaps more than anything else the *Ancient City* prints.

ADAMS—De Fiori has doubtless lighted the fire in order to smoke me out; but I don't think it's quite fair to fall on me so suddenly directly after dinner—especially after *such* a dinner. Besides, I really have no conscious æsthetic theory: I recognize the æsthetic interest as only one of a number of interests that are served in literature; and it doesn't seem to me the supremely important one that so many of you now make it out. My æsthetics is implicit in my criticism, as is my philosophy or my psychology. I should like to use such a single canon as you, De Fiori, enjoy in your applications of Croce; but different kinds of literature seem to me to require different standards; and it is only in the realm of pure poetry that I find Croce's canon wholly

justified. To dismiss the rest of literature because it is not pure poetry seems to me absurd.

O'MALLEY—It's all very well to keep your æsthetic from showing its bones through the flesh of your criticism: but my objection to your method, my dear Adams, is that you are not really interested in a piece of literature as such: you have always an ulterior interest in its background and you keep on asking yourself what sort of society this or that book will tend to produce. You are almost as bad as Mr. Paul Elmer More, who cannot even write about Plato without paying attention to the way in which his work may affect the Brahmins and *rentiers* of New England. The chief difference between you and More is that he has enough realism to pitch his social references towards a society which actually exists, whilst you, God forgive us, refer to an ideal community which has not yet come into existence, and in a country ruled by the *booboisie* has no chance of ever being a reality.

ADAMS (*Unruffled*)—You object, do you not, O'Malley, to the fact that I believe that a community has a permanent self, made up of its best minds and embodied in its literature, as well as the shifting, temporary self which expresses itself in its daily actions and in the opinions of those who control it in the press and on the platform? I can't conceive what function you accord to literature, unless it is to embody that permanent self and make it visible. A work of literature as such has no value except to the book-worm or the pulping mill; it is only by association with human needs and desires that its values have any meaning.

DE FIORI—My dear Adams: you mustn't confuse an act in the practical world with an act in the spiritual world. The values of literature lie entirely in the spiritual realm: they are independent of the society that has produced a work of art or that may be affected by it. What is it that makes the Divine Comedy the

glorious piece of poetry that it is? The theology? No. The picture of contemporary life, the attempt to redress the evils of the time? A hundred times No! What has preserved the Divine Comedy for us in all its freshness is its complete fusion of imagination and feeling in an absolute poetic form. To judge the Divine Comedy in terms of a rationalist theology like Voltaire's, for example, would be to miss all its essential beauties. That is why we must say to the critic—deal with the æsthetic form by itself and prepare our minds to experience it: do not be confused by the ideas of the author, or by his *milieu*, or by whether his poem is likely to make us good or bad men; for in the realm of art these practical standards do not exist. A work of art is good or bad in terms of the author's own world. What was the writer's inner purpose, and how has he accomplished it?

ADAMS—Your rule of judgment is satisfactory enough, perhaps, when it applies to a poem or a novel whose position is already established. But I don't see how it enables you to distinguish between—let me take an extreme example—between the Nick Carter detective stories and the Divine Comedy. Some of the youngest critics are now rolling around helplessly in this very predicament. They have taken your æsthetic counsel to heart; and they find that the author of Nick Carter perfectly fits his method to his materials, develops his theme with an unflagging logic, creates an independent world of his own, and affects them with an emotion which they call æsthetic. By your criterion, De Fiori, I don't see how you can ask more of these stories as literature: from the standpoint of Pure Form they are perhaps more perfect than the Odyssey. (*De Fiori makes a gasp of protest.*) Don't you see how childish it is? The æsthetic value of literature is inseparable from its intellectual and moral value: your "æsthetician" is as grotesque an abstraction as the Eco-

nomie Man of political economy: he is a spiritual Robinson Crusoe. The little Italian boy Samuel Butler told about, who thought that "Hey diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle" was the most beautiful poetry he had ever heard was a prince of æstheticians; and if literature were concerned only with pattern and form Gertrude Stein would have a higher place than Sophocles.

SCOTT—Our position is not reduced to quite the absurdity you seem to think, Charles. In the universe of æsthetics there are the nebulous particles of Nick Carter and the comic strips as well as the suns and planets and fixed stars; and we only say that the qualities which make Nick Carter a good piece of work at its level are what make "Madam Bovary" a supreme work of art on another level.

ADAMS—That is all very well; but there must be a world by which the critic measures the relative importance of these self-begotten planets and particles; and this world, it seems to me, is necessarily broader than the world of æsthetics. In the abstract universe of Pure Art, Edgar Poe might be a very great figure indeed: his cold metallic verses are like the notes of some thin brass instrument which admirably echoes the plutonian tears he drops over the graves of his impalpable maidens. Well, I respect Poe as a literary critic; but I have never read a single line of his poetry which could be put alongside Tennyson's "Ulysses" without turning out to be mere pasteboard and tinfoil; and that is because Tennyson, for all his shaky philosophizing and moral squeamishness, had encompassed the realities of this world, he had lived imaginatively in a land where lovers are disappointed or suddenly happy, where children are begotten and men face the tragedy of growing old, whereas Poe remained always emotionally immature, and growth and decay and all they carry with them were left permanently outside his world. In painting, Albert Ryder had the same

kind of imagination; but it was humanized and became great. An æsthetic which tends to place Poe above Tennyson because of the "purity" of Poe's poetry is a new sort of bowdlerism: it has an animus against the natural smut and obscenity of life—without which no work of art has ever endured.

O'MALLEY (*Still overbearing*)—Before you know it, Adams, you will be telling us to read Sainte-Beuve again, and will lead a popular crusade under the banner, Back to Taine! I thought all this had been settled years ago. Literature is simply one thing; and life is quite another. Civilized people prefer to live in the world they have created themselves, rather than in the "real" world, where boobies become great statesmen, and men who cannot tell the difference between a sonneteer and a charioteer become the leaders of armies. If we must have commerce with the real world, let it be through the offices of slaves and servants; it is only on those terms that culture is possible. If De Fiori's theory compels him to accept Nick Carter, yours would force us to say a good word for Harold Bell Wright!

SCOTT (*Aside to O'Malley*)—You are the most reckless sociologist of us all, Edwin: in the act of divorcing literature and life you have proclaimed a dozen contentious principles which would weld them together. Your aristocracy is as factitious and imbecile as anything else in the world: it makes no provision for the best getting to the top.

ADAMS (*Firmly, getting back to the argument*)—I am not sure that "Back to Taine!" wouldn't serve my intentions excellently.

DE FIORI—*Really*, Adams! The race, the age, and the *milieu*!! The cumbrous analysis of the climate! the manner of eating and drinking! the form of industry!—in short, the consideration of everything but the work of art itself! You surely don't ask us seriously to bring back all these impedimenta again?

ADAMS—Yes and no. The means by which Taine approached English literature now seem to us irrelevant, because the fashion has changed, and it isn't done any more; but my point is that Taine's judgments, his æsthetic judgments if you will, are extraordinarily just and penetrating. Moreover, I have a confidence in them that I don't at all feel with Croce when he discusses Walter Scott or Shakespeare, or, for that matter, when he discusses the work of any writers except his fellow countrymen, such as Ariosto and Dante, where his æsthetic values are ballasted by all the knowledge he unconsciously draws on about Italian manners and psychology.

DE FIORI—I protest: you don't appreciate Croce. Have you read his essay on Corneille?

ADAMS—I bow to your knowledge, but I must maintain my point. If you miss the context of a work of art you miss its overtones: you miss the things that every contemporary experiences just because he is on the spot. The core of a great piece of literature is some universal human experience; but the core is surrounded by the pulp and skin of circumstance; and if we would reach it we must penetrate these things. When either the critic or the writer aims at form alone he becomes empty and meretricious. People have criticized "Moby Dick" because it is formless and full of irrelevancies; but the truth is that the irrelevancies are an essential part of its form, and had Melville attempted to reduce the bounds of his universe to the scene required for a slick story of the sea, that universe would not have been the multitudinous and terrible thing he sought to create.

DE FIORI (*Becoming the host in order to dissipate the slight sense of strain that has entered into the discussion*)—And what do you say to all this, Scott? Have you become converted to Adams's creed?

SCOTT—Indeed, I am in a difficult position. It is a personal convenience with me,

indeed almost a necessity of existence, to disengage myself from the robust tangled world that Adams tries perpetually to draw us back to. I prefer to consider æsthetics as a world apart; and my own æsthetic, with certain modifications, is akin to yours and Croce's—and perhaps O'Malley's. Yet, after all, criticism must also be judged by an æsthetic standard; and I feel that Taine and Adams have the better of us! They are much more interesting, on the whole, than, say, DeGourmont and Croce, although their interest in art seems so much less single-minded—so much more, if I may use the word in a neutral sense, polluted with the things of this world. I think, of course, that an æsthetic judgment is the final judgment about a work of art: if it is bad æsthetically, its good intentions, or the amiable character of the author, or its excellent tendency, will not raise it an inch in stature. Once the judgment is formed, however, there is little to be said about a work of art; and it is too easy to rest satisfied with dialectical clichés—form, pattern, movement—which the weak critic applies indifferently to the greatest and the least. Æsthetic criticism cannot elaborate the final judgment; it can only lead up to it. Adams, it seems to me, is not averse to reaching the same goal; but he does not fasten on it consciously. Confident that he will sooner or later reach an æsthetic judgment, he concerns himself with the views he encounters on the road.

ADAMS—You are a very welcome ally, Scott. My mind does not run to dialectics, and you have put my position in a much clearer light than I had seen it in myself—and I brush away your compliments as too palpably friendly. In turn I will admit that the method I practice is full of dangers: the by-paths are numerous, and in one's forgetfulness of the goal one may sometimes get lost in the thickets of psychological analysis or in mere biography. But I see

that De Fiori still has a bolt or two up his sleeve: I fear my ordeal isn't over.

DE FIORI—I feel that our minds haven't really met yet; and I find it hard to manoeuvre my own into position. You are quite right, Adams, in condemning the sort of critic who talks about style as if it were a veneer which could be laid on a work of the imagination; and I regret to say that in spite of Croce this purely practical side of literature—the mechanics, as it were, of expression—is being treated by some of the younger men as though it were the essence. An interest in style, in this sense, is as foreign to æsthetics as typography; both exist in the realm of the practical. I would also admit that the mind that is purely concerned with art rarely rises to the level of art: it is a sort of fungus which feeds upon its own substance, whereas the true artist sends his roots deep into the soil of morality, of industry, of the practical and ethical life. The artist draws on this soil for nourishment: but the work of art rises above it and is so essentially different in character that by no examination of the soil and seed could one predict the strange shape and beauty of the flower, which is art itself. The observations and concepts of the practical life may enter into the work of art; but, entering it, they cease to be observations and concepts: they become inseparably part of the poem or drama itself. People have tried to draw the maxims of political government or a view of the universe from Shakespeare's plays. But what folly! In their artistic capacity, these maxims and views are embodied in Hamlet, Lear, and Julius Caesar; but they are thus no longer useful as philosophy or political sagacity: if we are interested in these things we must read Aristotle and Macchiavelli. This was the paradox about art that Plato could never grasp: how Homer could speak about navigation without being a sailor, or about wisdom without being a

philosopher. The artist seemed to Plato a charlatan, because he pretended to discourse with authority upon a hundred actions and experiences without having a practical grasp of any of them. The explanation of this paradox, of course, is that the artist portrays the imaginative truth of navigation or war or philosophy; and this truth remains authentic and real as long as one lives with the artist in the world of æsthetic. Even Bernard Shaw, who so often has been misled by a practical interest in movements and ideas, recognizes this distinction when he puts into his prefaces the overflow of thought that has not found an æsthetic channel for itself in his plays. The goal of the artist is not to be a theologian, a social reformer, or a friend of humanity: the goal of the artist is to create a work of art, and the only question for the critic is—has he created it, and what is its æsthetic merit? Æsthetic criticism does not use the same terms to interpret the *Æneid* as it does to describe Walter Landor's chaste Greek fables in verse; but in both cases it dwells upon the floral rather than upon the terrestrial aspects of the work, and it leaves the latter to the pedants and philologists. The Greece of Landor and the Greece of Theocritus are, in so far as Landor and Theocritus are both true poets, the same Greece—a Greece of the poetic imagination. That Landor's happens to be the result of a Greek revival, which turned English country houses into temples and resulted in some excellent translations of Plato and Aristophanes, whilst Theocritus' Greece was the soil he walked on and the fields he saw—that, I say, is a practical accident, and it does not concern the critic. . . . But forgive me, gentlemen: one is never so much the pedant as when one attacks pedantry, and similarly I find that I am never so earnest as when I am doing battle with Adams! I apologize if I have turned an argument into a lecture.

It is more than ten years since I was *Professor De Fiori*, but it is easy to shake off the practices of one's guild.

O'MALLEY—Oh, don't apologize: you have reduced Scott and myself to the abject imbecility of pupils who have the mingled pleasure and fear of seeing one of their schoolmates flogged; and I have so long felt uneasy at having no defense against Adams's criticism of the country in which I have chosen to live, or against his covert contempt for the sort of literature in which I am interested, that I am quite content to settle back in these cushions and cry, Hear! Hear! More power to you, De Fiori: I see that I shall have to read Croce after all in order to have the pleasure of agreeing with him.

SCOTT (*Hastily covering O'Malley's rudeness*)—There speaks the voice of envy, Charles. Let us thank heaven, however, for the miracle that reduces O'Malley to silence, and get back to the discussion.

ADAMS—I find myself so much in agreement with what you say, De Fiori, about art that it seems a little ungenerous and pedantic to dwell upon what you don't say; and yet this, I think, is one of the chief differences between us. To begin with, I can't accept the Crocean divorce between the practical and the æsthetic or ideal: it is a dialectical subterfuge, and its sole effect is to embarrass criticism with tautologies. Soil, seed, plant, and flower are one in life, and I would take the metaphor over bodily and say that they are one in literature: cut the flower away from the plant and it soon ceases to be a flower. Art can grow and reproduce and scatter its seeds in the hearts of men only when the conditions in what De Fiori dismisses as the practical life are favorable. The good critic is therefore a gardener who pays attention to all the conditions that environ the production of a work of art. It is only when he has secured the best possible conditions in his own community that he is free to taste and enjoy, and to

lead others to this pleasure. By reducing criticism to æsthetic commentary you do not necessarily further the aim of art: you may merely further the method of dialectics. If you will forgive me for saying so, De Fiori, I find nothing in Croce except an interesting critic of criticism: his appreciation of Shakespeare is singularly barren and banal. Croce's method, perhaps, enables him to avoid the dialectic pitfalls into which Frank Harris fell headlong when he wrote his study of "The Man Shakespeare"; but it was Harris's book, and not Croce's, that sent me back to Shakespeare with a fresh set of perceptions and appreciations which, so far from being external, added to the intrinsic enjoyment of the poetry itself. From my point of view, Harris's criticism is better than Croce's. And, as I said at the beginning, I feel that the æsthetic element in literature is overrated. Literature, after all, is an avenue to many different experiences; and I sympathize with the English critic who complained that Mr. Leonard Woolf had praised the æsthetic success of "A Passage to India" without once saying that it was at the same time a profound study of Indian life! The true critic, it seems to me, must concern himself with the whole life of the mind, and in life, all the qualities that go into a work of art interpenetrate and mingle.

DE FIORI—Ah! we have made a brave effort to meet, Adams: but I fear we are back again at our original positions, and are as far apart as ever. We use different words and we talk about different things. I daresay we share equally in the fault.

SCOTT (*Concealing a yawn*)—Precisely! Discussion never gets one anywhere; at most it shows more clearly where one stands. I see you have an æsthetic theory, after all, Adams: its only trouble is that it sets too low a value upon æsthetics.

DE FIORI—I do not mean to be abrupt: but do you realize, gentlemen, that it is three o'clock? What do you say to a nightcap of Scotch?

MALARIA

BY THOMAS J. LEBLANC

THE sun-baked landscape streamed past the car window, a drab and depressing sight, and yet it was not without color. The soil, a blood-red clay, tinged everything with that melodramatic shade. The roads were all red, an automobile lurching along beside the train left a red roll of dust behind it, and the unpainted houses dripped red dirt from their weather-brown eaves. The people that one glimpsed from the car windows looked weary and beaten, and seemed to fit the sanguinary picture perfectly.

Inside the car it was stifling, but I was diverted from my discomforts for a moment by a couple across the aisle. The man, much the younger of the two, seemed to be an ardent admirer of the woman, and he indicated it by planting, at intervals, a moist buss upon her dripping cheek. He enjoyed it, but she was tiring of it and I predicted trouble for him before the setting sun. My thoughts turned again to the red and flying country. I was suffering a fate that I had many times prayed would descend upon all black-face comedians. I was on my way to Dixie. I had no mammy, of course, below the Mason-Dixon line, but I was on my way to see all the mammies down there—not because they were calling me, but because a large proportion of them had malaria. If enough of them were still alive and waiting, I was to learn about malaria from them.

A change of trains at Atlanta was followed by a halting, grueling journey across southern Georgia. The slow local stopped every few minutes and the heat shimmered up from the red clay in long, tremulous waves. There were no screens in the car

windows, and so the cinders came in in clouds, red-hot from the panting locomotive. One had a choice of opening the window and smothering in hot ashes, or closing it and smothering in hot air. I tried them both. When the end of the journey came at last, I trudged down a hundred yards of burning village street, lined on one side by low ugly buildings, to the general store. In the doorway were three men asleep, and two playing checkers. This game I later found in all the towns of the Malaria Belt that I visited. The board is ruled in pencil and the men are crown caps from soft-drink bottles. The game is taken very seriously by the lonely rustics and is usually watched by a small crowd of farmers and flea-ridden hounds, while the boll weevil makes merry in the adjacent cotton patches. In this instance one of the players directed me to a place where I could find lodging, and I left them bent over their board.

From this place travel was entirely by automobile. The next morning my companion and I started out to visit the nearby plantations. The main highways were broad, well-kept thoroughfares of baked red clay—in dry weather. In wet weather they became slippery and almost impassable. It was like driving down a ribbon of vaseline, and we skidded and slid until the car drifted sideways into the ditch. Then we walked. My companion was a Christian when we started, but after four hundred miles of it he was lost. Beginning with an almost complete ignorance of even the elements of profanity, he ended by making mule-skinners blanch and sneeze. For miles we drove through low

piney flats and again for miles the road was flanked on either side by cypress swamps. The trees rose solemnly out of two or three feet of algæ-covered water.

These swamps, provided they are close enough to human habitations, make almost ideal breeding places for the malaria-bearing mosquito. Wherever they are, there malaria is endemic. I doubt that the problem of stamping it out will ever be solved, save perhaps by moving all the people away, for the drainage of the area is a practical impossibility. In the low hilly country it is somewhat easier. There the mosquitoes breed in lime sinks—depressions in the lower limestone strata that are almost always filled with slowly moving water. These communicate with the country to the North below ground and often fill before the rains have reached them. When they are not too numerous it is possible to kill the breeding mosquito larvæ in them. A third source of malaria is found in borrow pits—long, shallow pits that have given their earth to the raising of a crown in the road or to a fill for a railroad. The rain fills them up, and as the clay soil is almost impervious and there is no drainage, the female *Anopheles* finds them excellent places to deposit her eggs. In a short time, if the weather be warm, every shallow pond is swarming with larvæ, and a few days later they become adult mosquitoes, and ready to do their bit. This bit is done entirely by the female, for the male *Anopheles* is unable to bite through the human skin.

II

The cotton plantations in that desolate country are, in many cases, surrounded on all sides by swamps. When this is the case, practically every child and young adult on the plantation has malaria. The economic loss must be tremendous. Another group that suffers severely is that of the lumbermen and their families. Since the men cut mainly cypress and pine, they of necessity must live either in or near the swamps. This murderous exposure, fortunately, is

somewhat offset by the efforts of the men in charge of the lumber companies, who seem to make every effort to provide for the protection and welfare of their workmen. The houses built and maintained by the companies are clean, well-ventilated and well-screened, and were by all odds the best rural dwellings that I met with in the South. The cotton plantations, at least in the swamp regions, are ugly and ill-kept. The Negroes are not the jolly and care-free fellows of legend, but slow-moving and anemic hosts for the malaria parasite. I did not see a single banjo in a careful canvass of three Southern States.

One day we drove into a remote plantation and stopped before one of the larger Negro quarters. An old Negro sat huddled on the steps, wrapped in sweaters, though the temperature was a hundred. I hailed him and asked him how he felt. He answered, "Not so many, cap'n." (I had always believed that the Negroes in the South addressed all white men as "colonel." In late years there must have been a wholesale demotion; I never heard anything but "cap'n.")

"What seems to be the trouble, Uncle?"

He pulled the sweaters about his throat.

"Wall, cap'n, ahze fixin' to have me a chill. Er ah guess mebbe hit's a dum chill. Ah cain't tell which jes now."

"How long have you had chills?"

"Ahze hed em reg'lar now, offen on, all this yeah."

"How many children have you, Uncle?"

"Wall, cap'n, ahze got seb'n yahd chillun."

"What do you mean by yard children?"

"Wall, yuh see them chillun a-runnin' aroun' th' yahd? Them's yahd chillun. Ahze gut seb'n o' them."

"Do you mean that you have other children beside these in the yard?"

"Yawse suh," with a sort of childish grin.

"How is it you have other children that are not in this yard?"

"Wall, cap'n, yuh see, ah strays!"

We returned to the car and continued

southward, visiting many plantations and studying the collections of stagnant water. This operation necessitated wading in the swamps and dipping up larvæ in small dippers. In addition to mosquitoes these swamps are the favorite breeding places of the cotton-mouth water moccasin, a snake whose bite is certainly to be avoided. Its presence lent a zest to the work and prevented us from becoming unduly absorbed in the hunt for larvæ. Before placing a foot forward for a new step, one inspected the surroundings carefully to be sure that the advance was not upon a dark shining coil. The moccasin is apparently a coward and usually runs, but it will strike if stepped upon, and sometimes it is so lethargic that it does not take alarm as quickly as one wishes it would.

In addition to collecting larvæ, it is necessary to catch adult mosquitoes in and under the houses, so that it may be determined whether or not they are carriers of malaria. On the stringers under the houses is a favorite resting place for the female mosquito during the day-time. The adults are caught in glass tubes, and the tubes are then labeled with a description of the place and studied later. Catching mosquitoes *in* a Negro cabin is attended by many interesting adventures, but catching them *under* the same really belongs to the heroic. The things that one meets in the dark under a cabin range from fleas and snarling dogs to snakes and hogs. It is a thrilling sensation to crawl over a sleeping razor-back hog in the dark at close quarters under a cabin.

The inside of the cabins is rigidly standardized throughout the Malaria Belt. A partition straddling a crude fireplace, open on both sides, divides the building into two halves. Each half is the dining, living and sleeping quarters of one family. The furnishings usually consist of one bed, a few old-fashioned trunks and a rickety bureau. In almost every case the bureau holds a glass bowl that serves as a hair receiver and is filled with kinky black hair. The walls are papered with pages from

mail-order catalogues or the Bible. Often, discouraged by the indignity of our labors, we found an inspiring passage from Holy Writ just over the bureau, or back of the headboard of the bed. By a pure coincidence, I suppose, one of our best catches of adult mosquitoes was made on the Book of Job. The cabins are without glass or screens in the windows and the mosquitoes have free and easy access to the dark brethren within.

Our way took us further and further southward along the country roads. The white people we passed, especially the men, all seemed to look alike. They had the same shaped heads and the same dull far-away look. On Sundays we passed many on the roads, trudging slowly to church, both the men and women carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands. Upon reaching the churchyard they stop beneath a tree, put on their footgear and are then ready for the service. Probably a few hundred yards is the most they could do with shoes on.

We drove for miles over a road that cut straight through a steaming swamp and then came suddenly upon a clean, bright-looking lumber-camp of about fifty frame houses. The place looked very inviting, with its little white and green houses, after our days among the dilapidated plantations, but it belied its appearance, for most of its inhabitants were down with malaria. When we entered the first house we found a woman in a paroxysm, with a high fever and nausea. She was attended by her son, who introduced himself as the leading chiropractor of the region. He had a Negro girl violently fanning the patient with both hands and volunteered the information that as soon as he had the fever "cooled down" he would "fix the old lady up." I asked him if he did not think that she had an exceedingly rapid pulse. He answered, "Oh yes, but thet aint got nothin' t' do with th' fever. Y'see, it's thisaway. She et some watermellon an' this gits down inter her stummick 'n ferments 'n th' gas swells her stummick up

so's it presses up on her diafram, 'n this squeezes th' heart space so thet th' heart can't take sech big strokes, 'n th' result is thet it has t' pump 'bout twicst es fast, since it can't pump es far. Yuh see how nateral 'n simple et all is when yuh know. Thet's th' point, see? Yeh gotta know!" Again we returned to the car and rolled and bumped our way southward. The country changed to rolling hills covered with pines that sometimes met over the road, so that for miles we drove down a cool green tunnel. We had left behind the large plantations owned by white men and worked by Negroes and in their stead came small, almost barren plots of ground, each owned and operated by a white man and his family. We were back of the Black Belt, and Negroes now became scarce. Soon the pine hills gave way to the flat country, with its dry, glaring soil and its dreadful population of poor white trash.

III

It is hard to believe that such miserable people exist within the limits of our glorious democracy. Their isolation is complete and they look upon every stranger with deep suspicion. Thousands are infected with malaria and a large proportion of the children and young adults also have hookworm. Their complexions are always pale and sallow, and their blood placed on a glass slide is pale orange, not red. Their children either sit still all the time or move very slowly; they never romp and play. A putty-faced boy in overalls, about three and a half feet in height, picked at random, is found to be twenty-two years old, and there can be no doubt of his age, for twenty later children of his mother can be accounted for, either in the shape of other putty-faces or as tragic mounds in the front yard, bordered by pathetic little bits of white crockery, or empty snuff bottles. Life for all these children is a succession of racking chills and fever, broken by the lethargy and gnawing hunger of hookworm.

We drove past farm after farm with its poor, dilapidated, unpainted house, and the whole family drowsing on the steps: the centre of a cloud of droning flies and gnats. Sometimes the father raised his head slowly and gazed at us through half-open eyes, but it was only to drop back into his doze before we had passed. In the midst of all this desolation we would sometimes come suddenly upon a touch of beauty that was poignant by contrast: a pair of sweeping oaks straddling the road, or a bank of passion flowers against a sea-green background of mimosa, or a full moon bursting through the driving rain of an evening shower to plate all the roofs with gold, and sweep the fields with waves of little stars.

One day at noon we entered a village and stopped before a glass front displaying in ornate script the legend, "Continental Café." The interior was furnished with a long wooden counter and behind it was a middle-aged man in overalls, a dirty shirt and a huge drooping moustache. We inquired as to what was being served and were told "hameneggs." We gave our order and to our surprise found that he had spoken literally. We had ham and eggs and nothing else; no bread, butter, tea, coffee, or milk! After a polite interchange we won a glass of lukewarm water and, as I swallowed it, I prayed that heaven would give strength to my anti-typhoid inoculation. While we ate a crowd gathered, full of suspicion, and watched our every move. One of them ventured the guess that we were "U. S. men," because we "hed on them dun [*i. e.*, khaki] pants."

We left that town still headed southward, our destination a low section of country that floods during heavy rains, and is dotted, when the water recedes, with stagnant, algæ-covered pools that might have been made to order for the female *Anopheles*. This supports, after their fashion, the very poorest of the poor white trash; in addition to having malaria and hookworm they also suffer from various nutritional disturbances. Their diet is

chiefly made up of corn in one form or another, with little or no milk, eggs, or green vegetables.

Our first stop was at the Thurber house, occupied by John Thurber, one of the most influential men of the region. John had a more imposing habitation and raised more corn than his neighbors, and his opinions were held worthy of careful consideration in all that country. He slumped in a rocking-chair on his porch, dozing in the shade, his bare feet turned sole to sole. He gave us a dull greeting, and looked at us from colorless eyes. My reference to malaria roused him and he seemed to draw strength from the air as he shouted:

"Th' aint eny godum use fer these docs t' tech these godum skeeters. Ef they'd tek away them godum sourin' pine cones we wudn't hev these godum chills. Ahm a-tellin' yeh, 'n ah reckons ah ought t' know. When the godum win's in th' wes' 'n blows over 'em godum sour pine cones, yeh can't hep to hev them godum chills." We did not venture to dispute it, and John settled back to his doze. As we proceeded, the condition of the people grew progressively worse. What a glorious battleground for the environmentalists and the supporters of heredity! Are these poor souls dull and hopeless because they live where they do or do they live there because they are dull and hopeless? Are they lazy because they have hookworm or do they have hookworm because they are lazy? I doubt if this last question is as simple as it looks. Gazing at a bottle of oil of chenopodium or a glass slide is one thing; watching these people live their daily lives is quite another.

We had long since left the main highways, and the car bucked and bounded so that riding became an endurance contest. We were both saddle sore. The road was overgrown and many times we lost it completely. Finally we came to a crude gate, opened it and passed through. We were on the land of the Boggs family and the house showed in the distance. We knew of the Boggs family because the State epidemi-

ologist had made several attempts to examine or treat them, and had never been able to catch a single member. We were determined to see one if we had to sit in the doorway a week. We knew that all had fled as we turned through the gate. We entered the house and found a shriveled old woman lying on the bare springs of a bed, her whole body quivering with a chill. This was fortunate for us, for it meant that someone would come back to her soon. She was in no condition for conversation, so we sat silent and waited. Soon a half-witted boy, or rather young man, because he was at least twenty years old, slowly raised his head above the door-sill. At the sound of my voice he dropped from sight and we never saw him again. At the end of half an hour a rustle at the back door drew my attention and with a slow turning of the head I saw a girl dressed in a calico wrapper, standing barefooted and staring at us with a wild, frightened look. Then a game of stalking began. At the slightest unexpected movement of a hand or foot, or single unusual tone in the voice, our little wild girl was gone like a flash, out the door and into the swamp. There followed a long tiresome wait until the lure of her mother drew her back. After hours of this patient play, we finally gained her confidence, and, once started, her talk streamed out as if from a reservoir. Her name was Extra-noby Boggs, and her mother called her Extry for short. I later learned that Extra-noby was their nearest approach to extraordinary. She was twenty-three years old and it was evident that she had both hookworm and malaria. We were never able to examine her. She stood as she talked, ready for instant flight. When I asked about her father she answered, "Paw gits a drunk fer hisself last night 'n comes hum t' mek trouble, but godam him, I boarded hum out, ah sure done boarded hum out, 'n we h'aint seen hum sence. Maw thar kin swaller 's much lickier 's any man 'n et don't tech her a mite."

The mother pulled herself together and, raising on one elbow, cackled, "Ah wished

t' Gawd ah hed me a quart right now. 'Tud fix these chills."

"Are you married?", I asked Extra-noby.

The mother laughed a dry laugh and interrupted, "Th' only thing she marries 's a piece a cawn cake three times a day."

Extra-noby laughed at this and said, "Naw, ah aint 'n ah aint fixin' to. Sis married a man old enough ter be her grandpop, 'n all she does 's hev kids, 'n set 'n chew snuff 'n spit on th' floor. Ah caint git me th' bestest man, 'n ah'm dam sure ah aint gonna tek th' sorriest."

"Aren't there any sort of in-between around here?", I suggested.

She spat out her chew of snuff and with a shrug replied, "Naw, hell, they're all sorry."

We left her standing in the doorway, without having seen any of the other nine members of the family. Soon afterward we visited thirty-five families living within a radius of twelve miles. In the centre of this area was a town of 4000 population but, out of the thirty-five families, only eight of the adults had ever visited the town!

IV

We traversed county after county and all the differences that we noted were caused by topography alone. Some had malaria, some had hookworm and some had both, depending on the soil and drainage. The people that lived in the piney hill country seemed relatively healthy and alert, their one condition that needed improvement being the matter of diet. There is scarcely any travel, and those in one county know little or nothing about those in the next. The cities and towns are clean and well kept, but the villages are ugly and drab. As one goes from a town or village into the surrounding country, the condition of the people becomes worse and worse, and we noted that the number of children increased from two or three a family to ten or more.

The crying need of all these forlorn and God-forsaken people is a little of the divine

discontent. Nearly all are content to remain on the little corn patches where they were born. A few of the more progressive ones know that it would be better for them and their children if they moved away, but they can't afford it. All their worldly wealth is bound up in the little frame house and corn patch, and actual money is a rarity. The land, in many cases, has been in the same family for generations. Even if the present holder should decide to sell, there would be no one to buy. The great majority seem satisfied with things as they are. The poor white trash are too poor to be discontented, the Negro has too little imagination to bother about his future, and the richer planters wail about the boll weevil—and let it go at wailing. The young men of the towns are satisfied to sit around the drug-store while the old men and hounds are content with a little shade and a checker game. When I left, one of my friends, a handsome and relatively intelligent fellow, escorted me to the station. During our conversation I very diplomatically suggested that the young ladies that I had seen showed little of the smouldering fire that tradition had ascribed to Southern beauties. To my surprise he agreed with me, saying, "They're jes like ah likes 'em. Ah don't admire t' hev these wimmin gnaw meh!"

The major health problem of this desolate region is simple enough. The *Anopheles* mosquito carries malaria. It breeds in the swamps, lime sinks and borrow pits. Hookworm eggs are discharged on the soil from the intestines of infected persons. The soil and climate are friendly to them and the eggs hatch into larvæ. These penetrate the skin of the bare foot and the end result is a new victim. The solution to both problems is clear: Drain all the swamps, sink holes and borrow pits, screen all the houses and put shoes on Extra-noby Boggs and the thousands like her, and then train them all to cleanly habits of living. In brief, the whole thing is as simple and easy as it would be for a one-armed man to empty the Great Lakes with a spoon.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

For from a view of it, I observed briefly last month that the Anderson-Stallings play of war, "What Price Glory?" was the finest thing of its kind I had seen. Become normally cool in the intervening four weeks, I find myself still of the same opinion. Not only is this, in plan and execution, a remarkably excellent piece of dramatic writing, not only is it the most suggestive play of its species that the theatre of our time has disclosed, but it is, in addition, one of the few really first-rate plays that stand to the credit of American hands. The more I think of it, in point of fact, the better it seems. In the matter of sound quality it is infinitely the superior of every other play born of the late war, in whatever language.

The plays inspired by the recent democracy crusade have been, in the main, either stereotyped love stories in military uniforms sternly acted in front of canvases painted to represent French villages and interlarded with comic relief in the form of Anglo-Saxon grapplings with the French language, or symbolical philosophic treatises in which the forces of righteousness were represented by an old English squire and the Teutonic marauders by a strangely bewhiskered glue manufacturer from a neighboring town who coveted the squire's virtuous daughter, Gwynne, and also the old manor house. The plays that have not fallen immediately under these two headings have been equally recognizable. There has been the play, for instance, in which a Bataille plot of fifteen years ago has been moved from the drawing-room downstairs into the cellar and played quivering in a dim light the while the stagehands have worked up a terrible sweat pounding a carpet with rattan

sticks, and the play in which a second-story man and hophead has been miraculously converted into an upright, noble and religious citizen by having lived in a mud-hole for four years and having come out of it minus one leg, one eye and both arms and plus a dose of syphilis. These plays have been either sentimental walla-walla or tragic nonsense. They have been war in the terms of the theatre rather than the theatre in terms of war, which is quite another thing. They have portrayed a war in which the commander of the Allied armies was Jack Barrymore and the *Hauptoffizier* of the Germans Robert B. Mantell. They have been, the most of them, for all an occasional good piece of craftsmanship, critiques of war written by George Henry Lewes.

"What Price Glory?" brings to its subject matter a winning combination of talents. What we get here is no pseudo poetic imagination that rhapsodizes wistfully over the spiritual *ceintures de chasteté* of Red Cross nurses and the regeneration of sinners by cooties, or, on the other hand, no pseudo realistic conscience that, confronted by a harsh and unideal theme, translates even the most beautiful flower-bed in terms of its covering of manure. We get, instead, a joint poetic imagination of considerable authenticity working in terms of an authentic realism: what may, in a phrase, be dubbed poetic realism. The result is the vivid and thrilling fluid of mean life filtered through the tubes of vivid and thrilling dramatic art.

The immediate technic of the authors is immensely ingenious and fertile. They have selected a theme that is essentially tragic and have projected it almost entirely in the voice of Rabelaisian humor. They laugh

their audience into grim conviction and belief. And this laughter, more remarkably still, has in it for all its lowness a sweeping understanding, a sweeping sympathy, and an enveloping ironic pity. It is laughter drunk and bawdy, yet in it are comprehension and tenderness. For these two young Americans have caught tragedy, so to speak, the moment after and have detected its refractory grimace. Their play is less a play of war than of warriors, as any fine war play must, by the demands of the drama, inevitably be. It shows us the great panorama of war through a reducing glass. And not in the customary terms of be-walloped bass drums, talcum-powder-covered dispatch messengers with bandages around their foreheads, ruined French ingénues, spy hide-and-seeks, exalted curtain speeches and papier-mâché naval battles, but in phrases that ring clear and beautifully true for all their startling homeliness. The war that these men translate for us is not much different from an Asbury Park street-walker's room, yet the stretch of blue sea is ever visible through the dirty little window. They have taken lust and filth and obscenity and terror and hopelessness and have wrought them into a sardonic tapestry that is at once as richly entertaining as a burlesque show and as profoundly moving as a great piece of music. Hopkins has staged the play superbly well. And the company headed by Wolheim and Boyd meets the manuscript at every syllable. Only one regrettable incident has marred this proud and exceptional contribution to the American theatre and that, doubtless as thoroughly distasteful to the talented gentleman in question as to the rest of us, is the friendly insistence upon the merit and accuracy of the play because the aforesaid co-author lost a leg in the war. I feel that I shall not be too guilty of bad taste when I assume that the gentleman in point will agree with me that those who thus gratuitously detract from his skill as a dramatic writer are of the kind who would maintain that the trouble with "L'Aiglon" and "Chan-

tecler" is that Rostand was neither a consumptive nor a rooster.

II

I am wooed by the suspicion that Mr. A. H. Woods opens the manuscript of any play submitted to him in the middle and that if he there finds a wanton word that hasn't been used on the stage before he promptly buys the play. Thus one comes presently to know exactly what to expect from the drama sponsored by this gentleman. Everything moves along prosaically until about five minutes after ten when suddenly the air is shattered with a gross and reverberating *mot*. Thereafter all settles down peacefully again and the M. Woods, lighting a fresh Flor de Vedado Superbisimo Elegancio, calls it an evening and goes home to bed. The hot word in point generally emanates from one of two scenes, both equally close to the Woods bosom. The first of these is one in which a man other than the husband comes casually out of a married woman's bedroom. The second is one in which a man other than the husband goes casually into a married woman's bedroom.

A further distinguishing characteristic of the Woods dramaturgy is the sex pour-parler. In the second act of the plays put on by the affable Mons. Al at least ten minutes are certain to be devoted to a discussion of sex from what is designated on Broadway as "a new angle." The aforesaid new angle is generally found to be slightly more angular than new. For the technic of these pourparlers consists chiefly either in stating what everyone has long ago agreed upon in a very loud and indignant melodramatic tone or in archly defending a somewhat unpopular view of the subject by the hokum device of placing all the customary and popular arguments in the mouth of the villain. In the bulk of the Woods drama, these pourparlers are generally followed by a scene in which someone, after being called by a foul name, is either shot or choked. In ordinary life

the simple sex act is usually followed by consequences no more dire than those that follow the watching of a parade of the Loyal Order of Moose, but in Woods plays it is pretty sure to be followed by a Lincoln J. Carter hullabaloo in which whole families are wiped out by cannon, giant steamships collide with icebergs, cities are swallowed up by earthquakes and murders are committed by the wholesale.

Two recent samples of the Woods sex drama are "High Stakes," by Willard Mack, and "Conscience," by Don Mullally. The former is a cheap melodrama about a blackmailing cutie who marries an old fellow, and the latter a cheap melodrama about a man who, catching his wife *flagrante delicto*, strangles her and is thereafter haunted by her spook. Neither possesses the slightest merit, although the former is embellished with some fairly amusing wise-cracks. Lowell Sherman, the dramatic critic, is the star of "High Stakes." Mr. Sherman reads comedy lines with excellent effect but his dramatic passages are recited, as in the past, to an accompaniment of so much cheek stroking, appendix massaging and back hair smoothing that they are largely invalidated. Miss Lillian Foster illuminates the second play with a strikingly competent performance.

III

Luigi Chiarelli is, at least in the instance of "La Maschera E Il Volto," the Italian counterpart of the Irish George Birmingham, but one would never suspect it from the adaptation of the play made by Chester Bailey Fernald. The latter has converted what is an amusing ironic comedy into a dull London drawing-room comedy. He has taken most of the sense out of the play by editing the seduction of the wife into a characteristic moral London kiss and embrace, and most of the comedy by aging the characters up to demands of the actor-manager stage. Then, to add to the damage, he has introduced into the manuscript a secondary comedy relief character

that is as alien to the play as the fat boy in "Way Down East." The result is a murder of the original manuscript.

Unless Italian plays of this kind are translated and adapted very skilfully they take on an unintentionally and ruinously comic aspect. In the present case, for example, the opening act smacks strongly of Stephen Leacock, with the audience trying vainly to single out this character from that in a *mêlée* of such monickers and cognominations as Ugo Praga, Luigi Bunghi, Mario Grazia, Pier Zanotti, Franco Spina and the like. By way of assisting in the confusion, Mr. Pemberton playfully directed the dramatic scenes as comedy and the comedy scenes as drama, and the actors obligingly contributed their mite by doing the whole thing as if it were Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah." Mr. Faversham needed only a blue uniform and a horse to be an excellent General Sheridan; in the absence of the horse, he took to a periodic lusty slapping of his own thighs to emphasize the occasion and speed the action onward. Miss Catherine Willard, an ample lady, played the errant wife with the relevant light comedy touch of an Ellida Wangel. The rest of the troupe was proportionately sour. A dismal mess! And a failure richly deserved.

IV

I wish that I knew Ernest Vajda's "Rozmarin Nèni" of which "The Little Angel" is an adaptation, for, being without direct knowledge of the original, I am not fitted to criticize the exhibit with any considerable degree of accuracy. So far as the adaptation is concerned, the play appears to be one with a wickedly amusing first act in which a young girl of transcendental innocence comes by a baby without knowing how or why and with two succeeding acts that resolve themselves into the stereotyped antics of the usual play of seduction.

Vajda's theme, treated as comedy, is akin to that of Martinez Sierra's "The Cradle Song" and Knoblock's "Marie-Odile."

But where the straight-told stories of the latter impress the auditor as being merely what the girls in point wrote home to their mothers—to quote the late Paul Armstrong's criticism of Owen Johnson's "The Salamander"—the Hungarian makes the tale legitimately amusing by laughing at it. Unfortunately, however, the local producer's gentlemanliness, or something else, restrains him to a large extent from joining in Vajda's laughter and the comedy accordingly is often corrupted by what, unless I am mistaken, is an alien dramatic note. To get the full aroma of Hungarian light comedy, a half-French, half-Viennese touch is essential; and the play in its local revealment has all the *bouquet* of a bottle of Poland water. Even the first act, which almost plays itself and whose flavor manufactures itself, is made to move with so great a self-consciousness that the effect is as of a conversation between Sacha Guitry and Henry Cabot Lodge. A Gallic theme has been presented in Anglo-Saxon breeches.

As in "Fata Morgana," that excellent comedy, Vajda here once again shows a dexterous evoking of those little flashes of insight and appreciation which, in combination, build themselves into intelligible and sympathetic character. Although there is nothing in "The Little Angel" (as dumb a title as can be imagined!) to compare with the character of the adolescent youth or of the woman or of her husband in the comedy produced by the Theatre Guild, there are yet periodic instances of the playwright's skill in this more recently produced play. The character of the little girl, for example, a character ordinarily of the purest essence of sentimental absurdity, is handled with so considerable an adroitness that it actually becomes not only partly convincing but even charming, as Max Beerbohm's Jenny Wren and the heroine of Chesterton's fairy tale "Magic" are charming. This, Vajda achieves by working out the character in shadowy pastels and craftily omitting all definite strokes and lines. Miss Mildred Macleod negotiates the rôle in exactly the right key.

Moffat Johnston is good in the minor rôle of the doctor, but Miss Clare Eames and Edward Emery are gruesomely bad as the old aunt and old family retainer respectively. They play light comedy in the spirit of Palestrina's "Dilexi Quoniam."

"Grounds for Divorce," still another play by Vajda, follows a more conventional pattern. Its presentation at the Empire Theatre is highly appropriate in that it is in principle of a piece with the traditional comedy that held the stage of this playhouse during the day of Frohman. It is one of those intrinsically negligible concoctions which relates, in terms of polite surroundings and imperturbable humor that descends occasionally to the saucy, the marital vicissitudes of a couple of smartly dressed actors—one of them, of necessity, a popular star—and the manner in which the husband and wife, separated for the second act, are duly brought together again in the third. Vajda brings a somewhat better grade of humor to the play than one usually encounters in such exhibits and his ware consequently provides moderately amiable pastime. To this pastime Miss Ina Claire contributes even more than the dramatist, however. An increasingly expert and engaging comedienne, she brings to the play a considerable lift and sparkle for which Vajda must buy himself many a gratefully congratulatory drink.

V

It is not James Elroy Flecker's "Hassan" that has failed; it is Mr. Basil Dean's. Flecker wrote a play rich in the music of romance and poesy, as beautiful a thing of its kind as has appeared in recent dramatic literature; Dean staged it with all the imagination and rhythm of a sailor's smoker. The production, indeed, served as a piquant example of the low level to which the English stage, in this respect, has sunk. Dean is regarded as one of the best and most artistic of London producers. Over here, they do finer work up alleys.

I have passed an eye over seven or eight of Dean's productions, three in New York and the others in England. All of them have been drolly incompetent. Not only has the gentleman apparently no sense of the dramatic, not only is he seemingly quite innocent of the technic of projecting a manuscript over the footlights, but he is, to boot, utterly without a sense of beauty and a sense of form. His ideas of scenic investiture go back to the day when furniture was painted on the backdrop and when a "big production" was any one in which the stage was so packed and crowded with scenery and irrelevant but costly props that the actors had to make their entrances from the wings sidewise. His ideas of lighting are so absurdly antiquated that even some of the most patriotic London reviewers have difficulty in concealing their derisory hiccups. For Dean appears to believe that all that is necessary to achieve some exceptionally nobby illumination effects are a half dozen varicolored gelatine slides supplemented by an indefatigable fellow stationed at the dimmer. And his ideas of dramatic pace are similarly reminiscent of that epoch in the theatre when scene and act intermissions were arbitrarily regulated by the time it took the candy butchers in the aisles to dispose of a sufficient number of prize packages. As the producing representative of a stage that affects loftily to look down upon our own, this Mr. Dean reveals himself as a fetching bloomer. If an American producer were to put on plays as he has put on "The Skin Game," "The Blue Lagoon," "Hassan" and so on, English critics, once they had a look at them, would burst their braces with their superior snickers.

One of the first requisites of a poetic play is a smooth and harmonious orchestration of the voices of the actors. The finest poetic drama in the world loses its effectiveness in the theatre if the rhythm, timbre and volume of such voices are not carefully regulated. If one-third of the actors have French horns in their throats,

and another third czimbaloms, and if the third third read the lines precisely as they would read those of, say, "Black Oxen," the result will obviously be little more than a species of dramatic jazz. "Hassan," thus rehearsed by Dean's lieutenant, Mr. Sydney Bland, of His Majesty's Theatre, became a number for Will Vodery's band. A second requisite of a poetic play is a scenic background that shall melt into the poetry. Dean's background was as fluid as granite. A third requisite is the achievement of an atmosphere that fitfully covers fancy and reality as with quicksilver, revealing each momentarily yet never revealing each completely—persuading the senses through a voluntary and enchanting confusion. Dean's atmosphere was that of "Two Strangers from Nowhere." He sought to evoke mystery with a mere blue light and romance with a pink one. In the matter of dramatic suggestion, he was equally unhappy. His scenes of melodrama were painstakingly languid; his scenes of physical passion, as, for example, the one wherein the fair Yasmin conquers the flesh of Hassan, were as sexual as playing postoffice.

Thus was a beautiful poem with its beautiful incidental music of Frederick Delius and with all its potential stage wonder reduced to nothing. The presenting company, save Murray Kinnell as the minstrel and James Dale as the caliph, showed little.

VI

There are plays that are not without quality and that yet are rather dull. "Minick," by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, is such a one. It has many of the elements that stimulate critical praise: it is intelligently planned and sympathetically written; its observation and its humor are authentic; it reveals a fair measure of dramatic imagination and skill. But it doesn't prove particularly interesting. The fault lies, undoubtedly, with the basic story. This story isn't strong enough to make the

distance; it gets out of breath by the middle of the second act, lies down and passes out, and lets the rest of the play go on without it. There are, of course, plays with stories five times more feeble than this play—thoroughly interesting and holding plays—but such comparatively feeble stories are for plays of wit rather than plays of emotion, in which latter catalogue “Minick” falls. The play of emotion has need of a full-waisted story. All that “Minick” has is a full-waisted character set into a static bit of worldly philosophy. It accordingly, for all its periodic worth, loses in theatrical interest. It remains a play to read.

The play loses further in the theatre by virtue of the fact that the central character, that of an independently minded old razor-back who finds himself cast upon his son's household for bounty, is weakly handled by the actor assigned to the rôle. If ever the local hazlitttry has overestimated an actor, that one is this Mr. O. P. Heggie, a very likeable and often ingratiating performer whose actual talents are decidedly second-rate. The rest of the presenting company is very good indeed, Miss Povah and Charles R. Burrows being especially commendable. Winthrop Ames' production and direction are meritorious.

VII

Up to fifteen minutes of eleven, Arthur Richman's “The Far Cry” is a play that makes no compromise with forthright observation and discernment or with the conventional popular taste. Until that time it reveals itself, for all its periods of unevenness, an intelligent, a bitterly sardonic and a consistently interesting picture of a group of cheap Americans attempting to adapt themselves to superficial continental European modes, manners and customs and, in the attempt, slowly rotting into moral dissolution. But just before the final curtain the author—or it may be merely his cash-pocket—suffers a sudden change of heart and introduces into his manuscript a brace of trashy hokum manœuvres that

wind up the evening with a devastatingly sour note. After drawing an uncommonly acute portrait of a young woman with independent theories of life and permitting the character frankly and directly to put these theories into practice, he causes her absurdly to turn turtle in time for a grand box-office curtain. For no clearly intelligible reason, save it be financial, he makes the girl dutifully follow hokum rule 316, clause 6, and tickle the boobs by shrinking in horror from the kiss of her potential new lover, an Italian count, and hokum rule 942, clause 36 B, by then taking the hand of the hero, giving him a cow-eye, and telling him lugubriously that, when he comes to her a year hence, she will be waiting for him. “I will be waiting for you.” How many yokel-massaging final curtains have descended upon that banality!

Aside from this tournament in evasion and moral snuffing, however, Richman has done a good job. Out of material and characters not far removed from those of Maugham's “Our Betters,” he has con-fected a perversely fresh and cultivated play. There are few men writing for the American stage at the moment more promising than this dramatic author. Not only does he write animated dramatic English, not only is his point of view intelligently sophisticated and are his reactions to the phenomena of modern life cast on an adult plane, but he is, in addition, touched with just that shade of amused and cynical contemplation that contributes toward the making of well-rounded drama. His work thus far, as I have observed, is not always sure of itself and sometimes, as in the present instance, it shows a yellow streak, but the feel of quality is nonetheless there. “The Far Cry” has been directed with only moderate skill by Robert Milton; certain of its moods are badly garbled. Miss Margalo Gillmore acquits herself splendidly in the play's most important rôle. The rest of the company, save in the case of a minor rôle or two, is mediocre.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Tusitala

THE LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, by Rosaline Masson. New York: *Frederick A. Stokes Company*.

AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF R. L. S., by Lloyd Osbourne. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

FAMILIAR STUDIES OF MEN AND BOOKS, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Florence Press Edition. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

VIRGINIBUS PUEISQUE AND OTHER PAPERS, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Florence Press Edition. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

DEAD thirty years, Stevenson still occupies a sort of receiving vault in the Valhalla of literary artists. The wake, meanwhile, goes on. No corpse, indeed, was ever surrounded by more enthusiastic mourners. There are far more Stevenson clubs than there are Whitman clubs, and no publishing season ever passes without making its contribution to Stevensoniana. But what is the net issue and sediment from all the uproar? Was Louis actually one of the first flight of English writers, a stylist in the grand manner? Or was he simply a clever fellow, enchanting to the defectively literate, but destined, in the end, to go below the salt? My impression is that the second guess, in the present state of human knowledge, is somewhat nearer to the truth than the first. The typical Stevensonian is bookish but not a bookman—in brief, a sort of gaper over the fence of beautiful letters. It is with the clan as it is with the fanatical Dickensians, who are mainly persons who have never read Thackeray, and with the Johnsonians, who are largely Babbitts who have never read anything, not even Johnson. I do not, of course, overlook such magnificoes as Henley, Henry James and Edmund Gosse—but Henley was Stevenson's friend, James was always amiable, and Gosse is in favor of everybody. I can detect no passion for

Stevenson among the men and women who are actually making the literature of today. There are hot partisans among them for Joseph Conrad, for Hardy, for Meredith, for Flaubert, for Dostoevsky and even for Dickens, but there are none, so far as I am aware, for good Louis. His customers, beginning with literary college professors, often female, fade into collectors of complete library sets. Himself always a boy of 17, he seems to hold best those readers whose delight in the wonders of the world is not too much contaminated by the cramps and questionings of maturity.

The two biographical volumes above listed make no effort to fix his place: they are wholly devoid of critical purpose. Miss Masson simply puts together all she can find out about his life, adds a few dozen pictures, and calls it a book. The thing is thorough, and, despite some soft pedaling here and there, very useful; in particular, it does justice to Stevenson's father, a strict Presbyterian but a gentleman. What miseries the old man must have suffered during Louis' early efforts to lead his own life! How the news that came home from Paris must have lacerated his Calvinistic pruderies, and then the later news from California! Moreover, all these antinomian monkeyshines cost him a great deal of hard money, and the money of a Scotsman flows in his very veins, along with the red corpuscles and the white. Nevertheless, he took it all like a man, and if the impression prevails that he starved and oppressed a genius it is due far more to the sentimentality of the Stevensonians than to his own acts. He was actually fond, humane, long-suffering and excessively generous. Miss Masson, as I say, does him justice. In Mr. Osbourne's

book there is only the scantest mention of him; he is simply an anonymous who gives Mrs. Stevenson a house and £500 on page 58 and slides gently from the scene on page 71. This Osbourne volume, otherwise, should be of immense interest to the Stevensonian. There are twelve short chapters, showing Louis at close range at various ages from 26 to 44. There is intimate knowledge of him in them, and fine feeling, and they are all capitally written. The pupil certainly does no discredit to the master. Stevenson himself seldom wrote anything better.

What is wanting is a full-length study of him, done objectively and by a realistic and scientific hand. There are models, each going about half of the way, in Van Wyck Brooks' autopsy of Mark Twain and Katharine Anthony's of Margaret Fuller. It is a wonder, indeed, that no Freudian has been tempted to the task, for Stevenson was surely one of the most beautiful masses of complexes ever encountered on this earth. His whole life was a series of flights from reality—first from Presbyterianism, then from the sordid mountebankery of the law, and then from the shackles of his own wrecked and tortured body. He fled in the spirit to the Paris of Charles VII as he fled in the flesh to the rustic Bohemia at Barbizon; later on he fled in both garbs to the South Seas. Doomed to spend half his life in bed, beset endlessly by pain, brought often to death's door by hemorrhages, and sometimes forbidden for days on end to work or even to speak, he found release and consolation in gaudy visions of gallant encounters, sinister crimes, and heroic loves. He was the plow-boy dreaming in the hay-loft, the flapper tossing on her finishing-school bed. It was at once a grotesque tragedy and a pathetic farce, but it wrung out of him the best that was in him. What man ever paid more bitterly for the inestimable privilege of work? Stevenson, alas, wrote a great deal of third-rate stuff; even his most dotting admirers must find it hard to read, for example, some of his essays. But out of his

agony came also "Lodgings for the Night," "The Sire de Malétroit's Door," "Will o' the Mill," and "Treasure Island," and if they do not belong absolutely in the first rank, then certainly they go high in the second. Every one of them represents an attempt to escape the world of reality by launching into a world of compensatory fancy. In each of them the invalid buckles on an imaginary sword and challenges a very real enemy.

His weakness as an imaginative author lies in the fact that he never got beyond the simple revolt of boyhood—that his intellect never developed to match his imagination. The result is that an air of triviality hangs about all his work, and even, at times, an air of trashiness. He is never very searching, never genuinely profound. More than any other man, perhaps, he was responsible for the revival of the romantic novel in the last years of the Nineteenth Century, and more than any other salient man of his time he was followed by shallow and shoddy disciples. These disciples, indeed, soon reduced his formula to absurdity. The appearance of Joseph Conrad, a year after his death, disposed of all his full-length romances save "Treasure Island," and that survived only as a story for boys. Put beside such things as "An Outcast of the Islands" and "Lord Jim," even the best of Stevenson began to appear superficial and obvious. It was diverting, and often it was highly artful, but it was hollow; there was nothing in it save the story. Once more Beethoven drove out Haydn. Or, perhaps more accurately, Wagner drove out Rossini. It is very difficult, after "Heart of Darkness," to get through "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The essays have gone the same way. They have a certain external elegance, as of a well-turned-out frock or charmingly decorated room, but the ideas in them are seldom notable either for vigor or for originality. When Stevenson wrote them he was trying to set up shop as a young literary exquisite in London. The breed, unluckily, is not yet extinct; its elaborate nothings still be-

dizen the English monthlies and weeklies. Stevenson was cured of that folly by his infirmities. They sent him headlong beyond the sky-rim. It was there he came to fame.

Marvels from Vienna

THE INHERITANCE OF ACQUIRED CHARACTERISTICS, by Paul Kammerer, translated by A. Paul Maerker-Branden. New York: *Boni & Liveright*.

SIGMUND FREUD: HIS PERSONALITY, HIS TEACHING AND HIS SCHOOL, by Fritz Wittels, translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: *Dodd, Mead & Company*.

GROUP PSYCHOLOGY AND THE ANALYSIS OF THE EGO, by Sigmund Freud, translated by James Strachey. New York: *Boni & Liveright*.

BEYOND THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE, by Sigmund Freud. New York: *Boni & Liveright*.

HERE we are on the outskirts of science, and looking outward. The value of Freud's fundamental work, of course, I do not presume to deny. It has revolutionized psychology and it has dealt effective and useful blows to traditional ethics. But alongside Freud the patient inquirer there also stands a Freud who is not easily to be distinguished from a mountebank, and this second Freud is depicted without mercy in Dr. Wittels' book. Wittels was one of the early group of psychoanalysts at Vienna, and was on intimate terms with the master for years. He was kicked out in the end, following Adler, Jung and Stekel—following, indeed, all the men who have made contributions of any value to the original Freudian dogma. For the master, like Jahveh, is full of jealousy, and brooks neither criticism nor rivalry. The result is that orthodox Freudism still rejects Adler and the inferiority complex, borrowed from Nietzsche—which is just as if orthodox surgery still rejected the bacteriology of Pasteur and Lister. Freud's two small books, here translated for the first time, are full of doctrinaire fustian. The laborious experimentalist, at 68, becomes an inspired prophet, wrapped in a white chemise.

The Kammerer book is extremely irritating—an absurd mixture of incomplete exposition and maudlin polemic. Kam-

merer is chiefly known in the United States as a propagandist for the Steinach gland surgery—a marvel that had the yellow journals all agog a year or two ago, but now seems to be passing. But he is better known at home on his own account—as the discoverer of “proofs” that acquired characteristics are heritable. That this is possible is disputed by at least 99 per cent of all biologists; nevertheless, Kammerer keeps on declaiming that it happens. In the present book he sets forth his evidence. I can only say that, save in one place, it seems to me to be magnificently unconvincing. In that one place he details some experiments with sea-squirts (*Ciona intestinalis*). These primitive animals feed through one siphon and discharge their wastes through another. When a siphon is cut off, they grow a new one, as a crab grows a new claw. Kammerer cut off the siphons of his specimens, and, when they were regenerated, cut them off again. After doing this half a dozen times, he says, he observed that the new siphons tended to extend beyond the normal length. Then he bred young squirts from the old ones, and these youngsters, too, had siphons of abnormal length.

Such is his statement. He offers a couple of very vague photographs in proof. But I can find absolutely no mention of actual measurements; he nowhere sets down how long the siphon of a normal squirt ought to be and how long the siphons of his *Wunderkinder* were. Instead, he launches into a long and indignant denunciation of those who have questioned his work. His whole book drips with sobs. He is, it appears, a martyr. “Having gone to all these troubles, having deprived himself not only of the luxuries but of the very necessities of life in order to keep on experimenting,” he finds himself persecuted by scientific hunkers. A good way to proceed against these hunkers would be to attack them scientifically—that is, with exact and overwhelming proof. Kammerer has apparently not thought of it.

Paradise Lost

THE WINES OF FRANCE, by H. Warner Allen.
New York: *Brentano's*.
A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO FRENCH WINES, by
William Bird. Paris: *Three Mountains Press*.

A CONSIDERABLE difference in purpose separates these two books. Mr. Allen's, a volume of 261 pages, is addressed to the cultivated wine-guzzler and deals with the various marks of French wines, and even with specific years, in a minute, lingering and voluptuous manner. Mr. Bird's, a small pamphlet, is dedicated to a less enlightened customer, to wit, to the Americano in Paris. Prohibition now drives tens of thousands of Americans to Paris every year, and all of them put in two-thirds of their time swilling the juice of the grape. Last Summer the American Bar Association made the trip in a body, and on its heels went the national organization of advertising clubs. Before long, no doubt, the Rotarians, Kiwanians and all other such friends of Service and Law Enforcement will meet in Paris every year, almost as a matter of course, just as the Shriners used to meet in St. Louis. Unluckily, few such pilgrims can read the French language, or understand it when spoken. Thus they need a reliable guide, in the vernacular, to the chief agricultural and manufactured product of the French nation. This Mr. Bird has supplied. His book is elementary, but sound. He wastes but little space on the delicate and often transcendental problems which harass the virtuoso, but he is full of simple and excellent advice to the rough, up-and-coming he-drinker. He makes it plain why champagne should not be drunk with the morning coffee, why Burgundy should not be cooled by putting lumps of ice into it, and how Burgundy differs from Bordeaux. At the end he cautions the amateur to avoid the old flat *coupe*, now relegated to public stews, in drinking champagne, and has some sagacious words on the selection of a wine cellar for those who desire to settle down for a month or two and do their drinking at the wholesale rate. An intelligent and

valuable book, modest in format, but full of wisdom.

Mr. Allen's volume is far more elaborate, and, as I have said, voluptuous. The author, an Englishman, is free from the American feeling that there is something wicked about drinking wine, and describes with great eloquence and an entire lack of shame his journeys into the French hinterland in search of extraordinary delicacies. Even during the war he managed to escape from the trenches long enough to make several such explorations, and the instant the armistice was signed he was off on another. He is at his best, perhaps, in his discussion of Burgundy. This noble wine enchants him in all its protean forms, and he has traversed every inch of the Côte d'Or, from Dijon to the end. Claret presents relatively easy problems to the neophyte, for most of the Bordeaux wines are bottled at the château, and so the label, if the wine merchant has a conscience, offers some guidance. But in Burgundy the holdings are so small that their products often have to be mixed, and in consequence there are difficulties, and not infrequently deceptions. The total annual supply of first-rate Burgundy is always far under the demand; it is almost as hard to come by as impeccable Moselle. The best of all Burgundies, perhaps, come from the Côte de Nuits—and the total area of the really good vineyards there runs to but 321 acres. This means a product of about 250,000 bottles a year, or scarcely enough to supply the bar of the S.S. *Majestic*. Many of the most celebrated vineyards along the Côte d'Or are but little larger than suburban lots. For example, all of the genuine Romanée-Conti in the world is grown on four and a half acres. What this miniature paradise is worth it would be hard to estimate; so long ago as 1869 it sold for nearly \$50,000. If it ever falls into the hands of Los Angeles realtors it will no doubt go by the square foot, and at Broadway prices. It is visited constantly by the widows of wine connoisseurs who have left orders that their ashes be scattered upon its holy soil. Chamber-

tin, a wine universally respected, is grown on thirty-two acres. Even Clos de Vougeot comes from a hundred and twenty-five. It thus becomes apparent that there must have been a great deal of false labeling in the old days, when Chambertin and Clos de Vougeot were on every American wine list. Such historic and distinguished marks, in truth, became almost as meaningless in the Republic as Deidesheimer, Johannisberger or Moselle Blümchen.

Before long, I suppose, good wines will be unobtainable among us. Prohibition has surely not stopped drinking in the United States, but it has at least put difficulties in the way of *good* drinking. The few rye whiskeys that were potable are all gone; in place of them there are only mixtures of industrial alcohol and caramel. The bootleggers bring in no genuinely old Scotch because they can get just as much for new Scotch. For much the same reason they abandon the importance of all wines save champagnes. A case of good Burgundy or Moselle costs a great deal more on the other side than a case of Scotch, and it is hard to get as much for it here: Americans in general are so ignorant of wine that they believe that only champagnes should be expensive. The result is that New York is flooded with sparkling wines that are fit only for washing dogs, and that a decent bottle of Chateau Margaux or Brauneberger or Clos Morgeot, or even one of second rate Beaune or Pommard is hard to come by. Thus the taste for decent drinking will be lost, and all Americans, even in the large cities, will be reduced to the level of the Arkansans. The growth of the cocktail pestilence shows the way things are going. As Mr. Allen points out, it is quite impossible to enjoy a wine of any delicacy after even one cocktail: one must either drink a very heavy Burgundy or stick to hard liquor. What is impossible after one cocktail becomes unimaginable after six. Six will be the standard American ration in another year. New York jumped from four to five last Spring; on Long Island, during the visit of H. R. H., the

more advanced Oklahoma millionaires began serving a round dozen. I am still fit for military duty, and yet I remember the day when *one* cocktail was served at all private dinners, with maybe a dividend for the bachelors and valetudinarians. No more that Golden Age! The Methodists have forced upon us the drinking habits of the Elks.

Barbary in Europe

THE MAN LENIN, by Isaac Don Levine. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

THE MEMOIRS OF ALEXANDER HERZEN, translated by Constance Garnett. Two volumes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

HERE are pictures of Russia that, in time, are almost a full century apart, and yet there is little more difference between them than between life in Iowa and life in Nebraska. Herzen was a revolutionary of the early Nineteenth Century; he was a son of the old aristocracy and spent all of his life, from adolescence to his death at 58, trying to overthrow the barbarism of Russia. Lenin was a revolutionary of the early Twentieth Century; he was a son of the new aristocracy and spent all of his life, from adolescence to his death at 53, trying to overthrow the barbarism of Russia. Both failed. Herzen died in exile and Lenin died on the throne of the czars, but neither accomplished anything. The Russia that Lenin left, in all fundamentals, was substantially like the Russia that Herzen first saw in 1812—a sprawling, chaotic, Asiatic despotism, civilized on the surface but almost as barbaric underneath as the Italian city states of the time of the Renaissance—a country in which educated men, solemnly garbed in frock coats, spent their evenings over tea and economic theory, and their days melodramatically condemning one another to the knout and the scaffold—a medieval survival into modern times, dark, savage, inordinate and incomprehensible. Who will ever understand it—that is, what Westerner? Perhaps Joseph Conrad got close to the mystery in “Under Western

Eyes"—but Conrad was a Slav. To the rest of us, I suppose, it must remain mysterious forever—the land of sheer impossibilities. Arkansas, God knows, is wild enough, but compared to Russia Arkansas is almost a sort of Oxford. Perhaps Haiti under the United States Marine Corps offers a likeness. But the insane Russians provide their own Marine Corps!

Mr. Levine's book on Lenin is unusual in that it is neither a gushing eulogy, written for Liberals, nor a farrago of libelous nonsense, written for the Division of Eastern European Affairs of the State Department. He tries to penetrate to the truth—and it is fantastic enough, in all conscience. For years, like Herzen, Lenin tried to get a passport to leave Russia. Then, for more years, he dodged about Europe, writing endless inflammatory articles, holding meetings in cellars, and living, like a Chinese laundryman, on eight cents a day. Then home again in an armored train—kindly provided by the German comrades!—and then months and months of grotesque skulking up alleys, in false whiskers and a peasant's coat—while the rest of the brethren faced the police! Then, finally, the leap to the throne, and the last years of megalomania, with the jails full and the gizzards of the faithful empty, and a roll of musketry every morning to help "traitors" into hell. A fabulous career, surely! Was the man simply a monomaniac, as Mr. Levine hints? Then certainly no monomaniac in history ever came to a more gaudy fulfilment of his monomania.

Herzen sticks closer to normalcy, and is, in the end, more interesting. What turned him into a revolutionist was the spectacle of life in his father's house—not among the quality upstairs, but among the serfs below. He revolted against the extravagant and senseless cruelty of it—the unbearable brutalities of a society that, at its top, was producing Pushkin and Gogol. He does not merely denounce it: he describes it in detail. The thing immediately passes beyond the bounds of the credible. No such imbecilities, one feels sure, ever actually

went on among white men—and yet every case is carefully documented; there are always the names and dates. I commend the book to lovers of the grotesque and arabesque. It makes all the tales of modern adventurers seem feeble. It will lift infallibly the calmest eyebrow. It seems to come, not out of a state that still survives in the world, but out of some half-mythical kingdom of the Sassanidae or the Abbassides.

It is curious that this uncommonly interesting work should have lain so long unpublished. Herzen died in 1870, and yet the first volumes of it were not printed in full until 1921, when they came out in the original Russian in Berlin. They were instantly translated into German and made a sensation. Now they are put into English by Mrs. Garnett, the very competent translator of Dostoevsky, Turgeniev and Tchekhov. In all, there will be five volumes. Whether they will hold up remains to be seen. Already, toward the close of the first volume, Herzen dilutes his narrative with philosophical and political discussions that are extremely dull. But it will take a lot of dulness to reduce so astounding a tale to the level of ordinary autobiography!

Brief Notices

CRITICAL EPOCHS IN HISTORY, by D. C. Somervell. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company*.

A book rather arbitrary and unsatisfactory in plan, but extremely well done. The brief discussion of the causes and progress of the French Revolution is the clearest that I have ever encountered.

ORIGINS OF SOCIOLOGY, by Albion W. Small. Chicago: *University of Chicago Press*.

A meticulous study of the rise of sociology in Germany and its transplantation to the United States.

WITH ÆSOP ALONG THE BLACK BORDER, by Ambrose E. Gonzalez. Columbia, S. C.: *The State Company*.

A collection of stories gathered among the Gullah Negroes of South Carolina.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

THOMAS BOYD is the author of the novels "Through the Wheat" and "The Dark Cloud." He served in the Marine Corps in the late war, going to France in 1917.

HOMER H. COOPER is a Chicago lawyer and a lecturer in the law school of Northwestern University.

COUNTÉE P. CULLEN is a young colored man, now a senior at New York University. Last year his poem, "The Ballad of the Brown Girl," took second place in the Undergraduate Poetry Contest of America.

R. F. DIBBLE is the author of the articles on John L. Sullivan and Robert G. Ingersoll published in recent issues of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. He is an instructor in the Department of English and Comparative Literature at Columbia University.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON was born in Malden, Mass., in 1878. He is the author of a dozen or more books on various subjects.

D. W. FISHER has been an instructor in philosophy at Princeton and Dartmouth. He is now at work upon "An Outline of Philosophy."

HENRY J. FORD is emeritus professor of politics at Princeton. His books include "The Natural History of the State," "Washington and His Colleagues," "The Cleveland Era," "Alexander Hamilton" and "Representative Government."

L. M. HUSSEY is a chemist, and especially interested in pharmacology. He has devoted himself principally to the organic compounds of arsenic, to the synthetic dyes, and to the fundamental problems of chemotherapy. He has done a great deal of writing, technical and otherwise, and lately completed a novel.

T. J. LE BLANC was engaged in the investigation of malaria in the South during the past Summer. More recently he has been attached to the Statistical Division of the Public Health Service at Washington.

ALPHONSE B. MILLER is a Philadelphian and a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. He is an officer of two manufacturing concerns in Philadelphia.

LEWIS MUMFORD was literary editor of The Dial in 1919, and during the life of The Freeman he contributed to it many essays, both signed and unsigned, on literature and philosophy. He is the author of "The Story of Utopias" (1922) and "Sticks and Stones" (1924).

ALBERT JAY NOCK was the editor of The Freeman.

RAYMOND PEARL is professor of biometry and vital statistics in the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health and professor of biology in the Johns Hopkins Medical School. He is a member of many learned societies at home and abroad and the author of many biological and biometrical studies. His books include "The Biology of Death," "Introduction to Medical Biometry and Statistics" and "Studies in Human Biology," the last just published.

WILLIAM SEAGLE is a member of the New York Bar.

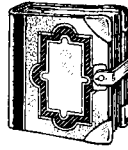
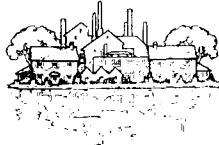
CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN is an official in the Weather Bureau at Washington. He was formerly in charge of meteorological stations in the West Indies and South America. He is the author of "Meteorology, the Science of the Atmosphere."

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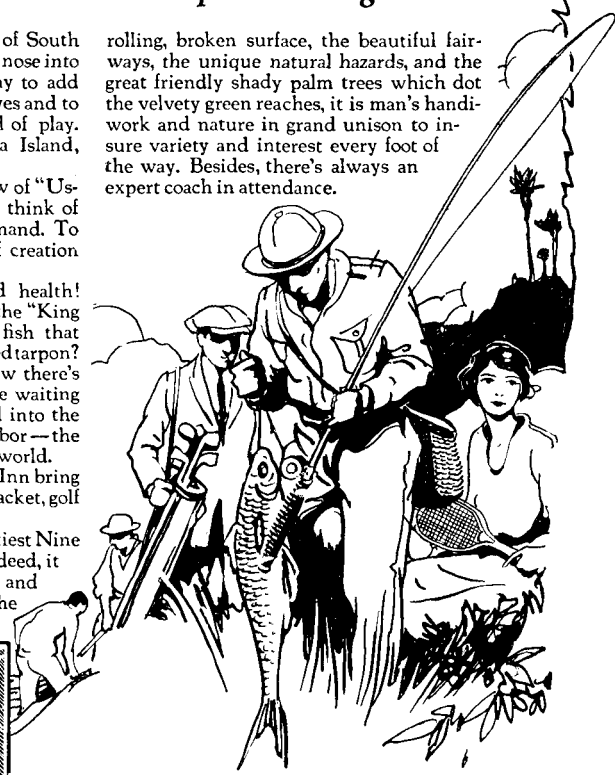
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OF AUGUST 24, 1912

of THE AMERICAN MERCURY

published monthly at Camden, N. J.
for October, 1924

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred A. Knopf, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of The American Mercury and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

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Editors { George Jean Nathan } 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
 { H. L. Mencken }
Business Managers, None

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[SEAL]

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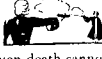
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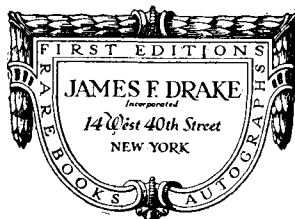
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JAMES M. CAIN:	<i>The Statesman</i>
L. M. HUSSEY:	<i>Homo Africanus</i>
CHESTER T. CROWELL:	<i>Mary Fisher's Philosophy (A Story)</i>



*There will be a dozen other interesting articles and stories,
besides the regular Departments: "Americana," "Clinical
Notes," "The Theatre," "The Library," etc.*